

THE ARTS

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All of these articles are beautifully and abundantly illustrated.

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C. PISSARRO

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The Adventurous Collector

To be an adventurous collector is to be a prophet. It is to have the sure eye, and not to be afraid of our own convictions. It is to buy before the artist is endowed with "safe fame." It is to lead in the race instead of trailing in the rear.

Anyone can watch the leaders and then, safely, timidly, wisely follow their example and collect what the leaders have established. But is there any fun in coming in behind the winners? Why not be the first to reach the tape?

In the history of American art there were never as many opportunities as there are to-day to be a prophet and to relish the joys of adventure. More artists are achieving in America to-day than ever before. Now is the chance for the prophet to enjoy himself and to discover fresh talents. He will be hailed in the future when the trailer, for all his caution, is forgotten.

The younger artists, during the season just completed have won the attention of museums and collectors much more than in the past. Their works have been purchased more widely than ever. Interest in them is alive. The winners are acquiring them. As long as the artist is not copying his own formula but comes to each new idea in the spirit of youth he is young no matter how numerous his anniversaries. Only the works of such artists are worthy of the adventurous collector.

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THE ARTS

FOUNDED BY HAMILTON EASTER FIELD

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Cover Design:
Greek Archaic Head
National Museum, Athens

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LYDIA KELLY
By permission of Frank D. Kane, Esq.

JOHN NEAGLE

THE ARTS

VOLUME VIII

JULY, 1925

NUMBER 1



LANDSCAPE

CAMILLE PISSARRO

Courtesy of Josef Stransky

WHEN I went to see an artist off for Europe the other day he spent his last hour in America, for many moons to come, venting his pessimistic thoughts about contemporary American art. His pessimism is born partly of the fact that he himself has been thwarted in his ambitions as an artist, partly of racial heritage and partly of reason.

To give the full flavor of his remarks in the following quotations, made from memory and therefore not exact to the letter, it will be necessary to include his unreasonable remarks, which were colored by what might be described as a permanent racial state of mind, together with his calmer observations. The general contention of this artist is that contemporary American art is too remote from life to be deeply and permanently valuable. What kind of a lawyer our artist friend would make may be seen from the following rough draft of his argument:

"Fifth Avenue is my home," he began, "not the interiors of the great houses overlooking Central Park but the sidewalks of Fifth Avenue from Washington Square to 59th Street. When I am not working that is where I go to see New York. I see an endless variety of people from the Battery and the Bronx, from the remotest East Side and from farthest Riverside Drive and Flatbush, from Europe, the Orient and all parts of North and South America.

"Contemporary American life flows in a continuous, colorful, infinitely-hued stream up and down the sidewalks of Fifth Avenue. I always notice particularly the women and the girls and after them the beautiful motor cars, the shop windows and the architecture. All is saturated in an atmosphere of wealth, of luxury and ceaseless buying and selling.

"And what contrasts between the sweat-shop workers below 23rd Street and those women of wealth that I see above 34th Street who look as if they must go on buying from sheer habit even if they cannot think of another material thing that they want to possess.

"When I drop out of this thrilling, inexhaustible stream of buying, flirting, loafing, working humanity into an exhibition of contemporary art what I discover is a pineapple poised in the center of a twisted napkin, that same old Cézanne napkin, which, when it was invented, was so interesting and now is such a bore.

"And I ask myself whether this pineapple surrounded by the folds of a twisted napkin or those 'three apples on a plate' or that bunch of flowers painted in careful imitation of Renoir, or those extra-simplified houses which don't stand firmly on their foundations, or those brick-colored nudes with their over-life-size forms, or that triangulated factory, or that comic cow, or that dada nude sitting upon lace—I ask myself if all these extemporaneous exercises of the artists belong to the contemporary life that I have just escaped from or whether they are part of a still, smooth eddy so far removed from the main current of life that it has forgotten in which direction it is going.

"Take the women, for example. You cannot help seeing them and observing them, which means that you come to some conclusion about the quality of their looks and their character as human beings. Yet what American artist—and among artists I do not, of course, include the money-grubbing academic manufacturers—but what American artist, who is following out his own ideals in his own way and does not allow the ulterior motive to enter into his work, is making a record that even vaguely suggests the image that comes into our mind's eye, or the thoughts that spring up in the brain when we use the expression, 'the American woman?'

"Far be it from me to praise the late John Sargent's work. I recognize perfectly the limitations of his snappy art. Depth of characterization and imagination were certainly lacking in the work of this pyrotechnical gymnast of painting. Nevertheless, he left behind him a far clearer record of the character and appearance of the American women of his day than those artists who are pleased to speak lightly of him, are making of the women of today.

"Not so long ago the commercial artist, the fashion artist, even the despised maker of magazine covers, told us something about what people then looked like. But today so fashionable is the stylistic, that fashion artists follow each other like sheep in aping the latest supposedly European eccentricity in drawing. So that even a large portion of the work-a-day records that many magazines of the past have left us as a sidelight on how our uncles and aunts, and our grandfathers and grandmothers behaved and dressed, is now replaced by attenuated affectations in drawing. The affectations cover up, with a kind of fashionable modernism, the lack of observation that is characteristic of the present-day flock of fashion artists.

"To an extent, all this may be said to be understandable, for realism, or better,

naturalism, both in painting and in illustration had gone to such meaningless extremes that the revolt against it was necessarily exaggerated. This may be the reason why the serious young painter, who is offended if the critics do not label him 'modern,' goes so little to life for his material. And yet, after examining, as I have done, every exhibition of contemporary art, I have grown profoundly tired of the artists' reaction against realism. For I am constantly confronted with the proof of how little can be found out, from the work of the artists of today, about what their contacts with life are. In the return to realism lies our only hope. Evidence of it saves me from complete pessimism.

"Manet and Renoir have left us a record of the women of their day which is a constant delight. Those happy men and women sitting about the luncheon table on the veranda of the boat club which Renoir depicted in his beautiful *Canotiers*, are full of the gusto of life. They are the women of the particular period in which Renoir lived.

"They dress in the style of that day. Looking at them one comes so directly into contact with life that he forgets all about the fact that they are images in a work of art. And yet, right here in the center of this joyous company, which has the happy appearance of being grouped without thought of artistic composition, the spectator finds on the dining table a piece of still life painting that none of our own specialists in organization could have painted.

"And then the bar-maid in Manet's *Bar at the Folies Bergères*, with that fascinating, reflected background. Is she not absolutely of her own day? This picture, too, does not lose from its local color; on the contrary, it gains.

"But the American woman of today, the girl that all the foreigners give interviews about—has she no special quality; is she a mere abstraction? That would be the only conclusion to deduce, if our knowledge of her were restricted to what the artist of today says of her. Apparently, to judge by his pictures, he never even sees her. Yet, there is no denying the prominence of the part that she plays in American life at the present time.

"And then, the buildings, the American architecture that is the talk of the world. A record of this astonishing modern achievement is only hinted at by the modern American artist. His everlasting 'three apples on a plate,' his infinite output of carefully arranged still lifes, gives him plenty of opportunities to make compositional experiments. Could it be that the reaction against realism has made our artists studio putterers? Is the artist's absorption in theories and abstractions his escape from the difficulties of a more vividly realistic record?

"It is quite right that commonplace commercial portrait painting should be considered beneath the dignity of a serious artist. But what about real portraits, portraits of the people that we see on the street, portraits of the streets themselves? Do these, by any chance, present problems of draftsmanship which the average modern artist is unwilling to face?

"Toulouse-Lautrec left a record. When I compare his penetrating characterizations of unmistakable individuals with the abstract nudes and the simplified landscapes, and the arranged still lifes which dominate the average modern exhibition, I feel sure that the contemporary artist prefers the comfortable ease of extemporizing to the trying demands of a realism which sees life sharply.

"I simply do not believe that there is enough reflection of life itself in the pictures that we see about us to give them permanent value. They have taste, many of them are witty, charming, even original, but they present to us the thoughts and ideas of artists who have fallen into the habit of living in a kind of æsthetic vacuum, into which the vivid quality of actual life hardly ever penetrates.

"We have plenty of illustrators; some of them, a few to be sure, are able. The so-called

modern artist enjoys his sense of superiority over them. In showing how the modern woman wears her clothes, or what the crowd at a baseball game looks like, these illustrators are supposed to be mere creators of hand-made photographs, doing with the hands what the camera can do better.

"This is one theory which consoles the artist for not coming to grips with the facts of life. The idea is, I suppose, that the camera has taken from the artist a vast amount of material which formerly he could make use of himself. I think this idea has been accepted too completely by the artists and that if they feasted their eyes more upon the animated panorama that surrounds them, and less upon fruit and napkins, their work would gain in variety and significance.

"Of course, I myself am a confirmed realist, and what I want to do is to put down on paper and canvas a good likeness of the streets that I walk in, the buildings that I visit, the girls I see, the Polo Grounds, the Yankee Stadium, the subway, the theatre, the Follies, the country club, the summer hotels, the Grand Central waiting room, the Childs' restaurants, this very steamship on which we are talking—but, perhaps I shall feel differently after we have passed the twelve-mile limit and the bar opens."

Of course, what our friend, the departing artist, said is only partly true. But his ideas, though I do not agree with them except in spots, are sufficiently suggestive to be worth putting down. In other spots they remind me somewhat of the late Kenyon Cox.

FORBES WATSON.



CATS

HUNT DIEDERICH

Courtesy of the Ferargil Galleries

JOHN NEAGLE

By VIRGIL BARKER

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I

A COMPREHENSIVE exhibition of a painting by John Neagle was recently shown at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. That event seems curiously belated, coming no less than sixty years after the painter's death. But a generation which would have missed a timely memorial exhibit may well be grateful for whatever it was that postponed it so long; held now, it has enabled a later age to revivify for itself in a certain degree a vanished time.

Moreover, those who saw the exhibition were fortunate for the future also. It is not probable that ever again will any similar thing be done for this particular painter; for, to record the truth, he is not of sufficient artistic importance to warrant such a repetition.

This somewhat ungrateful point needs to be made just at this time because of the increasing vogue of everything that can be described as early American—a circumstance to which this very exhibition may in large part be due. Insofar as this vogue impresses and creates a greater degree of national self-respect, it is a good thing. But insofar as it remains mere fashion—as it does remain with those who, less sure of their culture than of their money, have a passion for what happens to be momentarily correct—it is a bad thing. The interest of such people in the art of our colonial and provincial periods exaggerates both the market value and artistic value of some shoddy stuff.

The recent exhibition shows that Neagle, like nearly every other painter on record, produced bad and good alike. To be specific, he did not often sink to the level of the anonymous practitioners of the early days whose technical incapacity is only occasionally redeemed by that quaintness so dear to collectors-by-fashion and more often he rose almost to the level of the best men of his time.

The mass of his work is in between these two extremes, and his general average is sufficiently high to justify the labor of assembling the one hundred and twenty-five examples shown in Philadelphia.

With the understanding, then, that Neagle cannot be put in the first rank even of his own generation and that the interest his work now possesses is mainly historical, there are yet certain phases of his life and his art which are worth some comment.

II

Born on November 4th, 1796, in Boston, away from his parents' Philadelphia home, he was very soon afterwards brought there; and there he spent the rest of his life, except for a few journeys through the states. After serving an apprenticeship to a coach painter and receiving intermittent instruction in higher forms of painting he set out for the West in the hope of making a living in regions where his art would be a novelty; he thus took a minor part in the great surge westward which was then in progress, and became to that degree more saturated with the spirit of the time. However, he was disappointed in his aim, for he found Matthew Jouett already in possession at Lexington, Kentucky; and he therefore made a long trip down the river to New Orleans. By various shifts, such as the sale of part of his wardrobe and of a portrait of Washington he had in his trunk, and also outright borrowing, he managed a return to Philadelphia. There he found more business than on any of his wanderings. In 1820 he married Mary Sully, who was both niece and step-daughter to the most prominent of all the Philadelphia painters, Thomas Sully.

Five years later Neagle and a friend set out on a pilgrimage to Boston for the purpose of paying homage to the famous Gilbert Stuart. The latter received him with cordial approval of his work, and went so far as to sit with him for a portrait, with the result that Neagle made the best portrait of Stuart extant. Returned to Philadelphia, Neagle progressed in his art as a direct result of his contact with Stuart. In



CHARLES NICHOLAS BUCK
By permission of Mrs. T. Wister Brown, 3rd.

JOHN NEAGLE

the next year, 1826, he painted a large and elaborate portrait of Pat Lyon as a blacksmith, which brought him great popular success and crowds of sitters. An interesting episode coming soon afterwards was a visit to New York in order to paint a series of portraits of actors and actresses. A long period of professional activity followed, marked towards its close by a decline in his powers; and death came on September 17th, 1865.

The following paragraph of personal description is quoted from Mr. Mantle Fielding's lively anecdotal account which was printed in the catalog of the recent exhibition:

"Neagle in his prime was about five feet eight inches in height. He was erect in carriage, courteous in manners, always smartly dressed, prepossessing in appearance, and a strict observer of the etiquette of life. He had a swarthy complexion, keen black eyes, black, straight hair, and a somewhat Indian-like expression of face. His conversation was intelligent and interesting. With literature, science and music he was well acquainted, and upon all subjects connected with his art he had a large store of information and anecdote. His individuality was remarkable."

III

The career thus briefly sketched would not suggest that anything extraordinary was to be found in the work produced in the course of it; a life without European contacts, confined to an America which was culturally on a lower level than that before the War of Independence, could not be expected to do that. By the time Neagle had attained his professional maturity the steady stream of refining influences which had been coming across the ocean from the mother country, had definitely ceased. The breach which had not been quite made even by that event was actually brought about by the War of 1812. Thrown back upon itself as it had never been before, the young nation was without sufficient material or capacity for a high type of intellectual and artistic life; and the most difficult feature of the situation was that nowhere was this overwhelming lack effectively realized. The most significant characteristic of the period, the trait which more than any other justifies the term "provincial," is that the class to which came the oppor-

tunity of initiating a truly native and nationally self-resourceful culture was entirely satisfied merely to re-work its British inheritance without further contact with the sources. The inevitable result was a rapid thinning out of quality and a parallel diminution in quantity of cultural activities.

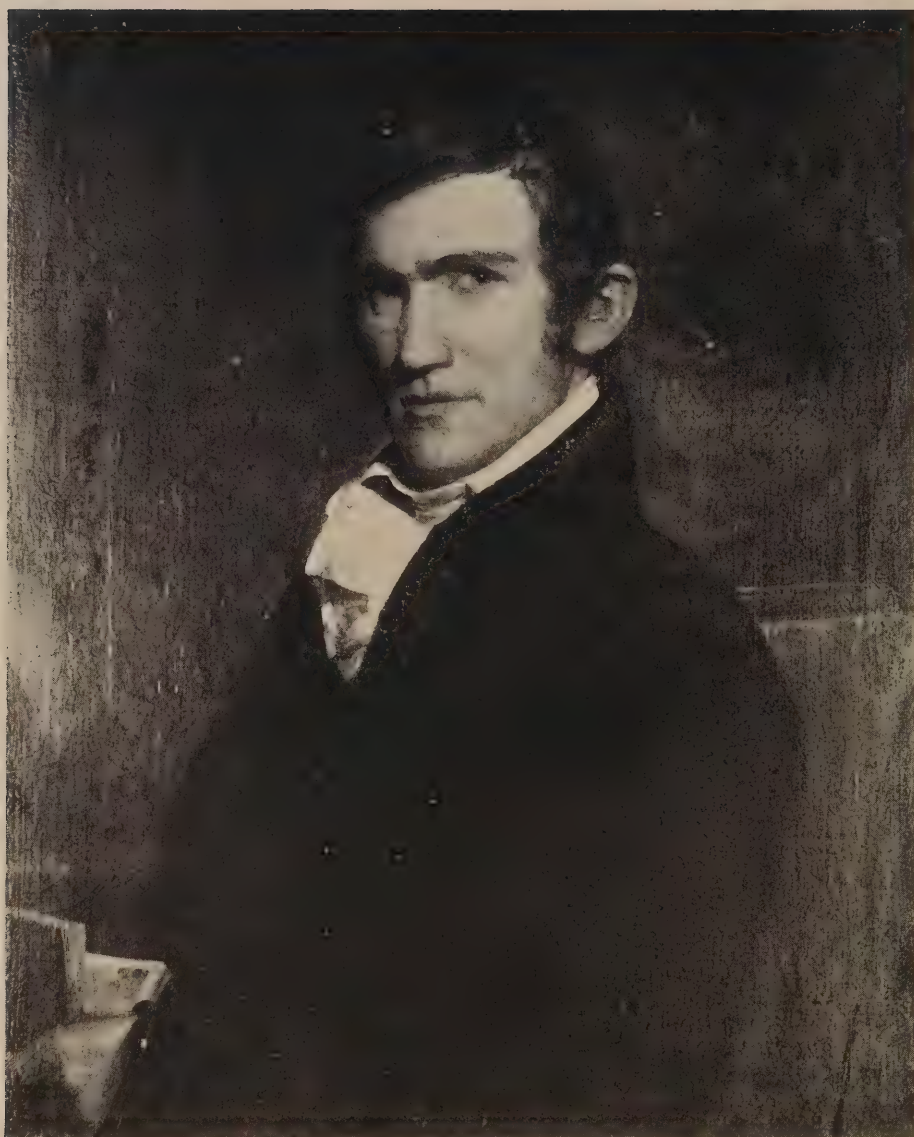
All this is exemplified in the field of painting by Neagle's work—and all the more effectively exemplified through the very circumstance that he was by nature a follower rather than a leader. For him the only possible immediate sources of technical training and professional standards were Gilbert Stuart and Thomas Sully; and the fact that he was intelligent enough to study them and consciously avail himself of their greater competence is just that much to his credit. The steady decline in the general cultural level is paralleled by the gradual subsidence in Neagle's own skill, his forsaking of the technical habits acquired from two genuine masters of that period and his adoption of the coarser mannerisms which reached their apogee in the work of Chester Harding.

But in no other respect does Neagle's work so well mirror its time as in recording its transitional character. The very genuine aristocracy of the colonial period was being little by little submerged in a rising tide of plebeianism; courtly manners were giving way to a rougher sort of intercourse, and in particular, richness and individuality in male costume were being forgotten for something which more and more approximated to the drab uniformity which came still later. And all this also is to be discovered in the mass of Neagle's work.

IV

Several of the portraits included in the exhibition have been restored to an unpleasant degree. The dull brown tone of time has very greatly helped many of Neagle's portraits by dulling the ruddiness of his reds, which too frequently verged upon mere rawness. It is this quality which has been made too obvious by shiny restoration and which needs to be again toned down by the passing of time.

One striking feature brought out by the exhibition is that his sketches are so often much more interesting than the finished work. In fact, these sketches would afford very good support to the thesis of the unwisdom of



REV. SAMUEL W. CRAWFORD, D.D.

By permission of Mrs. E. B. Wiestling.

JOHN NEAGLE

pushing things too far in paint; perhaps our time may attain a merit of its own by being content to do less and thereby secure more through exchanging statement for suggestion. Neagle, at any rate, when he did push his work beyond a stage of the sketch was not often equal to such things as the subtle modulations of a babyish figure, or the complexities of fore-shortened arms and hands turned away.

The influence of Thomas Sully, with whom he was thrown in more or less intimate contact after his marriage, is very evident in the portrait of Miss Emily Platt; that painter's sentimental sweetness, which very often declined into insipidity, is written into the curve of the neck, the arrangement of the hair, and the almost characterless smile. The loftier and more masculine influence of Stuart is to be particularly noted in the portrait of that painter and in the portrait of The Right Reverend Henry Conwell. The last named is a richer and more solid performance than most of Neagle's portraits; there is a very felicitous Stuart-like handling of the materials; the painter must have found a real pleasure in the color and texture of the churchly robes, and it seems fair to infer that he must have been conscious of the growing sobriety and commonplaceness of men's clothes; there is a certain gusto in the rendering of the lacey detail which the Boston master himself did not often exceed.

But the essentially British nature of the ultimate source of all this work is nowhere so clearly brought out as in his two most successful large-scale portraits—that of Miss Anna Gibson Johnson and that of Dr. William Potts Dewees. Both of these, however far short they may fall of specific masterpieces by Reynolds, Gainsborough, or Raeburn, can yet endure comparison with the great body of work produced by these men. Particularly does the portrait of Dr. Dewees reveal a thorough naturalistic realism of the whole *mise-en-scène*; probably no other American portrait on an equally ambitious scale of that or the preceding time showed any greater mastery, from the naturalistic point of view, of the combined difficulties of large atmospheric truth and sufficiently characterized individuality.

There are other portraits by Neagle on a similar scale which by no means attain

to the level of these two. That of Pat Lyon, which was the direct means of bringing the painter contemporary fame and numerous clients, is not so satisfying in its entirety. Neagle is on record as having said that he resorted to actual measurement of the objects in the picture, and this excess of literalistic zeal may have been the very reason why the detail is too obviously emphatic. There is a very interesting small head of Henry Clay which, perhaps unconsciously on the part of the painter, interprets its subject as the amiable village orator; but in the two life-size full lengths of the same individual the neighborly good fellow has been frozen into the formalism of a pseudo-statesman indulging in an empty gesture.

For all its prosaic seriousness, the exhibition had its amusing details. There was an anticipation of the Henri recipe in Neagle's Head of an Indian Boy; there was also a very curious anticipation in a very high keyed color scheme of a recent well known portrait by Sir William Orpen. And in the portrait of a three-year-old child there was a kitten which would delight the hearts of our connoisseurs of the quaint in its amazing likeness to a rat.

From a certain point of view, the most interesting of all the pictures in the exhibition was the portrait of Lydia Kelly which is reproduced as the frontispiece of this number. Out of the fashionable cut of the dress the painter made what was for that time a strikingly novel pattern of opposing curves, in the midst of which the straight nose tells with much effect. Neagle would deserve mention in the record of American painting for this one picture alone, and it is interesting to know that Stuart himself singled it out for marked praise. The interest of the composition for its own sake makes it stand out from the stock arrangements of the period with an almost modern emphasis.

V

To come back to the larger aspect of the whole of Neagle's work, its outstanding characteristic is a very satisfying sense for the interpretation of human character. Neagle was unquestionably very strongly moved by a personal reaction to many of the individuals who were his subjects; he relished his sitters.

In the narrow meaning of the word as it is at present understood, this quality is non-æsthetic, but that does not prevent it from contributing to the life of the pictures in which it happens to be present. For the purpose of exchanging ideas, there is every advantage in an increasingly sharp definition of whatever terms are to be used in the discussion of art; and the comparatively recent limitation of the word "æsthetic" to abstract qualities of design is a decided gain in intelligibility. But the emergence of this quality into the realm of controversial discus-

sion should not lead to a complete neglect of other qualities. The art of painting, as it has developed historically, has found many sorts of non-æsthetic justification, and only an intolerant partisanship will venture upon a complete neglect of such art.

The fact that Neagle's painting has almost no purely æsthetic interest does not mean that from other legitimate points of view it is negligible. It constitutes a faithful and reasonably competent record of its time; and, better still, it has preserved a group of substantial personalities.



HEAD OF AN INDIAN BOY
By permission of Mr. Samuel Mills Thomas.

JOHN NEAGLE



DR. WILLIAM POTTS DEWEES
By permission of the University of Pennsylvania.

JOHN NEAGLE



WILLIAM RUSH
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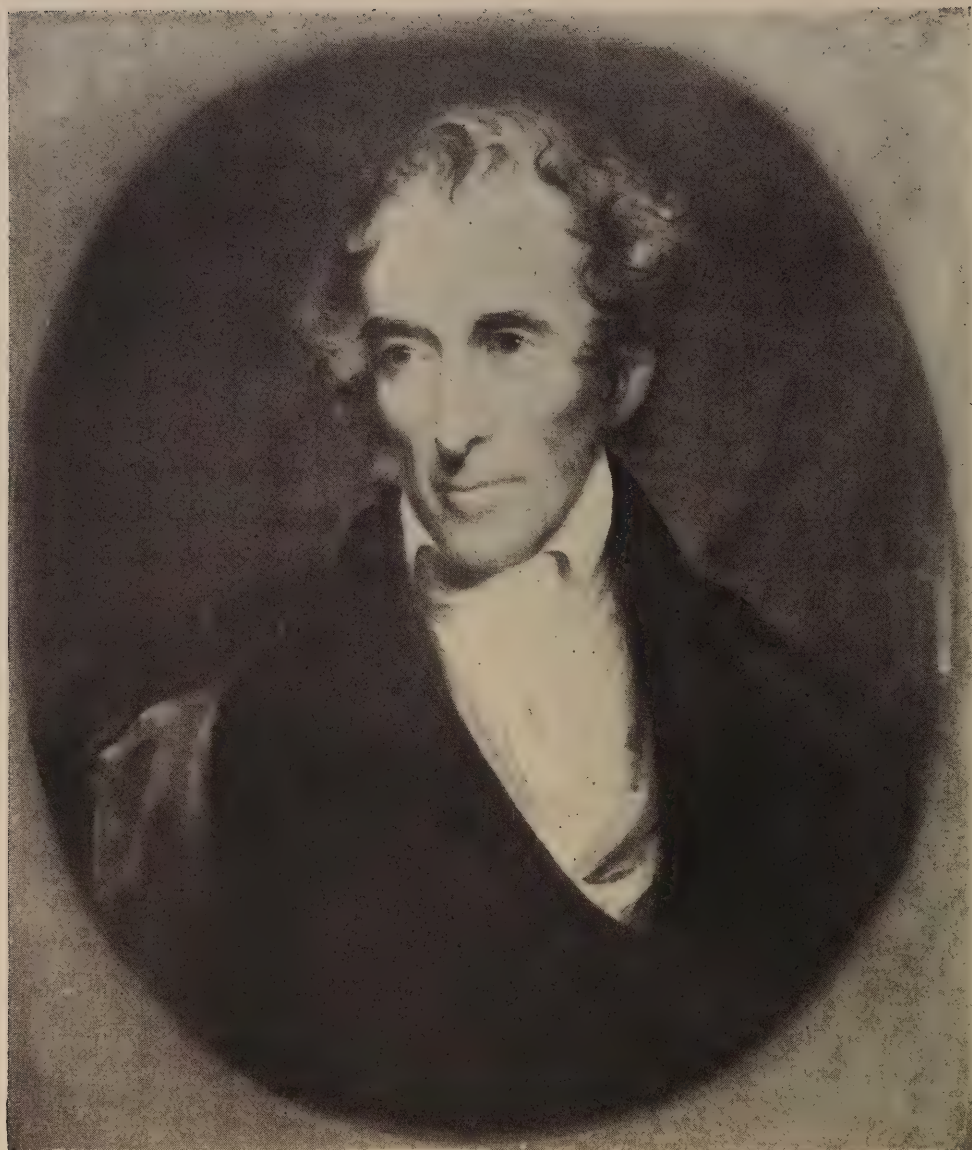
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THE RIGHT REVEREND HENRY CONWELL

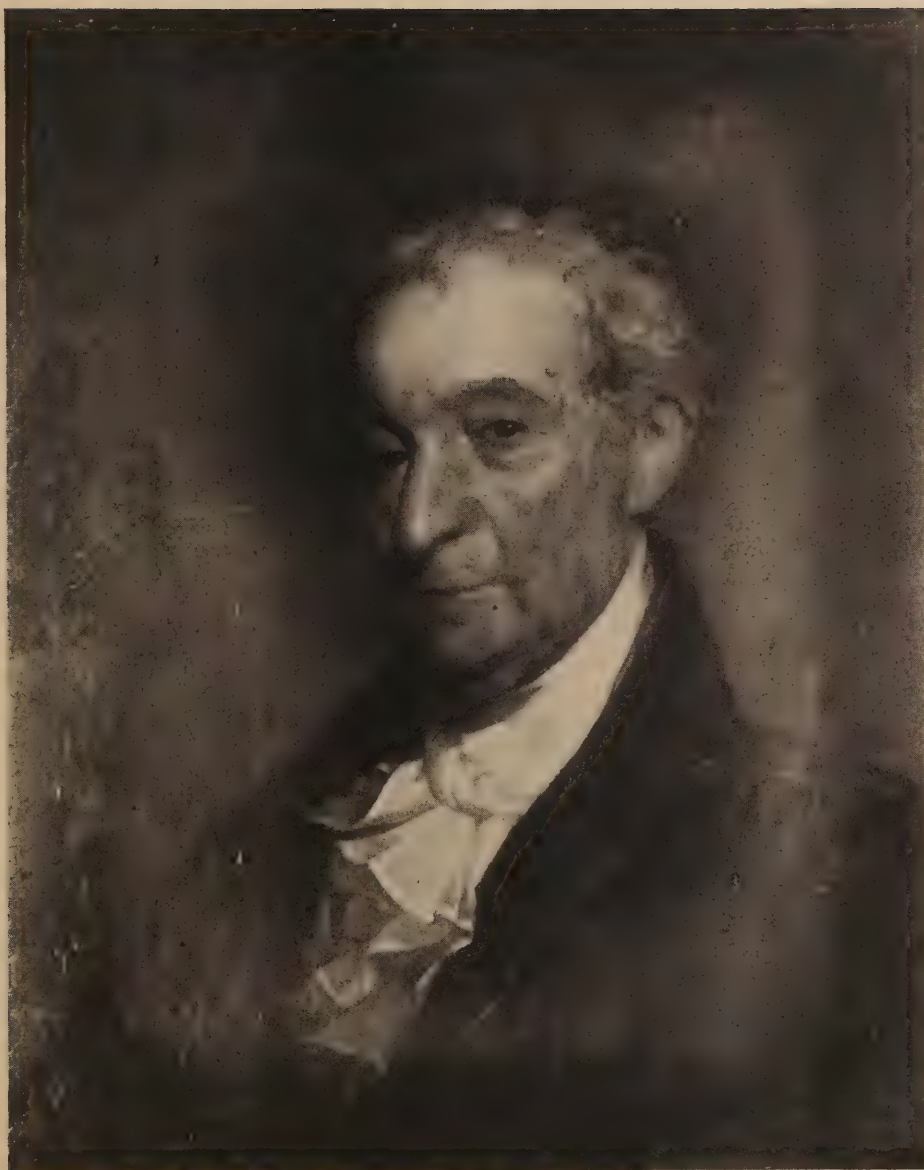
JOHN NEAGLE

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REV. MARTIN LUTHER HURLBUT
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JOHN NEAGLE



GILBERT STUART

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JOHN NEAGLE



PAT LYON

JOHN NEAGLE

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EMILY PLATT (MRS. DAVID PEPPER)
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JOHN NEAGLE

THE STORY OF FRANCESCA

By MABEL DODGE LUHAN

HER story came about through her drawings for her "Story of Ida." It began way back in Salem, after Francesca's father was shipwrecked, and Mrs. Endicott, with a mighty effort of will, packed all their "things" and sailed to Genoa.

For all her life Mrs. Endicott had, herself, wanted to travel; but she had married a man whose business it was to do this and it became her business to stay home.

So she sat still in Salem and dusted and cared for the "things" Captain Endicott brought home from faraway places, took care of Francesca, and looked out of the window towards the incoming ships.

Captain Endicott brought home some lovely "things." Wonderful porcelains with dragons on them, from China, statues and bronzes, beautiful rugs and woven stuffs—Oh! all kinds of things and pictures! great dark oil paintings that he had found in old shops in Naples and other places.

But one day his journeys ceased in a gale of wind, and soon after Mrs. Endicott and Francesca left Salem as abruptly as steam when the tea kettle lid is lifted!

They didn't, however, go so very far, not to our seeming. But maybe travel, in those days (Francesca was seventeen), was a craving more easily appeased than it is today. Perhaps so much of the new and unexperienced was crowded into that first sea voyage that deposited them at Genoa that they didn't need to go further. Anyway, they did reach Florence and there they stayed.

On a corner of the Piazza Santo Spirito they found in a quiet old palace some beautiful rooms up four flights of shallow stone stairs, and outside the largest room a *terrazza*. They called it a roof.

The *terrazza* was square and on a level with the large *salone* (that they always called the parlor); it had a stone parapet around it four feet high.

Mrs. Endicott moved into these rooms and unpacked her "things" when they came and her desire for travel quenched there, she settled down with Francesca and Mary. I forgot to say that Mary came too. She was the classical family servant of those old days,

and she just naturally went along because she'd been with Mrs. Endicott since the early days of her marriage, and Mrs. Endicott wanted her to go.

Their life there in those spacious rooms was naturally a good deal like what their life in Salem had been. People stay the same generally, no matter where they go. Mrs. Endicott didn't watch out the window any more, but mornings she dusted her house and herself, took care of the "things" Captain Endicott had brought to her, while Francesca and Mary went out to buy fruit and vegetables and the various other odds and ends of daily life.

They always carried a little basket, the same they had carried to market in Salem, and they brought home their purchases in it.

Afternoons, sometimes Mrs. Endicott, wearing her black silk and a cameo pin (from Naples) would take Francesca and together they would walk in the Cascine, stopping for an ice. Or, occasionally they would go for a drive, in what Mrs. Endicott always called a "Victoria," out towards the hills.

They did not make many friends, scarcely any new ones, but occasionally someone from home would come to Florence and would call upon them. This kept them in touch with the life they had left, and it was necessary to Mrs. Endicott who, that strange woman! insisted upon perpetuating the environment and the habits of the life she had had in Salem. This she accomplished quite amazingly.

Everything in that Italian setting breathed out the strongest New England atmosphere—except, maybe, the porcelains and rugs and paintings—all those things that were gathered from faraway places; and yet these, too, in Mrs. Endicott's presence, gave out the home atmosphere of Salem. For to her they spoke not of China nor of Italy, but of Massachusetts.

The clothes they brought with them of excellent Boston cut and texture were vigorously copied there in Florence by clever Italian fingers. Mrs. Endicott did not move with the times. She adhered strictly to the period she had passed in Salem. To this day Francesca may be wearing a *basque* that buttons

down the front with a quick succession of round, shiny buttons.

These women, all three of them, wore hair nets that Mrs. Endicott made herself. Their smooth hair, apparently arrested in change by the will of that woman, was of high lustre from careful brushing, but for all of them retained its different shades of brown.

Francesca was interested in drawing and she did want to write. Her mother had let her have some discreet lessons in drawing before they had left Salem, but she did not encourage very much the writing idea. For a young girl to want to write seemed to her rather outlandish. So Francesca did not say much about writing, but she did a little of it; and she practiced her drawing. One can imagine her sitting in that quiet high-ceilinged *salone*, the cabinet of beautiful porcelains at the wall behind her, the rich somber paintings on the walls, the rugs and woven stuffs about her. Of furniture there was a mixture that, nevertheless, mixed well.

In the early days of their arrival in Florence the Italians were as busily perpetuating their favorite "period" as was Mrs. Endicott preserving hers. So the things they had needed to add to their own had been some fifteenth century chairs of fine design, although new in material, a table or two of walnut of good workmanship and a carved desk. Crimson damask curtains had been purchased, like those people had "at home."

These Italian things blended perfectly with the Chippendale that had gone from England to Salem in by-gone days; and by the time Francesca was sixty, which is the time I met her, the years had given to these things and to Francesca herself the appearance of a deep, mellow and true homogeneity.

One day someone took me there. Because I am still uninitiated, still in the dark, I must let Francesca convey her story to you in her own words. Her secret—it is the supreme one, the secret of a happy life—is hidden in her few words for anyone who can find it there. We were taken first to a small salon by the round-shouldered old servant.

There, seated by a very small fire, was a very old lady, knitting. It was Mrs. Endicott.

Her brown hair, smoothly banded and confined by a net of black silk twine accentuated the great age of her countenance. She sat in a low, cane-seated arm chair of cherry-

wood, and her full black skirt billowed around her. She looked to me terribly old and terribly determined. My friend seemed to know the technical procedure. We chatted a few minutes with Mrs. Endicott about the most carefully chosen topics, necessarily.

I spoke of a large painting that hung on one wall. It was a distinguished and noble thing. "Yes, it's a Bronzino," announced Mrs. Endicott calmly. "My husband brought me that picture on one of his trips home. He bought it in Naples. I never knew or cared what artist had painted it. I liked it because he had brought it home, and I like it now because I'm used to it. One day a friend of ours from Boston brought one of those art critics here to call, and when he saw it, he jumped up and said, loud, 'Bronzino!' 'Is that so?' said I.

"And he said, said he, 'Mrs. Endicott, you could get a lot of money for that painting if you would have it properly examined and cleaned—I could—'

"'Tut! tut,' said I to him. 'That's one of the things my husband fetched me home from Italy and it's never going to leave me.'"

As I heard her speak I felt it had needed an enthusiast of art critics to make such a suggestion to her. She had no idea at all nor care for current events, nor for contemporary values. She had mingled so little with the life of the day that she wasn't of it any more. She hadn't been down the stairs of the Palazzo since they had put the trolley line through her street. She didn't like the trolley—they didn't have them in Salem. They frightened her, and she had simply kept out of their way by not going into the streets. She went out on to the roof, but that was all.

This avoidance, you see, ran right through almost everything in her life and ours, so we were limited in our topics of conversation. But she was all right. I mean, she wasn't a bit queer or crabbed or anything like that. She existed freely within the limitations of her own pattern. She was keen, too, and even fiercely gay. She knew we'd come to see Francesca and she helped us in our design to get past her to her daughter in the big *salone*, by an adequate, a masterful initiative.

"Well—don't waste your time with me. Francesca will be expecting you," and she waved us on.

Now Francesca—here it's very difficult to

say anything clear, because perforce I am in regions where my eyes are closed, though I know there is beauty there.

Francesca sat by the large shaded window, and she was knitting, too.

The *salone* was vast and yet filled with a feeling of life. So many large rooms are death-like. There was a rich though austere feeling in this room with its sparsely furnished, yet colorful appearance. It was full of light, yet it was a shaded light. High whitewashed walls and brown carven chairs and tables, long crimson silk curtains at the great windows deeply embrasured, golden brown paintings and lovely porcelains and some bowls of nasturtiums—and Francesca there knitting. That was what it was to tell about, but there was more than all this. There was a hidden fire in those spaces and when Francesca looked at us with her shining green eyes I recalled Pater's words about burning forever "with a hard, gem-like flame."

Now Francesca was sixty if she was a day. She wasn't beautiful. She wasn't dressed in silk like her mother; in fact, she was dressed in a rather unattractive material. Could it have been *bombazine*? She was small, she was plain, she was dumpy, but Oh! she was happy. She made happiness in the room. She was waiting for us and she greeted us with a quick, matter-of-fact little nod, and we soon were all chatting easily together. There were no limitations here to what we could speak about. Francesca was interested in all sorts of things, although she was as removed from them as her mother.

I was standing in the alcove of one of the windows looking down into the Piazza and at the Duomo of Santo Spirito across the way, when Francesca said, rolling her ball of wool: "Let me show you the garden. There is a lovely view from there." We followed her out on to a quite large *terrazza*, and sure enough it *was* a garden. And growing in neat, diminutive beds of earth there were flowers—flowers indubitably from Salem! Pinks, larkspur, shasta daisies, nasturtiums and ivy vines clambered over the grey stone parapet, while in a corner quite to itself, there was a tree, quite a big tree, beautifully shaped, with vigor showing in every part of it. I didn't know what kind of a tree it was, nor can I understand even now how

they ever got enough dirt up there for it to grow in. I asked about it.

"That's my wild olive," Francesca told us with an air of great significance. "Look at my view first, then I will tell you about it."

We could see the whole country to the East and South, sleeping in the autumn haze. We saw Giotto's Tower and San Miniato, and we looked over the blue hills towards Rome. An aroma from the town below us filled the air. Francesca pointed a knitting needle towards the hills in the direction of Arcetri.

"It was from out there we brought the wild olive," she told us. "It was small then, only twigs, not strong branches as now."

"When did you get it?" I asked?

"Oh! many years ago. I was only nineteen then. Sit here and I will tell you its story."

She drew some little chairs together and we sat down in the path among the flowers and the branches of the tree spread above us against the burning blue sky.

"It was just after they had put my drawings in the Uffizi Gallery," she continued. "You know someone told them—one of our friends from America it was—that I had done some pretty pencil drawings and Count Rapolli called on mama and asked her to let him see them. He took them away with him and showed them to the other gentlemen and then asked mama if they could keep them and put them in the Gallery with the other drawings. I was so proud. Mama hesitated for a while. She didn't like the idea of my drawings being there where all kinds of people go in and out all the time, but I teased and teased her to let them go, and finally she gave in. So they put them in a case, and he saw them there soon afterwards."

I noticed her emphasis on the pronoun.

"Who?" I asked in great curiosity.

"Mr. Ruskin," she replied, dropping her eyes modestly. "He saw them and he liked them so much that he asked Count Rapolli to bring him to see us. The Count thought he knew us because he had been to see us twice about the drawings, but mama said he'd never been really introduced to us, and she thought it was very forward of him to ask to call and bring a stranger, too, even if he did like my drawings. She *really* wanted to say no this time but I teased her again and again. She gave in. I'd never had the courage before that to argue with mama, I'd

always done as she told me. But about the drawings and about Mr. Ruskin I made her do as I wanted. I had heard a little about Mr. Ruskin, that he wrote and knew about art and I wanted so much to know him. You see I had written my little book called 'The Story of Ida' and I had kept it hidden from mama. I have thought since, I had no right to hide it from her but she would only have disapproved and I did so want to write it. The drawings in the Uffizi Gallery were the ones I had made from it. I wanted to show the story to Mr. Ruskin because he had liked the drawings. Mama finally gave in and wrote the Count he might call and bring his friend, although she said after she had written the note: 'Mercy sakes, Francesca! Don't see why these strangers should visit us. We don't know a thing about them.'

"They came and it didn't do any good. We—mama and I—and the Count and Mr. Ruskin sat in the *salone* and mama did all the talking. The gentlemen were very polite and talked about the things mama likes but we never once talked about art or things I wanted to hear about. After a while they got up and took their hats and turned to go, and walked to the door, but just at the door Mr. Ruskin turned and said: 'Mrs. Endicott, I would like to come again and talk to Miss Endicott about her drawings. She has a very pretty talent.' He didn't wait for mama's answer nor look at her or he would have seen her raise her eyebrows the way she does. He just went. And I—I waited to see him again. I felt he was so friendly, and mama admitted he seemed like a nice young gentleman.

"After some days he came again and mama was in her little sitting room in there and I was in here, drawing. Somehow he made mama let him come right in here where I was working and we talked together. I showed him then 'The Story of Ida' and he said it was very nice and that I must have it printed. I didn't know at all how this could be done; but he told me what to do and that was the way it came to be published. But mama never—not even yet—likes to hear it spoken of. Mr. Ruskin didn't stay very long that time but he came again soon. He always told me things that I wanted to know—things about *art* and *life* and *nature*.

"One day he said he would like to take me out to the hillsides. It was spring. By that

time mama liked him quite well and she let me go. Of course Mary went with us. We walked out quite far beyond the Porta Romana and into the vineyards. He showed me such interesting things, and he told me so much about the growing things. We came to a place where it was quite wild and uncultivated and he pointed out a little plant: 'That is the wild olive, Miss Francesca. See how perfect it is already in its symmetry and how delicate in its tints. Wait,' he said, 'I will dig it up for you and you can take it home and make it grow on your *terrazza* if you are careful with it. There is nothing more wonderful in the world than to watch the unfolding of life in a tree.'

"He uncovered the little roots and bound some earth around them and we brought it home. He helped me put it right there where you see it. But at first it was in a wooden tub. Mary and I brought up dirt for it in baskets many times since then. And I have watched, as he said I must, how it has slowly unfolded and grown into the big tree you see there. No—it's not really a very big tree, but it seems one to me! No, I never saw Mr. Ruskin after that. His visit to Florence came to an end.

"But—the wild olive tree—I have understood all he meant by those words of his, 'that there is nothing so wonderful as to watch the life unfold in a tree.'

"I have never seemed to want to write another story, nor make any more drawings either. Mama and I have had a wonderful life here in Florence. We have never felt lonely as so many people seem to feel nowadays. People come in and see us sometimes and they don't seem very happy. I don't know what it is. They seem lonesome, somehow, and always going around from place to place. Of course we are quiet but there is so much to think about when one has the time, so much to learn when one has a garden to take care of. Yes, we've been happy."

Indeed it was true—no one could doubt it. From that meagre life of theirs they had somehow drawn happiness or contentment or whatever it is that people run about hunting all over creation. Francesca's life had unfolded as gently and as evenly as the life in her wild olive tree. As I looked at her bending over it it seemed to me that Mr. Ruskin had worked a miracle here with them both.



BRONZE DOORS OF THE DUOMO
Pisa

BONANNO
1180



GENERAL VIEW

PISA

WHEREIN WE DISCOVER PISA

By JOHN BLOMSHIELD

PISA is in the position of a book which is universally known but which the reader puts aside after glancing at a few of the best known passages. The city's situation between Genoa and Florence, the tyranny of time-tables and the traveller's impatience to get to the larger city up the Arno expose Pisa to many superficial visits. How often the student rushing between trains to snatch a view of the Piazza del Duomo hurries on his way to Florence happy in his belief that he has seen all the city offers. Well—while the intellectuals are discovering Charlie Chaplin, the circus and the comic strip, we surely cannot be denied the modest privilege

of discovering a city. And the use of these pages for an article savouring of the guide book may perhaps be justified.

One should look to Pisa not so much for painting, in spite of the frescos in the *Campo Santo* and some rare panels in the *Museo Civico*, as for sculpture and for architecture. The sculptors of Pisa were the god-parents of the Italian Renaissance, but the city's most distinctive gift is an architectural style to be found nowhere else in equal purity. Certain neighboring cities, ancient rivals such as Lucca, have borrowed heavily from Pisa, and although their architects have created some few structures of interest their greatest ser-



THE BIRTH OF JESUS
Pisa, Baptistery (Detail of the Pulpit)

NICCOLA PISANO

vice has been to emphasize the mastery of the originals.

That trade-mark of Pisa stamped in every school geography, the Leaning Tower, must be the starting point for our investigation of the city. It is the first thing we see when the train bringing us from Genoa skirts the city walls. There it stands—its rusty marble washed olive gold in the Italian sunlight—straining toward the Mediterranean as though loath to lose sight of the sea that once lapped the hem of the city and made it the rival of Venice and Genoa, the most powerful port of the world. Leaning towers are not rare in Italy, few of the campanili in Venice are wholly plumb and Bologna sports several with startling inclination. Round towers are more difficult to find. There is one in Classe near Ravenna—red brick, nude—it must not be mentioned in the same breath with the columned elegance of the

Torre Pendente. Pisa's tower is unique indeed—but only for its beauty.

Bonanno, who modeled the bronze doors of the cathedrals here and at Monreale, began the construction of the tower in the twelfth century when Pisa was beginning to enjoy her greatest strength. No one seems to be quite sure whether he meant it to lean or not; at any rate the tower began to incline before it was completed and the upper stages with columns of unequal length prove that some effort was made to rectify the deviation. This gives it an imperceptible curvature, such as Athenian architects sought, and probably adds to its attraction. Sensitive, sturdy in spite of the inclination, it is an incomparable example of Romanesque architecture.

We climb the stone stairs—a tipsy well inside—and step out on an upper landing feeling anything but secure. The city lies before us small and compact; the Arno with

a baroque flourish cuts through the center, but four bridges and the *cinta* of dentillated walls pull the irregular pieces together. Inland is a low chain of mountains; distantly in the other direction lies the retreating sea, a sparkling strip. From the other side of the landing we look down on three marble structures planted on a flat sweep of lawn in a corner of the city walls. These buildings and the tower form an architectural group which for variegated form, richness of material and imaginative detail has never been equaled. The tower of course is cylindrical, the cathedral represents a cross, the baptistry a dome, and the *Campo Santo* a holloy cloistered rectangle; an argument of geometric forms arranged and built without geometric rigidity. Planted, not built—and from their low thresholds almost at the groundline one feels foundations going deep into the earth, like roots, to draw nourishment.

The cathedral, *Il Duomo*, the senior of the group, was begun early in the eleventh century and completed about a hundred years later. While it is generally looked upon as the finest examples of Italian Romanesque it really appertains to a style peculiar to Pisa. It has a Saracenic flavor; much of the material used in the construction was looted from the pagan enemy. The more Gothic cupola added later is the least satisfactory note in the exterior. Only two of the original bronze doors by Bonanno still remain, but one must go to Monreale in Sicily to see anything like them. In the interior, which has sueffred necessary restoration because of fires, is the huge mosaic by Cimabue; I believe the only authenticated work by that mythical person—certainly not enough to justify his reputation.

Next in age after the Duomo is the *Battistero*. Still distinctly Pisan in style and equally



IL CAMPO SANTO

PISA



SAN PAOLO A RIPA D'ARNO

PISA

Saracenic in spirit, it is a step away from the purer Romanesque. The arches and pilasters of the ground story, as with the tower and cathedral, flatten and convert the tiresome colonnade of the Romans to attractive form. One is a little dubious of the roof. Besides a number of fine sculptural pieces about the entrance it has within, a large octagonal baptismal font, rich with lacy marble ornament and mosaic, and the magnificent pulpit by Niccola Pisano. This unique work, which appears abruptly in the field of Italian art seemingly out of nowhere and without preface, is the corner stone of the Renaissance. Its author made Pisa the center of a revival which affected the development of all Italy. Niccola was obviously inspired by study of the antique while his son Giovanni, who comes next in the chain of Pisan sculptors, drew new strength from the Gothic north. The fragments of the pulpit designed by Giovanni for the Duomo may be studied in

the *Museo Civico*. Still another pulpit executed by Niccola with Giovanni's assistance stands in the cathedral of Siena. It is interesting to note that this last was begun in 1265, two years before the birth of Giotto.

Giovanni Pisano was also the architect for the *Campo Santo*, the pantheon where the great of Pisa are buried, which was begun late in the thirteenth century. The exterior walls, bare save for a few canopied figures in marble, give little indication of the delicate cloister they conceal. In the cloister we come to a new architectural period—the Tuscan Gothic—which, like all Gothic, appeals more to literary emotion than to pure visual sense; as a style it has less genuine interest than the Romanesque. But it has an exalted calm, this cloister, that brings rest to the fatigued spirit. It encloses a grassy space set with a few black cypresses and open to the sky. In this sacred soil brought by ship from Jerusalem, sprang, one April

morning centuries ago, the miraculous anemone of which Pater speaks. The sheltered wall spaces are covered with frescos, some of disputed early origin and a number of less interesting illustrations by Benozzo Gozzoli.

We leave this group of buildings, the least neglected of any in the city, and follow the further bank of the Arno to a little piazza near the *Ponte di Ferro* where rises the key to architectural Pisa: the *Duomo vecchio*, *San Paolo a Ripa d'Arno*. Its stained marble façade, so satisfying in line, so varied in restrained imagination, is the most appealing in all Italy. Steeped in the liquid gold of an afternoon sun, the clear shadows like echoes in the columned gable, the whole thing singing with line and with color: it is irresistible, it is perfect. It is second not even to the *Duomo*. The ease of its authority should make an iconoclastic sadist, like the futile Marinetti, lash with fury and frustration. But I vote, today, with the 'nineties.

In view of the broad influence it has had upon the architecture of the region it is amazing how much it has been slighted. Founded in 805 (supposedly by Charlemagne) it defined the style which inspired the religious architecture of Pisa until the city lost its prestige as an independent power. *San Paolo a Ripa d'Arno* is thought to be the model for the *Duomo*. A glance at a later imitation of this style as shown in the façade of the cathedral in Lucca, with the three gaping arches, will stimulate a deeper appreciation of the original.

The dusk of the interior is almost bare of ornament, having none of that festive quality usual with Italian churches. But it breathes a friendly religious spirit recalling Chartres, which in every other way is so dissimilar.

A short distance from *San Paolo* toward the city we come to an elaborate little struc-

ture which looks as if it had floated down the Arno in a spring flood and become fastened on the brim of the river. This is *Santa Maria della Spina*, supposed to shelter a few thorns from the crown which lacerated the brow of Christ. It is marble, and so crusted with canopied figures that one feels it would have been better done on a smaller scale in precious metals. But it is the most considerable monument of the end of the Gothic period.

The façade of *San Michele in Borgo* is fashioned rather closely after that of *San Paolo* but it is more elaborate, more Gothic, in the gable colonnades and lacks the flat arches below. *Santa Caterina*, a splendid example of the period, is even more intricate in detail. Both are of the early fourteenth century. We can only mention in passing the Romanesque churches of *San Pierino* and *San Paolo all' Orto*, which would be worthy of study if space permitted.

The Gothic brick church, *San Francesco*, with a campanile and cloister, is quite fine in itself but it also houses the *Museo Civico*. This contains, besides considerable painting and the fragments of the pulpit by Giovanni, some unusual examples of colored Gothic sculpture.

But museums are always museums and to visit them is more a duty than a pleasure. There is so much in Pisa still in the position for which it was made or that can be seen in the air and sunlight that it is not necessary to linger here. The beauty of Pisa is living, and the same people who created these wonderful buildings are laughing and loitering among them. Better, then, to wander among these lovable Pisani and discover the many palaces of the Renaissance and the baroque churches that lie up unexplored streets. And we shall find ourselves recrossing the *Piazza del Duomo*, and following the Lungarno to see, again, the façade of *San Paolo*.



STUDY

ARISTIDE MAILLOL



KNEELING WOMAN
Courtesy of the Kraushaar Galleries

ARISTIDE MAILLOL

MAILLOL SPEAKS

In THE ARTS for February, 1924, will be found a very fully illustrated essay on the art of the great French sculptor, Aristide Maillol, to which are now added a summary of his conversations with a close friend and the suggestive comments of a pupil.

I AM getting to know too much about sculpture, and too much knowledge is more a drawback than a help to an artist. In my younger days I used to work without thinking; now I think too much and work slowly. I should like to work now as I used to do in former times. Then I knew little about sculpture but I could carve; it came to me easily, as a matter of fact, as a reflex. When I look at the work of my younger days I see that I did by instinct what I am trying to do now by analysis. I have learned much since then, but it takes me ten times longer to accomplish anything. Formerly the whole thing came to me at once; now, I have to struggle to get it. This has shown me that in art it is instinct that counts. At present I never give the slightest touch to any sculpture without knowing why I do it. Yet, although it is reason that guides me, it is instinct that ultimately decides the question. When one can find the

perfect equilibrium between reason and instinct, then I suppose one is sure to accomplish something worth while.

In my work I look for beauty above all things. Beauty is something about which everybody disagrees theoretically but about which we all agree in fact. Philosophically, beauty is an abstraction, but in reality it is quite concrete. It is a thing that we do not seem to be able to analyse but that we can perfectly feel. I look for beauty and I know when and where I find it; and when I do, I am sure that others will see it in the same manner.

Once, in a conversation with Odilon Redon, we both came to the conclusion that the art of our time is nothing else than a search for beauty, for pure beauty, because we do not make art either by personal nor collective necessity. Nothing compels nor forces us to make art; we do it of our own free will and for no ulterior purpose. In the old times one was forced by law to represent the gods and to make them according to certain rules. There even were specialists on different subjects, artists who devoted their lives to



STUDY

ARISTIDE MAILLOL

making Isis, or Apollos, or Saint Josephs. There were orders to make them and rules for their execution. Today we are at liberty to make whatever we want. That is why we try to do what pleases us; and what pleases us is beauty.

Nevertheless, we cannot escape the influence of either our education or of our milieu, two elements which contribute to the making of our personality; and if we are sincere we cannot help showing in our work what we are. It is impossible to keep clear of the influence of the community.

For my part, I am French and I do not try to be anything else. Like all my countrymen my morals are based on the fables of La Fontaine and my education has been built up on French literature. My work is therefore

French. Of course, I admire negro sculpture; but I believe that, to make negro sculpture as it may be done, one has to be a negro, live like a negro and believe in what negroes do. An African fetish will look as out of place in the Place de la Concorde as does the Egyptian obelisk. It would not belong there, it would make a poor marriage with our architecture, with our life, and with our mode of thinking.

I believe that sculpture should be primarily decorative. It should be a thing by itself and a part in the ensemble of its surroundings. Rodin thought differently; he detested the idea of decoration in sculpture. But see what happened to his *Penseur*, it made a poor showing at the Pantheon and there could not be found for it a suitable place anywhere else.

The Egyptians made their sculptures in forms and materials that were in accordance with their thoughts, with their lives, with their architecture and with the place they were to occupy. And so did the Chaldeans and the Assyrians. Each people has chosen for its sculpture a material suitable to express its ideas and with it its forms and manner of expression. But the sculpture was always related to the ensemble. The French in their national art chose the stone for their sculptures that were to decorate their cathedrals and they made a French art, treating the stone as it ought to be treated—as a thing for the eyes rather than for the touch.

We express ourselves today in all kinds of materials. This again proves that we are principally searching for pure beauty, as we try to render the beauty of matter itself independent of its form.

The question of the material has always pre-occupied me. For my terra-cottas, I always have to work hard in the mixture of my earths to obtain the quality that will give the sentiment of beauty. I take the same pains to get the marbles, stones or bronzes in which I am to express myself. I have gone so far in this subject that I manufacture myself the paper for my own drawings. Although my drawings are not made for the purpose of making "final" works of art, although they are only studies and researches of forms, volumes, and movements that I use afterwards in my sculpture, and although they are only documents to serve in my work, I try nevertheless to have in them the beauty of matter that I have to find also in my sculpture.

Perhaps also the habit of drawing has remained in me from my career as a painter, for I was a painter before becoming a sculptor. But I had to abandon painting. It was taught to me and therefore I could never learn it. The way they teach you art is the best way not to learn it. With sculpture it was different. I kept away from school. I

remember that the first statuette I did was declared by a friend of mine, a "prix de Rome" man, to be perfect nonsense. He prophesied that I would never become a sculptor. That encouraged me, and I then began to have a confidence in my work that has never abandoned me. The only way to learn art is to study it in what has been done by others, and the only school that teaches anything is life and work. In order to produce works of art one has to be an artist and if one is not an artist, learning is of no account.

It is generally believed that I have made a specialty of the female figure. That is quite wrong. Perhaps I have treated more often the body of woman than the body of man; but that is precisely because, working without definite purpose, I have found in woman an easier motive. But I see beauty also in a man's body. I have recently conceived a project, and I have made many drawings in search of a type of young man which would express the present tendency toward athleticism. The modern athlete cannot be expressed in the terms of the Greek or Roman athlete. I have my own type and I want to express it. But what can I do with it after it is done? I should like to work in that kind of sculpture for a determined place. It should fit its surroundings; it should be, so to speak, the artistic corner-stone of all the forms that are to be kept permanently in its neighborhood. Then the thing would be complete. I would select the material that would harmonize with the ensemble; I would give it a form that would suit the material; in that way all would hold together. And then I would realize my conception of the beauty of a modern athlete. But who cares now about all those things? We all ought to be doing designs for automobiles. But one can do, after all, only that which is in him.

I consider that I make statues as an apple tree gives apples. I am neither proud nor sorry to be a sculptor. It is in me and I give what I have. It is simple and natural. That's all.

THE TEACHINGS OF MAILLOL

FROM A PARIS DIARY

By ARNOLD RONNEBECK

IN 1911 the spirit of contemporary sculpture seemed still to be dominated by the naturalism of Rodin who was then in the seventieth year of his life. However, when one visited the sombre and dusty shop of Vollard's on the Rue Lafitte, one discovered, hidden behind a Gauguin or a Cézanne, or lying on the floor, wonderful little bronze statuettes of the greatest simplification of form and astonishing in their monumentality. Their creator was Maillol. And then there was another sculptor's name which one heard more and more often: Emile-Antoine Bourdelle, to whom I shall refer in later extracts from my diary.

Both were pupils, collaborators and intimate friends of Rodin. Both, in a certain sense continued his efforts and built upon his fundamental idea. Each one, however, was striving for an aim very distinctly his own, and opposed to Rodin's conception of form. The great merit of Rodin was to have again proved to the sculptor the fundamental necessity of the closest study of nature.

But his life-size and over-life-size figures like St. John the Baptist, Les Bourgeois de Calais, or The Kiss, are lost in detail and are not monumental. They are masterpieces in the treatment of light and shadow and surface, but in spite of that, they are not in the true and traditional sense, plastic art. They are more painting than sculpture. They are not thought for a certain material; the material is not an inherent part of the idea.

Rodin's essentially emotional nature blew up the block of marble, burst it open for the sake of the "*grand geste*," the great gesture of love and passion. Intensely dramatic his power of expression went beyond the possibilities of his material. His Victor Hugo in the garden of the Palais Royale is not a monument at all; seen from a distance it is a chaotic mass of white marble and the wide outstretched arm has to be supported by an unhewn pillar of marble.

But it seems that whenever decay or decomposition of some sort threatens art, there appears a redeeming spirit like a saviour. This time he came in the person of Aristide Mail-

lol. Already in 1896 he sent his first statuettes to the Salon. The jury did not place them in the section of sculpture, but in the section of arts and crafts. They were all sold. A German collector, gifted with true sensibility and artistic vision for the meaning of those small things, gave about a dozen of them to the National Gallery in Berlin, and it is due to the influence and propaganda of men like Meyer-Graefe, Osthaus and Count Kessler that Germany not only possesses the greatest number of Maillol's works, but that it was that country where he was first understood and appreciated.

The serene calm of ancient Greece, the powerful monumentality of its temples, is embodied in his statues. They are unlike the Gothic which were always conceived in close relation to architecture, to a niche, or the porch of a cathedral. They are not created to be seen from only one standpoint; each side is a front view. They are round. Each has a life of its own. They exist for nothing but the sake of their own being. They are majestically lonely. A superior joy of life is in them, sublimated in the pure form of powerful women like columns and blocks of animated life. There is never a gesture which is not controlled and subordinated to the architectonic whole. An arm that is lifted never leaves the column or block out of which the whole figure is carved, and which invisibly seems to surround it still in order to protect and to restrain and to dam up its accumulated and pulsing life.

I went to Paris in the fall of 1908 because I had read in the papers that an academy had just opened in Montmartre which gave its pupils the opportunity to come in personal touch with the so-called post-impressionist masters. The teachers of sculpture were Maillol and Lacombe, and of painting, Odilon Redon, Bonnard, Valoton, Theo van Rhysselberghe and Serusier. I was one of the first to enter the class of sculpture and soon Maillol came for the first time for a criticism.

He was very simple, almost awkward in manners and speech, but sociable and human.

He comes from a peasant family in southern France. He had certain difficulties in making himself understood by the spoken word. Usually he would compress his criticism of our work and his advice within the words:

"You must simplify what you see in nature; nature is always simpler than we think it is; it never has holes and bumps."

He did not give a positive instruction as to how we should simplify, because he did not consciously work after any preconceived theory. Giving himself entirely up to his own unfailing feeling for style, he arrived, as it seemed, naturally, from within himself, at the synthesis of form. But, nevertheless, he was conscious of the role of the intellect in all artistic production, and repeatedly he said:

"You must just work, work, but always under the control of your intellect. The sculptor must draw his model again and again from all sides."

Before becoming a sculptor Maillol had made very beautiful designs for tapestries which he executed himself at the weaver's loom. Following old recipes he had distilled the colors from plants which he collected in the woods of his country, and in the houses of his peasant countrymen he found the wool threads for his *gobelins*. In every handicraft, in every *métier*, he was a perfect master. If it was a question of the glaze of a terra-cotta, the preparative constructions for a new work of sculpture, its plaster cast or the last finish of the bronze—he dominated every technique.

When one day I went to see him in his studio in Marly-le-Roi, he was just chiselling at the stone original of that wonderful work, the picture of which it immediately conjured up when one hears the name Maillol, and which has made him world famous.* It was the statue of the quietly resting female figure, which, supporting its elbow by the raised knee, leans its head against its hand. The figure stood in the open under the blossoming trees of his little orchard. From the heights on which the little shed was lying that he used as a studio, one overlooked the hills covered with blossoming fruit trees as with snow. Beyond was St. Germain-en-Laye, and the glimmering Seine valley. Still further away deep on the horizon a heavy

brownish bed of misty vapor, and above, a thin pointed, iron armature was developing high into the skies: Paris and the Eiffel Tower.

When I saw this simple man with the the beautiful archaic profile chiselling at one of the greatest masterpieces of our time, he made me think of the heroes of Homer and the great masters of Greece. In fact this figure not only appears as the most perfect work of Maillol's but positively the purest plastic work of all contemporary sculpture. His unerring feeling, this in-born, and assiduously cultivated instinct for the proportion of volumes, for calmness, roundness and simplicity of contour, has reached its climax in this figure.

Relying on the most intimate study of nature, and led by the absolute certainty of his taste, he arrives at a synthesis. He invents, so to speak, for each figure, for each head, its own architectonic construction, and with that: its style. Unconsciously knowing, intelligent without intellectualism, sometimes touchingly childlike, he appears as one of the great primitives, and—since by the wise restraint of his means he arrives at the most noble harmony—as a direct spiritual descendant of the Greeks, as the last real classic.

When I entered his little garden and asked him if I might watch him work, he said that by watching alone I could not learn. I should help him. Of course, I answered that I was afraid to touch his work, but he smiled: "You just want some courage." And he gave me hammer and chisel and pointed out a place where I could chop off some superfluous material without risk of damaging his work. After we had been working for quite a while he put down his chisel and felt tenderly with his hand over the places which he had just finished. Then he took my own hand, led it over the knee of the statue, and said:

"Close your eyes! What do you feel?"

I seemed to be touching a living body.

"Well," he said, "You see, that is how our figures must be—full of life. Full of life, only *mastered by style!*"

Later, at table, when his wife was serving the supper, and handing us the plates, I noticed how strong her wrists were, how athletic her arms and shoulders, and how like a column her beautiful neck, how simple the

* This figure, together with many other figures and drawings by Maillol, is reproduced in *THE ARTS* for February, 1924.

features of this handsome country-like face. Did I not already know these magnificent and pure forms?

In the course of that summer I went to see him often at Marly-le-Roi, because it was just in these hours of intimate collaboration that he unconsciously and profusely gave of the richness of his human kindness and

artistic experience. When he came to the criticism as a teacher he was usually embarrassed. He could not say anything about a pupil's work. The process of his own creating was so natural to him that there was nothing to speak about. And that is why he could hardly give any practical advice to his pupils.



THE CAFE GRECO, ROME
Courtesy of The Albert Roullier Galleries

JOHN COPLEY



THE PRINTER: MR. JOHN COPLEY PRINTING LITHOGRAPHS
Courtesy of Albert Roullier Galleries

ETHEL GABAIN

THE LITHOGRAPHS OF JOHN COPLEY

By FORBES WATSON

JOHAN COPLEY was born in Manchester, England, in 1875, his father being at that time Professor of Botany at Manchester University. Mr. Harold J. L. Wright, in an essay on the work of Copley, says that the artist when young, "was taken occasionally to see Ford Madox Brown, who at that time was painting the famous frescoes in the Manchester Town Hall." It appears that the youthful Copley was very much moved by Brown's painting, and it was apparently his visits at that time to the older artist's

studio that gave him the idea of becoming an artist. Mr. Wright tells us also that Copley's father was in the habit of making carefully detailed drawings of plant structures and that he sometimes, also, made landscape sketches, so that both from his father, who was his first drawing teacher, and from his visits to Ford Madox Brown's studio, he was attracted toward art. Before the age of fifteen, while Copley was still at school, he studied etching.

A few years later, Copley's father retired



THE OPERA
Courtesy of Albert Roullier Galleries

JOHN COPLEY

from the University and the family moved to London, and then the artist began to study painting under Cope, and in 1892 he went to the Royal Academy Schools. Later he made a visit of three years duration to Italy, and for six years after he returned to England, he painted steadily. In 1906, he said to a friend of his who lived near him in Kent: "It would be rather nice to make some lithographs, don't you think?" The result of the conversation that ensued was that his friend provided him with a press and built a printing room where Copley could work.

These and other details of Mr. Copley's life will be found in Mr. Wright's essay, where it is recorded that in June, 1913, Mr. Copley married Miss Ethel Gabain, also an accomplished lithographer, and ever since the two artists have worked together, each, however, preserving his definite style and point of view, a fact which can be seen by comparing Ethel Gabain's portrait of her husband in the act of printing a lithograph, reproduced at the head of this article, with the succeeding illustrations of Copley's work.

The most casual examination of Copley's lithographs is enough to show that the artist is in complete sympathy with this highly satisfying medium. At one point in his essay, Mr. Wright makes the statement, referring to one of Copley's etchings:

"This splendid print, French somehow in feeling and style, makes one almost regret that Mr. Copley is not a Frenchman, for then, this and many other lithographs by him, the Program Seller, for instance, would certainly by now have been equally appreciated and acclaimed with those of Manet, Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec; in other words, his recognition would have been complete."

To follow out the suggestions which this sentence gives is one way of arriving at an estimate of Mr. Copley's skill as a lithographer and his quality as an artist. It is hardly possible to imagine anyone saying about a French artist that one almost regrets that he is not English, or American, or German, or Italian, for the sake of his recognition, and while both in England and in America there is more than a touch of snobism in the attitude toward French art, this

snobism is not without some justifications in fact. Doubtless, there are many people, Americans and English, who feel safer in admiring Degas, for example, than they do in admiring Copley, but that does not mean that Copley is the equal of any one of the three French artists mentioned by Mr. Wright. Of none of their work can it be said that it is anything but French, and this despite the fact that Degas in his early work shows the influence of Holbein, and despite the fact that he had Italian blood. Essentially, like Manet and Toulouse-Lautrec, his art is native to France.

And it is right here in the question of native flavor that Mr. Copley falls below the level of the Frenchmen. One can, however, fall below their level and yet remain an artist who wins our admiration. Only the very great artists succeed in making us forget art, whereas all through the work of Mr. Copley we are conscious of art. He has, to a high degree, sensitive feeling for the medium of lithography, an almost affectionate appreciation of the richness of its range from deep handsome blacks to clearest whites, and he draws at times with great subtlety, while his arrangements and compositions are clearly those of a man of taste.

As a draftsman, his work varies from such subtle characterizations as those seen in the figures in his *Café Greco*, to such rather obvious picture making as the print called *The Bearers*. As a matter of fact, when Mr. Copley deserts life and goes into the realm of "artistic composition," he becomes too English for words. And one feels that his art is no longer a means of expression, but an end. When, on the other hand, he makes prints which impel his admirers to speak of a "Daumier-like feeling," Mr. Copley wins the right to be regarded as one of the legitimate artistic offspring of the greatest lithographer of the 19th century. In his work one feels a deep sincerity. His devotion to his art is complete, and after looking at many of his lithographs, the thought comes that here is a man who has not overlooked any opportunity to develop his art to the full possibilities of his natural capacity. His is a talent fulfilled.



LE MONDE OU L'ON S'AMUSE
Courtesy of Albert Roullier Galleries

JOHN COPLEY



COUNSEL AND STAMP DEALER
Courtesy of Albert Roullier Galleries

JOHN COPLEY



THE BEARERS
Courtesy of Albert Roullier Galleries

JOHN COPLEY



RECRUITS

Courtesy of Albert Roullier Galleries

JOHN COPLEY

WHO SHALL PICK OUR PICTURES?

By FRANK OSBORN

THE discussions by Mr. Duncan Phillips and Mr. Virgil Barker in the June *Arts* about the problems of exhibiting and selecting pictures are enlightening and decidedly worth while. It is not necessary to agree entirely with the writers of such articles in order to gain food for thought. What follows is an attempt to keep the ball rolling. If it rolls into a rut what matter? Perhaps the rut will at least keep it from rolling backwards.

Among other things Mr. Phillips and Mr. Barker seem to be in general agreement on the following points:

1. That the regular jury system is a failure.

2. That the open door policy of the Independents and the Salons of America is a failure.

3. That museum purchases are too often determined by the politics of committees, whereas such selections should be made by unhampered and competent connoisseurs.

4. That competent individuals should also select the pictures for general exhibitions. The viewpoint of the individual is to be sufficiently broad to admit all works of merit but selective enough to bar the unfit.

Such connoisseurs are all too rare and of the few that exist perhaps none has attained the dictatorship of a museum without building the museum himself. Our universities, Mr. Phillips suggests, should provide special courses with a view to turning out professional critics. These students are to keep aloof from the wrangling of the various schools and the disputes of narrow-minded artists. They would be disinterested outsiders, concerned with the world of art but not with the world of artists.

For those wishing to avoid artists our universities provide the ideal retreat. To a lesser degree possibly, they are also isolated from art itself, as we understand it today. Let us have these courses if it can be brought about. Keep the students away from the contaminating influence of bigoted artists if

it must be so: but for the love of art keep them off the campus.

No class of students under the tutelage of Mr. Duncan Phillips or Mr. Forbes Watson could fail to gain a broad outlook on the art of today and a love for the masters of other days. However, I can see no reason for handicapping such an experiment, should it be tried, by fettering it to a college. With due respect to our institutions of learning it would be hitching its star to a wagon. In order to keep such a project free from politics and committees and trustees it would be better not to graft it onto any existing organization.

The exhibitions of the past season have offered excellent examples of the different way pictures may be grouped in a mixed show as well as a variety of ways in which the exhibitors may be chosen. It may be that the Whitney Studio Club has actually worked out the problem of how to produce a good mixed exhibition. Mr. Virgil Barker says concerning their late exhibition at the Anderson Galleries:

"Here is an organization of artists formed on a different principle from that of other no-jury organizations; it is a group drawn together by a certain degree of like-mindedness and, further, a certain degree of professional competency. The resulting exhibition proved to be both the liveliest and the most meritorious of the season."

The Whitney Studio Club, I believe, does not restrict its walls to its own members in all its exhibitions. Several shows were held in their own clubrooms last winter which consisted of groups of pictures selected by a single member and consisting of any works that the member cared to invite. There should be more clubs of this kind; a half dozen in New York would not be too many. They should have the same broad policies and there would be little danger of such groups degenerating into academies. It does not mean that every club must have its clubhouse, or an annual banquet, or frequent and unnecessary meetings.

The common bond could be just the realization that the works of its members

look best hanging on the same walls. To avoid becoming a mutual admiration society, in the narrow sense of the term, the club could give at least one exhibition a season to which every member might invite one picture by a non-member. There would be little possibility of such a club going stale.

This club system, however, would not do away with the present need of the no-jury organizations. Quite the reverse in fact, for it is from the Independent and Salons of America exhibitions that the clubs would seek new blood. Open societies must be maintained if new men are to be sure of a market place. A general adoption of such club methods might insure the very essential element of homogeneity in exhibitions and at the same time avoid the drawbacks of both the jury and the no-jury systems.

If New Yorkers have six million dollars to contribute towards the advancement of art let them endow a building with galleries on every floor, which clubs may rent at nominal rates for exhibition purposes. The building erected, there will be no further reason in attempting to crash the gates of the National Academy with a significant work of art concealed under the coat. Academic pictures will always be painted and always be exhibited, and what gallery could be more appropriately dedicated to their exclusive use than that on 57th Street? Why ask the Academy to hang a few modern works on their chaste walls? It would help neither the Academy nor the little strangers within their gates.

Instead of asking the Academy to welcome the rebels, let us request that they show more courtesy to the meek aspirants to legitimate academic fame by furnishing them in advance with a set of the rules to be observed in making a picture conform to academic standards. Thus they would perpetuate the pure academic strain and much misunderstanding be avoided. The quaint old custom of awarding badges to good boys under forty years of age will be preserved.

Let's be serious once more and consider the two quite different kinds of pictures which, strangely enough, come under the common heading *Art*. In what way do these works compete if at all? There is no denying that the painters of *creative* pictures and the painters of *obvious* pictures have certain things in common. Both employ paint and

canvas otherwise they are no more in sympathy than a doctor of medicine and a doctor of divinity. There is as much reason for exhibiting their pictures together as there is for holding a combination horse and automobile show.

The prospective buyers of the two kinds of pictures are also as far apart as the poles. A buyer of a *creative* work of art is invariably an enthusiast. The buyer of an *obvious* work may be an enthusiast, or he may be of that large class of customers who are as yet indifferent to art in any form, but who, in time of prosperity, feel the necessity of acquiring something "hand painted in oils" to deck the walls of the new mansion.

To this latter group belong the greater part of the new patrons. An individual of this class is far from becoming the buyer of a modern picture. First he must overcome his indifference to art to the extent of visiting the galleries and museums. Then he must acquire the ability to be bored by all things dull and meaningless.

As the average layman does not concern himself with art until he is rich, it is unlikely that he will qualify as a connoisseur until fairly late in life. One thing is certain. For a layman to appreciate an abstract work of art he must be able to react to the complex elements which underlie such a work and which often have only the most subtle connections to the life experience of the man.

Are the members of a younger set potential patrons of modern art? Are their minds more open and their eyes less prejudiced? If we face the facts I think we shall admit that so far as the masses are concerned, they are growing up with approximately the same tastes as their grandparents. Are they not born into a world flooded with academic propaganda?

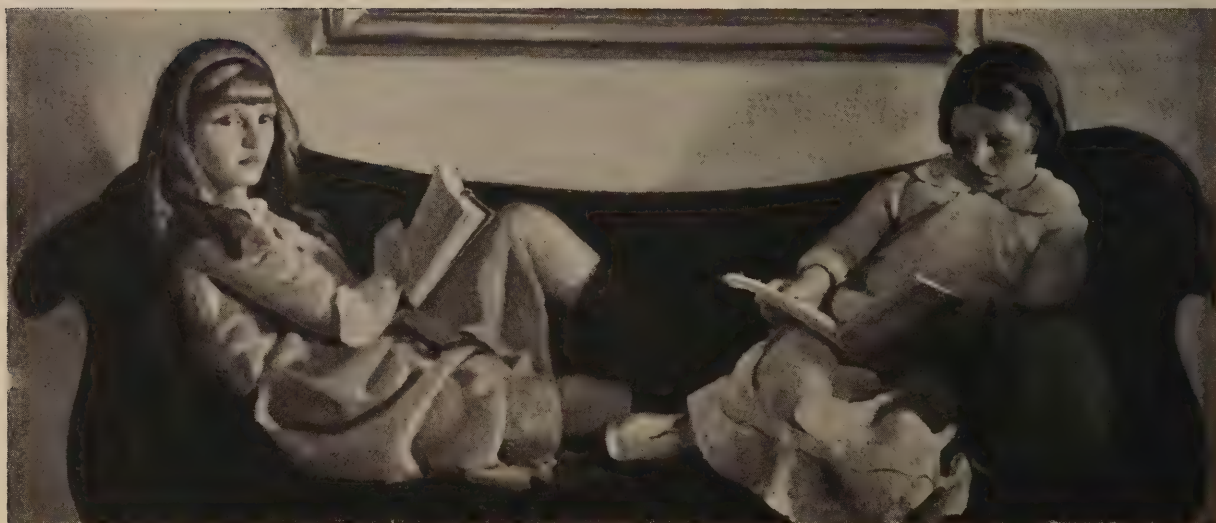
As soon as a child is able to focus its eyes on anything in particular, he is given a little catalogue of strictly representative art beginning: "A is for apple." Magazine illustrations, billboards, everywhere you turn, *obvious* art is on exhibition for you and your children. A recent cartoon by the delightful Fontaine Fox shows the "Skipper" watching a billboard painter at work. "If thet ain't art, they ain't no art," is his enthusiastic comment, in which he voices the opinion of most college graduates.

The above is not intended to give the impression that creative art has no future; quite the reverse is true. Yet its prosperity will not be assured by means of educational campaigns among the people, or by general propaganda. It will progress faster by beginning at the top and working down. Genuine connoisseurship does not exist to a sufficient degree to provide a buying public for more than half the artists who are producing good work and who should be supported.

However, the buying of modern art is going to be considered *the* thing; in the long run the rich are compelled to follow the leadership of the cultured and the intellect-

ual. They will not necessarily appreciate the true worth of their first purchases but since they will be forced to associate with a kind of picture that cannot be ignored their indifference will be overcome to a large degree.

In the work of disseminating culture there is nothing as efficient as snobbery; especially in the pioneer stages, such as we now have in modern art. Snobbery has supported grand opera and symphony orchestras and through it many of us, in spite of ourselves, have been exposed to the finer things of life. This sounds like attempted irony. It is only an endeavor to get at the root of things. Even optimism must keep both feet on the ground.



GIRLS READING
Courtesy of Grand Central Galleries

CHARLES HOPKINSON



LANDSCAPE

Courtesy of Whitney Studio Galleries

CHARLES SHEELER

Tri-national Exhibition, Durand-Ruel Galleries, Paris

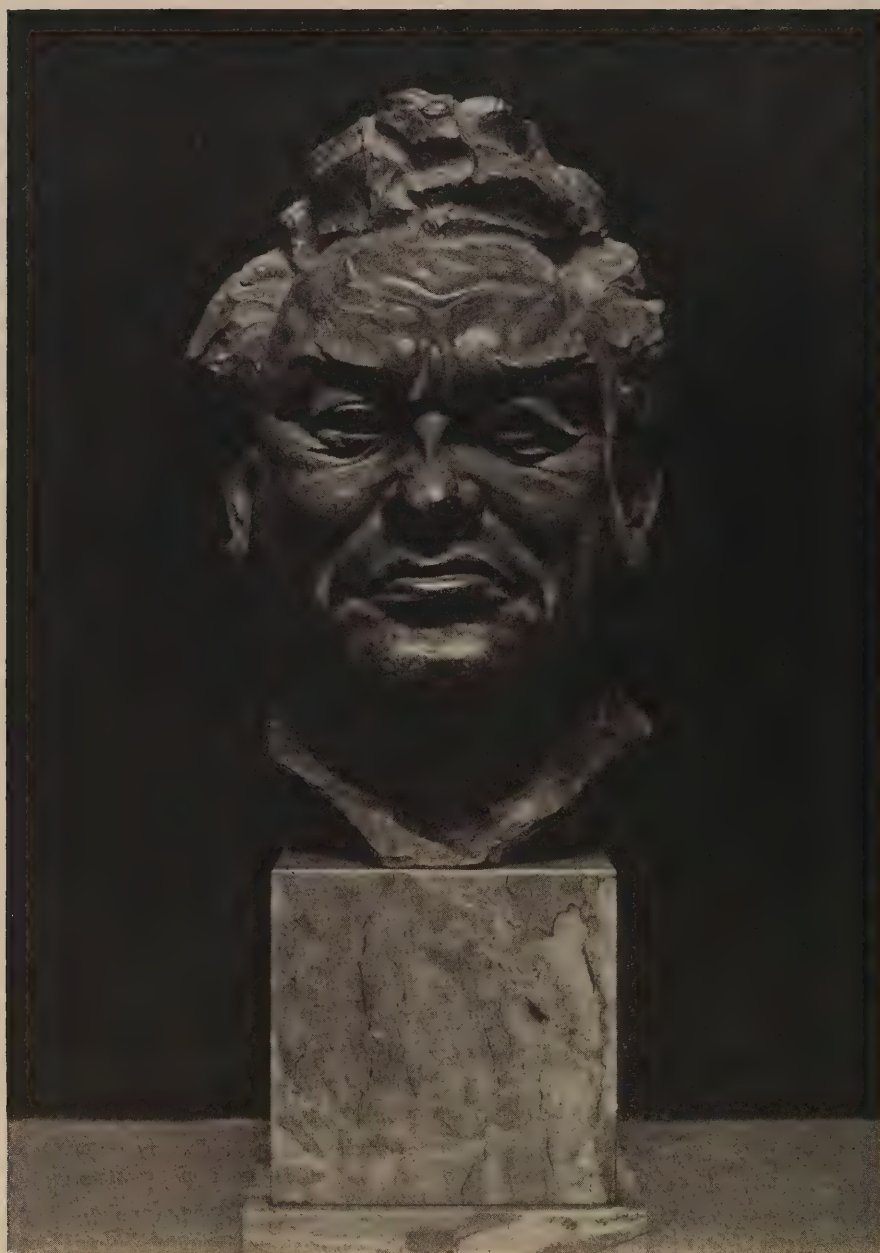
PARIS POSTSCRIPTS

AN exhibition of paintings and sculpture by the artists of three different countries, America, France and England, opened May 28th, at the new galleries of Durand-Ruel, No. 37 Avenue de Friedland, Paris, and remained on view through June 25th. M. Camille Mauclair was engaged to write the agreeable preface to the catalogue in which he explains that the exhibition is under the patronage of Mrs. E. H. Harriman.

Marius de Zayas, who has been associated successively with the Stieglitz, Modern and de Zayas galleries and who later imported several exhibitions of European art, showing them at the Whitney Studio galleries, was chosen as the director of the present tri-national exhibition. In deciding what artists would best represent America, he was ad-

vised, he said, chiefly by Mr. Arthur B. Davies and Mr. Walt Kuhn, just as in the selection of English pictures he received the friendly assistance of Mr. Ambrose McEvoy.

The exhibition will be shown in October in England and arrives in New York in November. According to the plans of Mr. de Zayas, as the exhibition travels from country to country, certain alterations will take place in it. In England, more English pictures will be shown, and when the exhibition reaches America, Mr. de Zayas expects to include many more American works of art. Whether the French section, when it is shown in America, will be cut down to the size of the American section that was shown in France, Mr. de Zayas did not say.



ROBERT CHANLER
Courtesy of Whitney Studio Galleries
Photograph by Charles Sheeler

CECIL HOWARD
Tri-national Exhibition, Paris

The American section, as shown in France, included twelve works of sculpture: one by Paul Bartlett; three by Jo Davidson; three by Herbert Haseltine; two by Cecil Howard and three by Gertrude Whitney. Of twenty-two American paintings shown, two are by Paul Burlin; two by Robert Chanler; two by Paul Dougherty; one by William Glackens; two by Pop Hart; one by Charles Hawthorne; two by Walt Kuhn; one by E. W. Redfield; two by Charles Sheeler; two by Allen Tucker; and two by Max Weber. The list is interesting but not comprehensive.

M. Maclair, with due propriety for the feelings of everyone concerned, limits his preface to polite generalizations. Whatever his opportunities may have been to observe English contemporary art, he has had plenty of chances to study American contemporary art in Paris, for all of the painters and sculptors included in Mrs. Harriman's exhibition have shown their works frequently there.

The happy idea of holding a tri-national exhibition has not been put into practice before, but the Whitney Studio Galleries, some years ago, set the example of sending to Europe representative exhibitions of American art which were selected without regard to official demands, and last year the Art Patrons of America showed in Paris an extensive American exhibition, so that M. Maclair, although he refrains from giving an opinion of American art, does not do so from lack of opportunities to study it.

In addition to the artists represented in the present exhibition, there have been shown in Paris in recent years the works of such artists as: Gifford Beal; George Bellows; Louis Bouché; Randall Davey; Guy Pêne du Bois; Ernest Fiene; Samuel Halpert; Charles Demuth; Childe Hassam; Rockwell Kent; Max Kuehne; George Luks; Alfred Maurer; Henry Lee McFee; Eugene Speicher; Charles Burchfield; Paul Manship; Kenneth Hayes Miller; Maurice Sterne; Ernest Lawson and many others.

* * *

Small as is the American section of the present exhibition, it is certainly heterogeneous, and M. Maclair refers to the variety that characterizes the exhibition as a whole as being "*piquant et imprévu*," but as Mr. de Zayas explained, he wished to have the various nations represented by more than one single school of artists, which suggests why the visitor finds the work of men of such dissimilar tendencies as Charles Hawthorne and Charles Sheeler, Paul Dougherty and Max Weber, Walt

Kuhn and E. W. Redfield, Robert Chanler and Paul Burlin.

M. Maclair dwells enthusiastically upon the "generous" and "beautiful" idea of international accord which inspired Mrs. Harriman to undertake the present exhibition. He insists that the plan is borne of the belief that people can be more closely united by feelings and ideas than by material interests. The affirmation of this belief in the time in which we are living, he says, might seem ingenuous to the dry skeptics, but the French author sees in it the proof of a "great moral courage" and the expression of "a profound and permanent truth."

He points out further that art is the most efficacious means by which to inspire that "internationalism of the intelligence" and that feeling for idealism which "flourishes so brightly among the elite of the United States." "We all work in too isolated a manner among ourselves. We do not know each other well enough, and if we are to meet, it should not be in rivalry, but for mutual help," continues M. Maclair. And he also says that in promoting this exhibition the work of Mrs. Harriman is "*sociale autant qu'esthétique*." This being the case, the liberal and impartial selection of artists, without regard to schools or tendencies, and without regard to official prestige, pleases M. Maclair.

* * *

Evidently he enjoys an agreeable surprise in finding in the same exhibition such artists as Le Sidaner and Vlaminck, Henri Martin and Matisse, Forain and de Segonzac, Maurice Denis and Van Dongen, Pierre Laurens and Derain, Vuillard and Picasso. Well he might! One may not be deeply impressed by M. Maclair's beatific generalities. He does make one announcement, however, that is important, namely, that Mrs. Harriman will hold a tri-national exhibition in Paris, London and New York, annually.

In that case, the opportunity will arise to present the work of the younger Americans who are not included in the present exhibition. Indeed, neither in the French, English or American sections, has much thought been given to those artists who have come to the front within the past ten or fifteen years. But this, doubtless, is due to a definite plan on the part of Mr. de Zayas. With time will also come a larger selection of the younger men. This is particularly important in the American section, for not even in France is there a more vigorous group of rising talents than there is today in Amer-

ica, and one purpose of such a tri-national exhibition will not be fully achieved until this important and outstanding fact is made clear to English and French audiences. All countries can, in time, discover what has been done in other countries. Where Mrs. Harriman's plan can bring enlightenment is by showing what the artists with futures are doing, rather than what those with pasts are repeating. It would have been more illuminating, for example, to show the work of Gromaire than it is to show that of Guillaumin and Monet.

However, that Mrs. Harriman's tri-national exhibition will become more and more important, from year to year, goes without saying. While it is true, as M. Maclair suggests, and as many others have suggested before him, that art is the most powerful international influence to bring nations together on an unprejudiced footing, the value of such an exhibition does not depend upon pretty generalities. It depends upon the courage, consistency and independence with which the works of the artists of the future are selected.

SKYLIGHT

ONE of the most active galleries in season and out of season in New York is the Grand Central Art Gallery, and here even during the hot spell, a considerable audience was present to look at the work of the late Anders Zorn. The Zorn exhibition is only one of a series of exhibitions of the work of foreign artists that the Grand Central Art Galleries will hold. Some discussion, apparently, has arisen among the American artist members of the Gallery, and one or two of them have even been heard to say that the showing of foreign art in this establishment was contrary to its original reason for being.

But let us hope that this narrow and provincial viewpoint will have no weight with the management of the Grand Central Art Galleries, for although the exhibition of Mr. Zorn's paintings and water colors is not a particularly inspiring event, it is important for Americans at this time to see what the rest of the world is doing in art, and that opportunity is not given them in New York, except spasmodically and except in the case of French art. Exhibitions of French art are almost continuous in this great city, but of the other countries we know all too little, and when the Grand Central Art Gallery plans to show us a very full exhibition of contemporary Italian art following its other foreign exhibitions, it is really supplementing the work being done by other galleries.

American artists at this time are quite able to stand on their own feet, and quite able to bear with foreign competition. And if this were not true, it

would be still more important to hold foreign exhibitions.

Perhaps through the forthcoming exhibitions of foreign art to be held at the Grand Central Galleries, a certain amount of so-called modern art will appear in these rooms which hitherto have been dedicated to the academic, and it can hardly help but follow that if the modern artists of other countries are seen there, the modern artists of this country may also show their work in the same gallery. In such a remarkable location and such physically well equipped rooms, all that this institution needs to make itself really important is to become a genuinely representative show place. As a salesroom for the National Academy, the days of its life are numbered, and although failure may be postponed, it cannot be avoided; whereas operated on a liberal and unbiased policy, which would give to the modern artist exactly the same accommodations and treatment that are given to the academic artist, the Grand Central Galleries might occupy a position of immense prestige.

As the foreign exhibitions must necessarily tend to broaden the policy of the Galleries, they are doubly welcome, and as the management of the Galleries seems also to wish to broaden its policy, there remains nothing to interfere with progress, except the blindness of those artists who fail to see that the only hope for a successful gallery today lies not in a policy of provincial rejection, but on the contrary, in a broad cosmopolitan policy which welcomes art for its own sake and not for its geographical tags.

BOOKS

(1) *TECHNIK DES KUNSTSAMMELNS*. (Bibliothek für Kunst- und Antiquitätensammler. Band 28) VON ADOLPH DONATH: Berlin, Richard Carl Schmidt & Company, 1925.

Technik des Kunstsammelns, if translated into its English equivalent with proper regard to its subject-matter, would probably become "How to Be a Big Collector in Berlin or Vienna." Adolph Donath, its author, is in intimate touch with art markets and collectors in those cities; he edits a bi-weekly magazine as well as a year-book devoted to art collecting. While his book begins with "Grundbegriffe," and employs other terminology typical of Teutonic learned works, Donath's book is valuable not on account of its scholarship, but because it gives frequently vivid and personal touches of considerable interest.

In the last few years interest in collecting works of art has reached an unprecedented intensity in Germany and Austria. It has assumed the importance it used to have in China, and for practically the same reasons. When currency steadily depreciates, when the income from fixed investments, whether real estate or securities, continually declines, art objects become articles important as almost alone possessing real value. The uniqueness of a genuine work of art, its undisputed and easily realized worth, and its small bulk offer one of the few fields still open under adverse economic conditions for safe keeping of capital.

Those who have profited by financing their business enterprises on credits of inflated currency have been among the first to consolidate their gains in this form. Among the most interesting illustrations in the book are those showing the fine Castiglioni collection in Vienna in its handsome setting. As Donath observes, it will be a pity to disperse the objects in this collection because they are so well selected and so fittingly displayed that their actual organization has a value in itself.

German collectors have been prominent bidders in the auction rooms not only of the Continent but in England as well. The volume noted here is one in a series of books designed to minister to and excite the appetite of the man who, having acquired wealth, wishes to employ it in a way which is universally recognized as indicating an unusually discriminating taste, but makes him forever a participant in the history of art through having been the owner of one of its masterpieces.

After some preliminary pages of elementary

æsthetics—distinguishing between appreciation and knowledge, between passive and active æsthetic emotion—Donath makes some very pertinent observations on the proper way for the man of means to go about the task of becoming a prominent collector which is, as he shows, in itself a life-career and requires more than money aided by a determination to buy things that are pleasing.

Technik des Kunstsammelns is not confined to painting but discusses briefly also such fields as prints, porcelain, bronzes, furniture and other specialized subjects. Happily, the author gives some good suggestions on collecting modern prints and pictures. He stresses the function of the private collector in the modern field, for the collector can and should make experiments and take risks, where the average museum can in the nature of things afford to offer its public only works consecrated by abundant critical approval. Hence the rule for the collector of modern graphic work in particular: To buy not only what is already widely recognized as being sound, worthy art, but even that of which the individual collector alone can say, "This print will make me happy."

This book contains interesting reminiscences of some of the great collectors; for example, Marfels' story of how J. Pierpont Morgan bought his noted collection of sixteenth and seventeenth century watches. Marfels finally reached the point where he must either stop collecting any more or else dispose of what he had and begin again. He considered Lessing's saying: "If God in His right hand held all attainable Truth and in His left Striving for Truth, I should choose the left." This attitude he felt justified him in selling, and an offer was made to Morgan who, through a well-known dealer, bought forty of the best specimens.

A year later Marfels went to Morgan in London and said that he found the then state of his collection intolerable. Either Morgan should let him buy back those forty watches, paying a good penalty, or else Morgan should buy all the rest of the collection. The latter was much relieved when Marfels offered only £5,000 as a penalty, and in a few minutes the deal was closed, Morgan buying the rest.

Subsequently Marfels sought out and secured for Morgan other treasures also. One day he brought the great collector a precious sixteenth century watch and after naming £15,000 as his price began to describe its merits, but the collector abruptly cut him short, saying, "I know all about it." He made

a counter offer of £12,500, and in three minutes from the first sight of the watch, it was his. Later on, viewing the Morgan collection as a whole in London, Marfels figured out that at 5% interest on the investment, it then cost the collector something like 70,000 marks a day for that pleasure.

Donath even illustrates the luxurious cabinets in which some German collectors keep their prints. Prices—the occasional downs but more frequent ups—of such masters as Manet in recent years are taken up more fully by the author in his other books and publications, but a few examples that he cites are startling upward flights indeed. From all indications, important auctions abroad this year will mark still farther advances.

Donath's chapter on "Artist and Collector" is among his most interesting as much of what he says applies not only to France, England and Germany, but equally well to the United States of America.

"Even among us," wrote Libermann at the end of a letter, "there have been and are—thank God—collectors who love their pictures above everything else in the world; Councillor Arnhold once told me that every morning before going to the office he took a look at his pictures. Then, the whole day long in spite of manifold anxieties, he had within himself an inalienable fund of happiness."

Louis Corinth also believes that there are some true collectors alive in the world. "One instance," he told Donath, "was a real experience. Some years ago there was in Pommern a stone-mason who admired my work exceedingly, and whenever he could save as much as twenty or fifty marks, he used to come to me to buy Corinths. Later he became a foreman and when he built his own house, the first thing he did was to invite me to dine on the mightiest fat goose in Pommern. During the feast his little son came to me and said that just as soon as he could save some money he wanted me to let him have a sketch. . . . Wasn't that an ideal family?"

Corinth thinks that physicians are among the best friends of art. One of them has a picture by Corinth in his clinic and just before he goes into the operating room he stops to look at it and fortifies himself.

Lesser Ury asserts that as a rule the collector gets into relation with the artist too tardily. And when he does appear, he sometimes drives a very hard bargain with a needy painter. Once he even had a patron disguise himself in worn-out clothes and, pleading poverty, ask the artist to let him have a picture at a low price because he greatly admired

Ury's work but could not afford to pay much. When Ury, thinking this patron was perhaps a fellow-artist, named a very moderate figure, the man replied, "In that case, I'll take two." And his visiting card showed that he lived in one of the most expensive quarters of Berlin. Even so, the collector is often a life-saver for the artist. "When the collector does not himself appear," says Ury, "then the artist must go out and get him."

Slevogt feels that the collector brings a breath of outer air to the artist. He likens the support of an enthusiastic collector to the applause in a theatre. He finds that such sympathetic encouragement impels the artist to do his best work.

Donath concludes his interesting little book with a lengthy chapter on forgeries and fakes, relating some striking instances where noted experts have been fooled and great museums imposed upon. The only practical method, therefore, he states, is for the big collector to deal solely with conscientious, reliable firms who will stand back of anything they sell, and the additional cost of dealing only with such firms is worth its price as insurance.

But of course, it is always possible for ordinary mortals to protect themselves thoroughly by buying the works of genius at the stage when prices are so low that a commercial faker could make better wages by painting barns rather than by producing imitations of the yet incipient master.

A. PHILIP McMAHON.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES, by VAN WYCK BROOKS: New York, E. P. Dutton and Company, 1925. (\$2.50.)

Van Wyck Brooks' latest contribution to the criticism of American literature is not the conventional "Life and Letters" biography. Like his previous book, "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," it is an attempt to reconstruct a mind and the environment which shaped that mind, and as before, it involves the whole question of the position of the artist in America.

Mr. Brooks presents us first with the child, eager and impressionable, abnormally absorbed in reading—Dickens and Thackeray and English picture-books. We see his father, always dissatisfied with America, living with his eyes turned across the sea, and his father's friends, painters and writers and philosophers, who formed a little world that was more European than American. "Europe! It was as if Henry James had been born with a nostalgia for that far-away paradise." Of America there was only "a confused rumble and rumor in the back-

ground that referred to something else, to 'business,' to politics, to the West, to the mountains and the woods, to strange vague villages and towns with Indian names and names out of history books. But of all these things he had heard so little at home; and there had been no *Punch*, no Gavarni, no Thackeray to make them picturesque and comprehensible. . . . What did any one really know about this extraordinary national 'experiment,' a country without a precedent and almost without a history, which, after the first great epoch of the Revolution, had fallen more and more into the hands of mountebank politicians and rascally business men, a country that certainly provided one with opportunities for making money, but in which it remained to be seen whether the higher human faculties would be able to survive at all?"

How these prepossessions affected the life and work of Henry James is the major theme of the book. Could he ever hope to paint the American scene with any feeling of satisfaction, of being at home in it? "There was something that came between him and the picture"—the patterns that had taken shape in his mind from the attitude of his family, from his reading, from his whole sheltered childhood. America was the dark continent—to remain in it meant artistic death. It is small wonder that after giving his country, as he said, "a fair chance," he escaped to Europe.

But he could no more escape from his Americanism than he could escape from himself. Mr. Brooks sees in the work which he did in his first years in Europe, when his own country was still fresh in his mind, his finest achievement. If he did not know the greater America, there was a world which he knew thoroughly, and to which he was attached by unconscious bonds—the world of the American pilgrim in Europe. "He invented it—he discovered it, that is, for literature." It was only when this world began to fade for him, and he attempted the

English scene, in which he had never really been at home, that we see the gradual disintegration of his art, and the growth of that strange portent which was to be known as the later Henry James.

In this bare outline it is not possible to convey the brilliancy and power of this portrait. Henry James, with his timidity, his caution, his romantic veneration for the great world, his ceremoniousness, his enormous expenditure of labor upon inadequate themes, is an easy target for ridicule in this tough-minded age. But Mr. Brooks has written of him with luminous understanding, preserving always a fine balance between sympathy and satire. At times he stands off and views him with a dispassionate eye; but usually he is examining him, as it were, from the inside, thinking his thoughts and sharing his desires, so that even his style is that of James. There are dangers in this method, of course; but in Mr. Brooks' hands it has resulted in an astonishingly penetrating psychological study.

To some readers the exposition of the effect of the American scene upon Henry James may seem what one critic has called a "devastating thesis," but there can be no doubt that Mr. Brooks has touched on one of the most important factors in the existence of the artist in this country—the atavistic longing, often so deep-seated as to be quite unconscious, for the more orderly and gracious civilization of Europe. That this has been a profoundly devitalizing influence in the lives of many of our artists cannot be doubted. Washington Allston, turning his back on the American landscape and painting idealized reminiscences of Italy, William Morris Hunt, sacrificing his own individuality at the shrine of Millet, and George Inness, searching for something less hard than the Hudson River school, were all moved, according to their various temperaments, by the same force that drove Henry James out of America.

LLOYD GOODRICH.

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Anyone can watch the leaders and then, safely, timidly, wisely follow their example and collect what the leaders have established. But is there any fun in coming in behind the winners? Why not be the first to reach the tape?

In the history of American art there were never as many opportunities as there are to-day to be a prophet and to relish the joys of adventure. More artists are achieving in America to-day than ever before. Now is the chance for the prophet to enjoy himself and to discover fresh talents. He will be hailed in the future when the trailer, for all his caution, is forgotten.

The younger artists, during the season just completed have won the attention of museums and collectors much more than in the past. Their works have been purchased more widely than ever. Interest in them is alive. The winners are acquiring them. As long as the artist is not copying his own formula but comes to each new idea in the spirit of youth he is young no matter how numerous his anniversaries. Only the works of such artists are worthy of the adventurous collector.

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COROT

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VOLUME VIII

AUGUST, 1925

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Courtesy Bernheim, Jeune, Paris

DELACROIX

THE difference between style and stylization is not always clearly understood. Sometimes mere surface tricks and mechanical repetitions pass for style, particularly in the work of certain contemporary sculptors aping the archaic. People spoke of the style of the widely-proclaimed Mestrovic, when stylization or simply affectation would have been more applicable. For style is not an exterior quality that can be created out of a methodically gathered bag of tricks logically practised.

Were style so easily attainable, the imitators of the archaic would all achieve it. On the contrary, mannerisms in art are the infallible signs of a complete want of style. They are the denial of style. Style cannot be consciously achieved. It is never the result of a studied effort. It happens in the work of an artist, springs from the intrinsic quality of his mind, but is not willed into being by him.

There is no style without precision, and during the period when loose free handling was considered a special virtue, style disappeared from the work of those artists who idolized mere loose painting for its own sake. How often I have heard one of these lovers of

looseness in painting shudder at his student's work because it was "tight." And even then it seemed to me that such painters could not distinguish between tightness and firmness. They encouraged looseness and formlessness, and several artists in America who are now in what might be called the prime of middle age, are still greatly handicapped by their superstitious belief that without loose free handling there is no quality in painting.

Such artists do not achieve style in the true sense of the word, because style means clearly thought out ideas, and a set manner of painting, practised for its own sake, weakens and distorts the artist's ideas. Thinking more of his manner than of his idea, he makes the idea fit the manner and expresses himself not precisely, but approximately. When the force of the artist's vitality is such that every touch of his brush is significant, because born of and necessary to his idea, then style is born.

Style is not something that can be learned with effort and exercised at ease. It must be lived anew with each fresh work. Habit counts for nothing. To do a thing well as one has done it before will not serve, for nothing wears out more completely than learned style. The very term, learned style, is really a contradiction, since with each new work the artist's style must be vitalized afresh.

Style requires continual exercise of the most drastic exclusions. There is always too much of everything; too much life, too much writing, too much painting, and the vast mass of it must be rejected with conscious effort. This conscious business of elimination is a serious tax on anyone who lives anything that may be called a mental life. How much more exacting, therefore, for the creative artist. He, above all others, must know how to be intolerant.

What is most corroding, most fatal to style, is the vice of inaccuracy. An idea which will not bear second thought is not worth much. Its freshness is likely to be merely froth. Freshness is all very well as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. The decadence of romanticism developed an idolatry for freshness as such, and in its train came that impurity of taste which characterizes the artist of the fine old emotional hit-or-miss school of painting.

Purity of taste, like precision and clearly thought out ideas, is necessary to the artist who would have style. Possibly this difficult subject can be clarified by examples. Corot and Ingres were masters of style. The English pre-Raphaelites mistook imitation style for real style. In some of the earlier so-called classic landscapes of Corot there are hints of Poussin. Yet we never feel a sense of imitation in Corot's work, whereas in the work of the pre-Raphaelites there was conscious imitation and conscious application of Italianate formulae. Such mental processes, as I have said, do not result in style, but in stylization, whereas the natural influences that affect all artists through their study of other artists, in becoming a part of their mental equipment, may color, without in the least vitiating, their own individual styles.

Whether a work of art has or has not style depends finally, it seems to me, upon the relation between what the artist has to say and how he says it. If every touch of the brush belongs absolutely to his idea, style must result, taking it for granted, of course, that we are discussing the ideas of people who at bottom are artists. Naturally if the idea itself is futile, the question of style in expressing it does not enter.

For the confirmed emotionalist, the conception that style pre-supposes the capacity in the artist intellectually to dominate his own work, will appear to be a chilling conception. Yet this matter of intellectual domination in the artist is, after all, nothing more or less than honesty, honesty to himself. We all know the difficulties of eliminating a phrase, or a bit of painting that superficially appears to be effective even when it really doesn't belong

to the main scheme, and many an artist fails because of his incapacity to distinguish between factitious effectiveness and the larger question of unity.

He will leave a hole in his painting rather than destroy an effective passage, when if he were perfectly honest with himself, he would go through the ordeal of eliminating a bit of local effectiveness in order that the painting as a whole might be more unified. This constitutes the great weakness of the emotional painters, their inability to sacrifice to the cause of the whole picture meaningless freshness in favor of significant accuracy. By accuracy is not meant tight exact naturalism, but the close holding down of the brush to a complete subservience to the dominating idea of the work of art. In style unity is paramount.

FORBES WATSON.



EARLY AMERICAN PAINTING ON VELVET
Collection of Edward Duff Balken



FIFTH AVENUE AT 23rd STREET

THEODORE ROBINSON



LANDSCAPE
Photo, Peter A. Juley

JOHANN BARTHOLD JONGKIND

AMERICAN COLLECTIONS

No. I—THE FERDINAND HOWALD COLLECTION

By FORBES WATSON

I
ANYONE who has seen many private collections realizes eventually that every collection has a personality of its own which is neither a reflection of the owner's personality nor of that of the various works of art that make up the collection, but something of both, qualified by the genuineness of feeling, or lack of it, which the possessor has for his possessions. Works of art are tell-tales and judges. Emotionally, aesthetically, intellectually, they place their owners exactly. In passing from one collector to another they tell the story of each and pronounce judgment upon him.

The prince of the church, the prince of

the realm, the banker, the manufacturer, the snob, the pretender, the arrogant, all, as the centuries pass, are laid bare by the works of art which they possess. A single work of art will suffice to strip each of his pretensions and measure the essence of the man. As for collections, they compound the process.

Perhaps it is the subconscious realization of the revelations which follow in the wake of collecting that makes those collectors who are afraid of their own decisions, lean upon agents. The honest and intelligent agent, whether artist or dealer, can be of inestimable service to the collector. In the end the collector must face his acquisitions alone. They will publish their own report of him



THE BAY

ANDRE DERAÏN

no matter how many "experts" he may have employed to protect him from error. It aids humility, in judging works of art, to remember that they also are judging us, and have mercy only on the honest.

In order, by contrast, to make clearer the quality of the Ferdinand Howald collection of contemporaneous and chiefly native art—its modesty, humanity, adventurousness, validity and personality—I wish through further examples to show how easily the work of art destroys the pretentious. The pretentious may purchase and take legal possession of an object of art, but I have seen a picture, offended by its owner's false and vain words, refuse to give itself up to him, though in the eyes of the law it was his.

This particular picture went from the studio of the artist who painted it to the studio of a friend who bought it for love of it. When the creator of the picture became famous it was sold by the purchaser's widow to a powerful dealer whence, for a fabulous price, it went to the palatial brocaded gallery of an arrogant buyer of "old masters" who condescends occasionally to buy a modern picture if the price is high enough to flatter him.

In its various peregrinations this picture

actually changed its personality, or if not its personality, at least its attitude toward the world. Often in its first two homes I saw it without a frame, hanging quite casually on a rusty nail, and sometimes askew, but it always seemed alive. When I saw it last in a grand boastful collection, it was in a frame that cost more than the original owner paid for the canvas, and it was varnished until its surface shone. The difference between its original aspect and its present was as great as that between a trout swimming in the brook and the same fish encased in jelly lying on a cake of ice.

Collections either love, hate, or are indifferent to their owners. They understand when they are acquired solely for social aggrandisement. Men may hide their ulterior motives from other men. The work of art cannot be fooled. Particularly are the famous "old masters," that have made financial art history, sardonic. After smiling for centuries upon the beggars in the church, what a frigid face they turn to the vainglorious who buy them for self fame, while, in filling the coffers of the "interested" expert, they turn his heart to stone, and congeal the blood in his veins.

It has been said that most of the Italian



RETURNING HOME

ALBERT P. RYDER



LANDSCAPE
Photo, Peter A. Juley

VLAMINCK



PAINTING

Photo, Peter A. Juley

ARTHUR B. DAVIES

primitive artists have promised the saints above that if they ever return to earth they would not be artists but murderers—murderers of aesthetes, restorers and “experts,” particularly those “experts” who keep darkly secret their material interest in the pictures they “expertize,” and discuss the *quattrocento* with a refined Harvard-English-Italian accent.

Revenge, however, is not limited to the “old masters.” Quite modest little pictures of the present era by formerly unknown contemporaries have a way, as I have already explained, of coming back into the world, more famous than they were a generation ago, and embarrassing the collector who felt safe in ignoring them when they were unknown. He rushes in and buys for high prices what he could have had for a small price if he really cared for the pictures themselves, and people call him a great modern collector, but the pictures are not fooled and publish his secret for those who can read it.

Some collectors gather libraries on the famous works that they have purchased and hope by learning to recite an impressive jar-

gon about them to get closer to the art for which, in their hearts they feel no passion. Art hides its inner self from such men, reserving its final gifts for the passionate alone. That is why an assemblage of irrefutable masterpieces will sometimes have an inharmonious and sour disposition. Only the true affection of its owner for his collection will give it a harmonious personality whether it be made up of old pictures or new or both. If he does not care very much about it the art he buys does not matter much, as such, though here and there may glitter a jewel of art. If he cares deeply his collection will have warmth and charm though, from a colder point of view, some of the things in it may be quite unimportant. In every case exactly what the collector knows and feels about art, and why and how he became a collector will be disclosed by his acquisitions.

II

The Ferdinand Howald Collection has a warm and friendly personality quite aside from what each individual who examines it



PROMENADE

MAURICE PRENDERGAST

may think of its component parts, because it was assembled with enjoyment. It receives the visitor courteously and modestly, without insisting upon its importance. Its very lack of pretensions enhances its validity. As already stated, it is not only largely native and contemporaneous but adventurous and personal.

More timid and duller collectors of contemporary native art turn to the conventional artists, the prize winners and official painters, whereas the Howald collection is practically limited to the men who look askance at officialdom. This collector has shown no desire to back up his personal decisions by acquiring the works of the prize-winning manufacturers who by playing organization politics are rescued for a moment from the oblivion that awaits them.

The collection necessarily omits the manufacturing academicians, since it was assembled neither for pride, profit nor approval. Apparently Mr. Howald cares nothing for what the members of the various official

organizations, log-rolling for each other, say or do about his possessions, and as he proposes to give away all of his works of art, he obviously cares nothing for the material question of a rising market which excites those collectors who, buying pictures as they formerly bought stock, look forward to the profits to be made by disposing of their purchases in the auction room.

To appreciate the quality of the Howald collection it will help us if we understand the motives that have brought it into existence. They are quite simple, for Mr. Howald, I am sure, has been moved mainly by the pleasure and adventure to be derived from acquiring the works of art which most vividly represent the creative efforts of our own day.

As Mr. Frank Osborn so truly said, "A buyer of a creative work of art is invariably an enthusiast." It is not my intention to attempt to analyze piecemeal each picture in the Howald collection. The accompanying illustrations give a fair idea of the collection



LANDSCAPE

PRESTON DICKINSON



STILL LIFE

HENRY LEE MCFEE

as a whole, although it has been necessary to omit some pictures because they have been already reproduced in *The Arts*, and others because so little justice is done to them in the medium of black and white reproduction. A complete list of the artists represented in the Howald Collection at the present time is appended to this article, and in the meanwhile, I shall try to bring out some of the delights which can be enjoyed only by those collectors whose feelings for art are sufficiently alive to make it impossible for them not to respond to the artists who are the interpreters of contemporary life.

Frankly, my admirations are all on the side of the enthusiastic and adventurous collector, and I am sure that the only man who is right is the one who in purchasing works of art makes what other people think are mistakes, since if a man really cares, he is

bound to buy some pictures that other people will not like. In years to come, they may come to agree with the choice of the enthusiast. In the meantime, it is a foregone conclusion that they will disagree.

What is commonly called "good taste," is so often limited to a calm accumulation of opinions that for the time being are considered "correct." And such opinions are not sufficiently set for the people of cool, good taste, to acquire them until some time after the enthusiast and the adventurer have succeeded in beating a rough path through the tangled growth of modern effort, so that between "safe" opinion and the explorer's judgment there must inevitably be certain pronounced oppositions. Thus we find, for example today all of the people who pride themselves on their good taste in so called advanced contemporary art, contentedly



LANDSCAPE
Photo, Peter A. Juley

ERNEST LAWSON

praising Picasso, whereas a due proportion of the more adventurous souls quite openly question whether this vastly clever craftsman is not an agile gymnast of painting, rather than a permanent contributor to art.

All these questions are beside the point for the enthusiast. He does not care whether there are distinct signs that another generation will see the work of Picasso occupying a far lower plane in the eyes of the careful members of the good taste fraternity. If he likes a Picasso, he will buy it whether the wave of his fame is rising or receding. And if he likes the work of John Jones, he will buy it whether anyone has heard of this young painter or not. He is not counting the results either in material advancement or in social applause. Some much more gen-

erous and warmer human feeling presses him toward the work of his contemporaries.

For the enthusiast and the adventurer is such almost unconsciously. Whether he knows it or not, he is deeply interested in humanity, and consequently, deeply interested in what humanity is doing at the time that he himself is living. And again I have to ask how it is possible for a man who is greatly human to overlook what the artists are doing in his own time. We may not be the Greeks of the Fifth Century, or the Egyptians of the Old Kingdom, or the French of the Twelfth century, or, and this is quite possible, we may have evolved a civilization far greater. Let the historians of 3025 decide this point. It is not one that the contemporary can possible decide justly.



BEACH AT NEW LONDON

WILLIAM GLACKENS



WOMAN DOING HER HAIR

ANDRE DERAÏN



LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES

ROCKWELL KENT

Photo, Peter A. Juley

All we know is that humanly we are just as important and just as interesting as any other people in any other time, past or future. And since without interest in life it is impossible to have more than an academic interest in art, I am inclined to take very little stock in the vitality of the aesthetic feelings of those men who are addicted to a single specialty in the art of the past.

Once, a collector of Japanese art asked me quite condescendingly if I could tell him whether there were anything worth while being done in Europe or America at the present time in the way of art. His absurd question revealed clearly that, whatever literary or other ulterior pleasures this gentleman may receive from Japanese art, he is just as blind to its essence as he is blind to modern art. For those responding to the essence of any

particular phase of art, Japanese, Chinese, ancient or modern, must recognize a relationship between the arts of all times and races.

The specialist sees with one eye, the enthusiast with two eyes and a heart. The specialist thumbs the auction room catalogues and the books in the library incessantly, compares eternally. The enthusiast forgets everything in the face of a living growth. It is this sense of something growing rather than full grown that gives to contemporary art at all times its peculiar power of fascination.

The specialist likes the full-grown manifestation about which all the facts have been gathered. The enthusiast is ever looking toward more and more growth. In a sense every work of art is full grown as soon as the artist decides it is done, but the artists



STILL LIFE

LOUIS BOUCHE

now living will grow as long as they remain artists. The Howald collection belongs on the face of it, it seems to me, to an enthusiast interested in growth.

III

Not only does enthusiasm for the art of our day pre-suppose a feeling for the growing thing, for humanity; it leads directly to mental and aesthetic adventure. Needless to say what is adventure for one man is stupid for another. For one it is to explore the caves of Altamira, for another to dig beneath Athens, for still another to watch an Egyptian tomb gradually freed from its prison of sand. A certain type of aesthete finds that when a Chinese official leads him across his garden to unfold to him the mystery of a single painting, to share with him the touch of a single jade, he has entered a heaven of refinement. To him all of oc-

cidental life becomes crude and material when compared with the oriental.

Many men are compelled to leave the coarseness of everyday life before their capacity for adventure is awakened. Other men find adventure between the real estate office where they work and the nearest Child's restaurant where they eat. After all it is not alone the literary color of the adventure, that makes it enriching, not even its infinite poetic and historic suggestiveness, like the reconstruction of an ancient civilization. The intrinsic quality of the adventure as such depends on the intensity of the individual's response to it. Adventure for some might be described as an escape from life for others an escape into life.

If life were long enough we might all like to dig in Egypt and in Athens, to linger in Crete and dream in China but all of these adventures, if compelled to make a choice, I



AN INTERLUDE

JEROME MYERS



PROCESSION

MIDDLETON MANIGAULT



STILL LIFE
Photo, Peter A. Juley

JUAN GRIS

would resign for the single adventure of feeling the vibration of the art being born out of the life of which we are all a part. It is this adventure that is specially reserved for the man who collects vital contemporary art for no other reason than the single reason that he enjoys it and cannot live without it.

We know the life out of which contemporary art is made not with the orderly knowledge which the historians display toward the past. Our knowledge is at once more chaotic and more intimate. Our response, if response we have, to the art of our own epoch is closer than it can be to any other art and at the same time less knowingly correlated. The opinions of a regiment of experts do not attempt to hide from us our true reactions to the work of Niles Spencer, for example, as they do the work of Sandro Botticelli. All is in a state of flux and movement, growth and change, creatively and critically, and though we may say that modern art is this and that we should always smile when we say it for the chances are that another generation will discover that that is just what our own contemporary art is not.

I think that Mr. Howald's collection is a subject of extreme interest. What will be

said about it after it has been in a museum for fifty years? Certainly something quite different from anything that any of us is likely to say about it. But however opinions may change and change they decidedly will, it must remain an illuminating record of one who enjoyed adventuring into the art of his own epoch. Such a record is eternally valuable.

IV

One more side of this question of adventure I wish to bring out before attempting to make some of the deductions about contemporary native art that such a liberally chosen collection suggests. Anyone who acquires the works of the free-spirited contemporary artists will, of course, to some extent, come into direct contact with the artists themselves, with their friends and with the men and women who are working in other fields of art as well as with the small sympathetic and argumentative audience that surrounds, stimulates and fights over them.

It has been said so often that the best part of an artist is his work, which is just another one of those smart truisms that are rather barren in their meaning. As a matter of



STILL LIFE

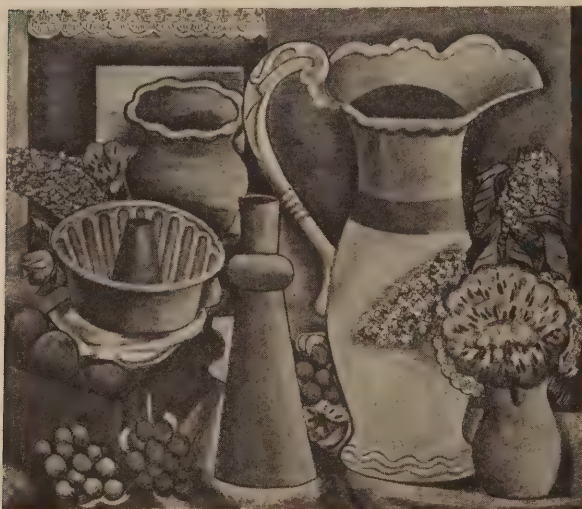
Photo, Peter A. Juley

MARSDEN HARTLEY

fact, nothing is more illuminating about the processes that bring art into being and the reasons for its existence than association with artists. To know whether a collector associates with artists and to know what artists he associates with is tantamount to knowing what general kind of a collection he possesses. No one who doesn't associate with artists is ever very sophisticated in his understanding of art, and one reason why so many quite conscientious American collectors possess works of art secured at great expense which fifty years hence, will be practically worthless, is because these men are not close enough to the artists.

One of the strangest phenonema about the American and Anglo-Saxon collector is that he finds it possible to acquire works of art; in fact, to feel a genuine interest in art and at the same time to maintain the deep suspicion of artists inherited from his forebears and from puritanical standards. I have sat in the galleries of a collector and heard him discuss artists as if they were some special breed of human being that occupies a place halfway between the imbecile and the debauched.

And yet, as the late George Bellows used to say, there must at some time have been men who slapped Botticelli on the back and said, "Well, Sandro, old thing, how goes it?" This was Mr. Bellow's popular method (his argumentations were nothing if not popular) of bringing out the fact that the old masters



STILL LIFE LOUIS BOUCHE
The Daniel Gallery



WATER COLOR GEORGE LUKS
Photo, Peter A. Juley

before they were esconced in museums and before their pictures had become financially dazzling, were just Tom and John and George like the painters of today. Bellows, whatever one thinks of his art, did wage a gallant fight to destroy the inhuman comparisons with contemporaries, always to their detriment, prevalent in the current attitude toward "old masters."

And although I doubt whether Duccio and Giotto was ever "one of the boys," in the way that the members of Mr. Bellows' fraternity were, there can be no doubt but what the workings of the artist's mind have remained, generally speaking, pretty constant and that consequently the opportunity to associate with artists is not merely enlightening to our understanding of their personal output; it is also most instructive in helping us to understand the art and artists of the immediate and distant past.

Certainly the adventurer and the enthusiast could hardly fail to be drawn toward the artist; and the friendships that he developed with artists would necessarily color and enhance his knowledge. The French have long since learned how valuable the information and the eye of the artist are. Every wise dealer in Europe has his artist friends, and every wise collector also. For while the experts are used in archaeological verifications it is the artist who makes the aesthetic discoveries.



PAINTING
Photo, Peter A. Juley

JACQUES MAUNY

Trace back our interest in the Romanesque, in Egyptian sculpture, in any particular branch of the art of the past, and eventually it will be found that it was the artist who originally opened the eyes of the experts and who originally attracted to this work the dealers and the collectors. How many artists Mr. Ferdinand Howald knows and how much he associates with them I have not the least idea. But that his collection expresses a genuine sympathy with them and for their efforts, of that I am perfectly convinced.

V

Let us look at this collection of unofficial contemporary art, which to an encouraging degree represents the contemporary American painter, and try to discover what its meaning is, what bond there is between these artists and to what extent they are expressing contemporary life. You and I, had we been making this collection, would have included a certain number of artists who are not included, and we would have left out some who are. That goes without saying. But what a surprising number that Mr. Howald

has chosen we should also want in our collections.

Mr. Howald has at least one mysterious and lovely Albert Ryder. He owns a good landscape by Jongkind and several other paintings by the legitimate artistic ancestors of the men whose art forms the main portion of his collection. One of his paintings, for instance, is a straight-forward and, for us nowadays, entertaining New York street scene by Theodore Robinson. But it is the contemporary men who painted most of Mr. Howald's pictures.

A certain number of Frenchmen are represented, men whose work, the contemporary American artist finds sympathetic, such as Matisse, Picasso and André Derain. The Matisse, which was reproduced in *The Arts* December, 1924, is a particularly beautiful specimen, a positive contribution to the art of painting with an unadulterated palette. The French pictures include further a characteristic Degas and a handsome Vlaminck as well as the first rate small specimen of the intelligent and sensitive art of Jacques Mauny.



WINTER SCENE
Photo, Peter A. Juley

CHARLES BURCHFIELD



WATER COLOR
Photo, Peter A. Juley

JOHN MARIN

Mr. Howald's interest in the more purely abstract period of contemporary art is seen in such a choice specimen of this kind of work as the painting reproduced by Juan Gris.

To come to the active American painters who are in the thick of things today, we find that one of Mr. Howald's special admirations is John Marin, whose individual genius for water color is seen in a varied and broadly representative group of this artist's work, from which the owner receives a particularly keen reaction. Another leading American master of this medium, Charles Demuth, is also fully represented. And in such pictures by Demuth as the still life of fruit and flowers, which is reproduced, water color is carried to its limit as a medium of limpid, fresh and translucent color, employed with the amazing delicacy of complex and acute susceptibility.

A third member of the group of artists who particularly appeal to Mr. Howald is Jules Pascin, who technically, I believe, is an

American citizen but who, in fact, belongs to no country. His art is partly German, partly French, and mostly Pascin; a highly calligraphic art in which genius, sophistication and, alas, occasionally affectation and carelessness each plays a part. I say alas, because Mr. Pascin is not always quite true to his inherent gifts, which are great.

The talented Middleton Manigault, who died prematurely and undoubtedly before the full development of his gifts, is represented by two landscapes which show a decorative tendency that is engaging and delightful. One of Jerome Myers' East Side scenes, a thoroughly characteristic canvas, is here; William Glackens, in his most amusing and playful vein, is at his very best, so too is his old friend Ernest Lawson, by whom there is a landscape of upper New York transformed by Mr. Lawson's imagination into a scene of ethereal beauty. One of the paintings by Arthur B. Davies shows two of those semi-real, semi-ethereal nude ladies which he is



NUDE

Photo, Peter A. Juley

JULES PASCIN



WATER COLOR
Photo, Peter A. Juley

CHARLES DEMUTH



FIGURES AND LANDSCAPE
Photo, Peter A. Juley

ALBERT BLOCK

so fond of imposing upon an aesthetic landscape. The uniquely enjoyable Maurice Prendergast, is here, and far removed from the gay patterning of his joyous promenade is the imaginary landscape by Rockwell Kent, a dramatized record of the great lonely spaces whither Mr. Kent so often sails for writing and painting material.

We find here also the more delicate intellectualism of Preston Dickinson, in its earlier and later developments. Here too, are Marsden Hartley, fresh from his studies of the latest exponents of European painting, and Charles Burchfield, the first artist in America to realize in painting the possibilities of the false front small town buildings that some of our most thriving literateurs have attacked so vociferously.

Quite a different sense of humor is seen in the work of Louis Bouché, by whom there are two still lifes, one in his latest approved manner, the other less mannered and more

handsome. A long panel by Abraham Wolkowitz is sensitively decorative; some water colors by George Luks hint at this artist's cleverness, and the restrained art of Charles Sheeler, who avoids ebullieny like the plague, these too are here, with examples of the work of such talented men as Yasuo Kuniyoshi, whose pictures in this collection have been reproduced in other numbers of *THE ARTS*, Albert Bloch, MacDonald Wright, Niles Spencer, Thomas Benton, Henry McFee and others.

VI

We see from this slight account of some of the individual works in the collection that Mr. Howald has not limited himself to a single school, since it goes from Rockwell Kent to John Marin, and from Arthur B. Davies to Charles Sheeler. As already said, the confirmed academic politicians have been omitted. But if in addition to the pleasure and excitement that Mr. Howald finds in buy-



CAFÉ

Photo, Peter A. Juley

JULES PASCIN



STILL LIFE
Photo, Peter A. Juley

PRESTON DICKINSON



LANDSCAPE

Photo, Peter A. Juley

MIDDLETON MANIGAULT

ing pictures, he has also some purpose of making his collection broadly representative of the best that is being done in America today, it is necessary to grant that he has come very near to accomplishing his purpose.

I could name half a dozen painters that I should like to see included in the collection. But looking at it as it actually exists, it shows us the very real and fresh creative current that is running through American art at the present time. Dismissing from our minds for the moment such fully arrived artists as Davies, Luks, Lawson, Glackens and Myers, one sees the younger men emerging with clearly defined personalities. The veil of deliberate "modernism," which formerly softened the edges of their individualities, has

now been dropped, and whereas in the case of the earlier examples of the work of several of these men there is a very close affinity, in their later work they are sharply distinctive.

Characteristic American refinement is seen to remain the dominating note of the men of today, even as it was the dominating note of the American painters who immediately preceded them. The great strong, square-jawed American of poetic fancy does not turn to art. He is still too uneducated or too dull and he continues to apply his supposedly magnificent energies to business. In looking at this contemporary group of paintings we are not moved to conjure up before our minds a battalion of giants. Here are no Peter Paul Rubens, bursting with life and pouring out

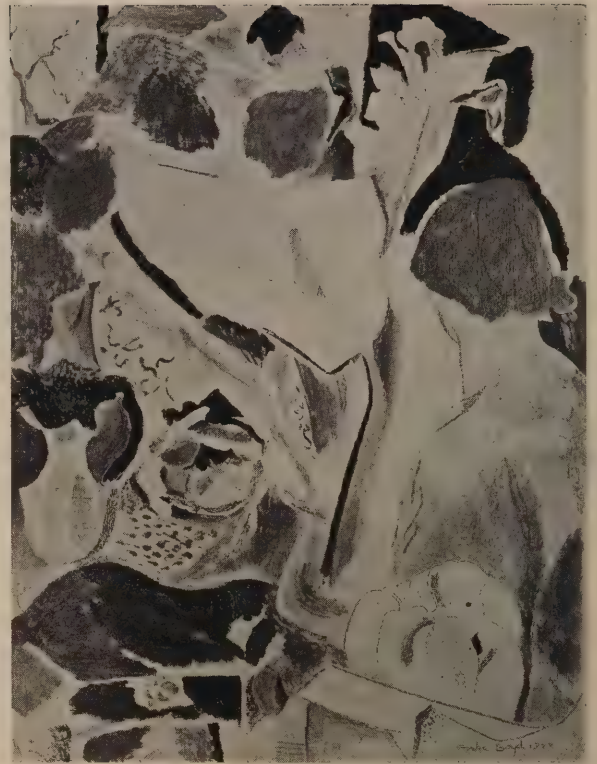
form and color as from an inexhaustible supply. Here are no Renoirs, from whom love of life and color seem to flow as naturally as juice from a ripe plum.

No, if this collection represents, and I believe it does, the majority of the best living younger American artists, the conclusion is inescapable that in their make-up refinement predominates. I do not think that refinement is a negative quality. In some of the work of Charles Demuth, we observe vivid color and elusive drawing that could not be obtained, except by an extraordinary highly refined eye and hand. There is great beauty, great choice and intelligent selection, the keynote of all distinguished art, in many of the pictures in the Howald collection.

I should like to know what Mr. Frans Hals, coming home from his favorite clubs which in their very names paid tribute to wine and love, would have thought of these pictures. That he would have found in them passages of such sublimated skill that his painter eyes would have opened in admiration, I do not doubt. On the other hand, if



FLOWER IN BOWL
CHARLES SHEELER



PAINTING
FISKE BOYD
Photo, Peter A. Juley

he had walked among them for some hours, accompanied by one of the buxom Dutch wenches that he liked so much, it may be possible that in a drunken frenzy he would have snapped one of the exceedingly aesthetic works from the wall and crunched it under his heel. The life that Hals lived and drew his art from was more buxom.

Just because he was Frans Hals would not have made the gesture correct. We live in days of restrictions, and life has become a much more subtle undertaking than the life that Hals lived. The illusive intimacies of some of these pictures would have passed by him completely.

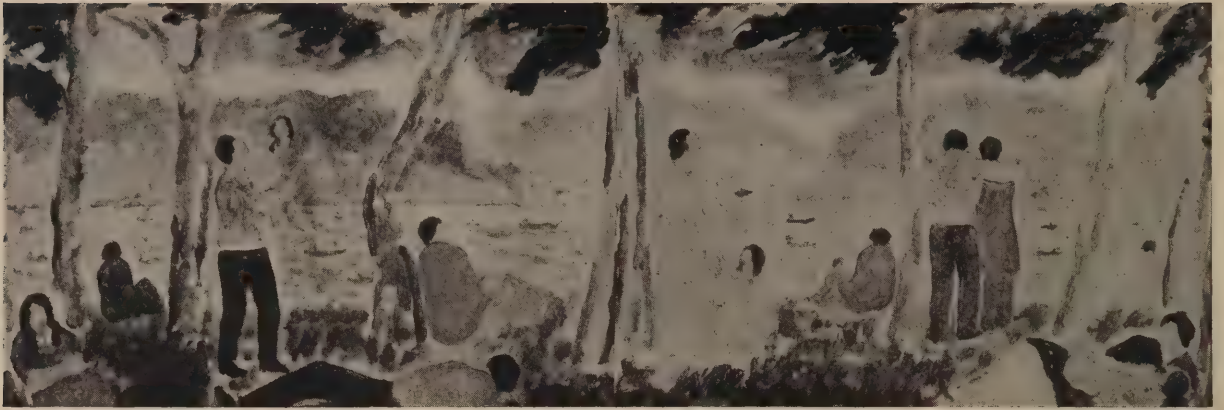
The name of Hals is not brought idly into the discussion but simply to show in the most obvious way that some of these pictures are not the works of men swayed as much as Hals by what in simpler days were called the normal instincts, which demanded wine, women and song, literally.

The job that Hals had to perform was to portray the prosperous Dutch burgher at the full tide of physical and material prosperity,



WATER COLOR
Photo, Peter A. Juley

CHARLES MARIN



FIGURES IN LANDSCAPE

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ

selves no such simple targets to aim at. Frequently they are troubled by highly complicated psychological outlooks, or again they are tormented by the almost indigestible mass of aesthetic information which the present outpouring of painting and writing, added to the vast productions of the past, force upon their sensitive systems.

Not to make a statement that is on its face individual is to be overlooked by the great public that contemporary art has made for itself. Knowing that this has become almost a necessity for the welfare of the "modern" artist he also knows that even if he were moved to hurl upon a giant canvas, the allegory of Damnation, the work after it has been



STILL LIFE
Photo, Peter A. Juley

CHARLES DEMUTH

accomplished, with fearful physical energy, would only be useful to collect dust in an expensive warehouse.

Our artists are not asked to cover the walls of a church or to do a Feast of Cana. Their public asks from them and expects from them a far more subtle, and as Mr. Mauny says, a more confidential statement. They are not, of course, always confiding even when they appear to be confidential. It is as if they asked us to become confidential while they themselves gave us an abstract of their aesthetic theories.

Here and there they offer to the psychoanalyst the clues that he finds instructive. Not with the coarse brilliancy of a Hals do they scream out their loves nor yet with his bluff generosity, for sometimes in their very presentation of the delicate loveliness that

they perceive in objects and in organizations, there is a touch of the cool flavor of the malicious.

Mr. Howald's collection takes us into a world where occasionally playfulness is directed by sophistication; where good taste is directed by a knowing aestheticism; where statements are more determined than emotional, and where finally, the brain is very much more important than the heart. It is an infinitely complex world, this world of modern art. To examine it sharpens the brain and deepens our understanding of life. No art is closer to us, no art more rewarding. Men like Mr. Howald, in assembling a collection like this receive and give pleasure, invigorate art, and contribute to the present and future generations an inestimable and permanently instructive gift.

A complete list of artists showing the number of works by each represented in the Ferdinand Howald collection:

Elsa Backlund-Celsing (1); Thomas Benton (1); Albert Block (1); Anna Boberg (1); Louis Bouché (2); Fisk Boyd (2); Emile Branchard (1); George Braque (1); Charles Burchfield (3); Gustave Courbet (1); Arthur B. Davies (3); Edgar Degas (1); Charles Demuth (31); André Derain (7); Preston Dickinson (23); Edward Diriks (1); Arthur Dove (2); William Glackens (4); Juan Gris (1); Samuel Halpert (2); Marsden Hartley (15); Jongkind (1); Rockwell Kent (6); Leon Kroll (5); Yasuo Kuniyoshi (3); Ernest Lawson (8); F. Legér (1); George Luks (3); Middleton Manigault (2); John Marin (32); Henri Matisse (4); Jacques Mauny (1); Henry Lee McFee (1); Metzinger (1); Kenneth Hayes Miller (1); David B. Milne (2); Jerome Myers (1); George F. Of (1); Jules Pascin (14); Pablo Picasso (2); Maurice Prendergast (16); Man Ray (7); Theodore Robinson (1); Albert P. Ryder (1); Alice Schille (2); Charles Sheeler (5); Eugene Speicher (1); Niles Spencer (1); Survage (1); John H. Twachtman (1); Maurice Vlaminck (3); Abraham Walkowitz (3); Max Weber (1); Denys Wortman (1); Macdonald Wright (7); William Zorach (6).





STANDARDS OF THE CALIPH'S GUARD
Courtesy Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris

(Bagdad, 1237)

A PARIS CHRONICLE

By JACQUES MAUNY

THE month of June, 1925, in Paris, was altogether exceptional. People even go so far as to say that never before have so many exhibitions of significant and carefully selected works of art been open in one city at the same moment. I am inclined to agree with their dictum, for I have seen, this month, collections of Eastern art of the highest quality and stimulating exhibitions of modern art, both the fine arts and the decorative arts, as well as rarely shown masterpieces, from many countries, of the European art of the past.

The Parisians and the army of foreigners now in our midst certainly have had an opportunity seldom offered to behold our artistic skyline and to see what selections from the art of other countries some of our most appreciative and astute collectors have made. Many of these cherished works all too soon will be returned to their owners to be locked in the silence of private collections. That done, there will begin the scattering of the art public over the green country and along the windy shore of the sea.

The surprising number of specially selected exhibitions, such as are shown only at distant intervals on particular occasions, did not in any way interrupt the continuing orgy of successive exhibitions by living artists who, it seems to me, show every day a greater eagerness to sell their work. This has brought about an increasing practice in Paris, one which is proving detrimental to the interests of the artists, namely, the practice of showing the same picture or piece of sculpture over and over again in various places until its maker has either succeeded in selling it, or has lost all hope of doing so. What is necessarily the result? Seeing the same pictures, sculpture, and so forth, exhibited incessantly has dampened the ardor of enthusiastic collectors seeking discoveries, so that, in some cases, they have given up visiting the current exhibitions.

Indeed there are paintings on exhibition and on sale in almost every café, theatre, circus, bookstore, tailor shop—everywhere, in fact. Pictures of lesser quality are exhibited

on the sidewalks (*La Foire aux Croutes, Montmartre, La Foire aux Navets, Montparnasse*).

Success in the Auction Room

While all these exhibitions were going on some great collections were sold successfully at auction. Masterpieces changed hands through the Lehmann, Michel Levy and Gangnat sales. At the latter, small sketches by Renoir brought prices that are usually paid for pearl necklaces and diamond bracelets—after all, I don't see why they should not; some of them are very much like a jeweler's window—and this despite the peasant homeliness of his heavy models. There was something extremely healthy and invigorating in seeing one hundred and sixty Renoir paintings.

The prices were most encouraging to those concerned in an art which still belongs to our own period. For the sake of people who are interested in such things, I will give some of the prices that were paid: 836,500 francs were paid for the two figures by Renoir reproduced in the June issue of *THE ARTS*; 190,000 francs for *Les Femmes au chapeau* (No. 135); Cézanne's *Le grande arbre au lieu dit Montbriand* brought 508,000 francs; a small drawing by Fragonard, *Terrasse de la Villa Reale à Naples* was sold for \$14,000, while a drawing by Watteau, for which 3,550 francs were paid in 1894, sold, in this extraordinary month of June, for 260,000 francs.

Chinese, Persian and Japanese Art

But to return to our exhibitions; at the *Chambre Syndicale de la Curiosité et des Beaux Arts*, rue de la Ville l'Éveque, was held an Oriental exhibition. There I saw with delight examples of Chinese, Persian and Japanese art of the purest quality. These rare specimens were from the early periods down to the fifteenth century. In order that the exhibition as a whole might make a deeper impression, its organizers did not admit any work of the later decadent periods. The exhibition recalled to my mind once more



STATUE OF A WOMAN (Khmer, Before IXth Cent.)
Cernuschi Museum, Paris *Courtesy of M. Robert Ochs*



BUDDHA WALKING (Siamese)
Courtesy of M. Pica

Cernuschi Museum, Paris

the evident influence of Oriental illuminations on European art at different epochs, such as in the work of certain early Florentines, where it is obvious; everyone has noticed how much Benozzo Gozzoli, for instance, owed to Persian miniatures.

Oriental Manuscripts at the Bibliothèque Nationale

Another Oriental exhibition was held in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, and to this, also, all the artists crowded, for it was a most unusual and enchanting affair. M. Roland Marcel was able to make the exhibition without borrowing a single example, because all these rare manuscripts have been owned since the days when Colbert purchased them. Fascinating gold illuminations on handsome blue backgrounds; gorgeous Boukhara manuscripts of the sixteenth century; Bagdad besieged by the Mongols (Tauris, 1315); two Mongol warriors (Haral, Persia, 1510); the letter of Solomon the 1st to Francois Premier (Constantinople, 1526); Indian miniatures from Djamou (18th century); Bermanian writing and the extraordinary Standards of the Caliph's Guard (Bagdad, 1237) reproduced herewith, are but a few of the thrilling specimens in this beautifully arranged exhibition.

Placed in the windows round the hall were Persian cups; chess pieces of Charlemagne's time lent by the treasury of Saint Denis; faience from Persia, Rhodes, Damascus and China, of the thirteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Finally, perfectly dazed, I was led out through a corridor adorned with Japanese prints by Utamaro, Kiyonaga, Shunsho, Sharaku and Schuncho. Here were depictions of refined vice, of elegant society, of fighters, portraits, anecdotes and sentimental tales, in short, the specialties by which the work of each of these masters of the woodblock print, were intriguingly represented.

New Discoveries at the Cernuschi Museum

As if those devoted to Orientalism might not be satisfied by the feasts already offered them in the two exhibitions about which I have thrown out a few hints, still a third was opened. At the Cernuschi Museum, the director, M. D'Ardenne du Tizac, held an

exhibition of Khmer and Siamese art. There I first saw specimens of pure Khmer art, such as the large Statue of a Woman, The Man Shouting, and the Head of a Buddha reproduced herewith. In these powerful statues of the best period, I see an intense realism without useless detail, no stylization, but a strong love for the live model and work done directly from nature.

I saw two Buddha heads from Lopburi, a region located near the Cambodian frontier, where the union of the Khmer and Siamese arts produced between the 11th and 14th centuries statues of this moving order. Also I found here characteristic specimens of the Siamese academic style, in which a certain mannerism is conspicuous. Practically all of the works shown were recently discovered, and for the great pleasure of seeing them, the visitors are indebted to M. Pila, the French Minister to Siam.

Modern and Ancient Roumanian Art

Leaving to historians the task of surveying these exhibitions technically, I went to have a glimpse of the exhibition of ancient and, alas, modern Roumanian art at the *Jeu de Paume* on the Terrace of the Tuileries. It is claimed that Roumanian art reveals Mediterranean and Latin influences, but in fact, the influences that have affected it are many. It is a mixture in which one recognizes the flavor of the Catholic Pole, the Byzantine, the Greek from the Ghetto of Constantinople, and the Oriental of Southern Russia.

In most ancient paintings, a stern effect is conveyed by the fact that no importance is given to the naturalistic perfection of forms, but only to the expression of intense religious feeling. After enjoying the beautiful ikons, partly covered with sheets of white chiselled and embossed silver, in which large gems are sometimes inserted, and carpets embroidered with silver and gold, should one be asked to look at the weak products which were presented as modern Roumanian painting?

An Exhibition of Spanish Art

One hundred and thirty-four paintings were borrowed from important collections for the purpose of making an exhibition of Spanish art, which was held at the Hotel



MAN SHOUTING (Khmer)
Courtesy of M. Bonasse Lebel

Cernuschi Museum



HEAD (Lopburi, XIIth Cent.)
Courtesy of U. P. Co.

Cernuschi Museum



H E A D (Khmer, VIIth to IXth Cent.)

Cernuschi Museum



H E A D (Siamese, XVIth Cent.)
Courtesy of U. P. Co.

Cernuschi Museum

Charpentier. When Spanish art was animated by religious feeling, its severity and even harshness gave it great dignity. I saw in this exhibition with genuine pleasure, some specimens that I had not seen before, but I do not believe that it is possible to judge Spanish art from such a selection, because the brilliant masterpieces that we all know so well were missing.

Nineteenth and Twentieth Century Works

Not so many years ago, invitations for the varnishing day of the vast official Salon were delivered by a member of the Republican Guard in full uniform, riding a fine horse. So it was not out of the tradition when the President of the Republic, escorted by Paul Leon, director of fine arts, and many ambassadors and public officials, attended the inauguration of the Exhibition of Nineteenth and Twentieth Century Art which opened at the new galleries of Bernheim Jeune, No. 83 Faubourg Saint Honoré, which was organized by the Duchess of Vendôme for the benefit of various charities.

Here were represented the great pioneers of the modern era, who after the second half of the nineteenth century, put aside all worn out conventions and rediscovered for themselves the realities of art. The triumph of these geniuses, who, when they began were looked down upon as destructive, has been contagious, and now, long after the victory is complete, we may observe in contrast the increasing decadence which has overcome the official academic Salon and the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. It now remains to be seen whether with success and official recognition in their possession, those who are against the academic will lose somewhat their combative powers of resistance.

The exhibition includes all of those great painters who inspired their followers with violent beliefs, much to the desolation of old fashioned families. Suffice it to say that the paintings shown were worthy of the masters who made them. Consequently, a mere list of names will then give an idea of the exhibition. It contained six paintings by Cézanne; six by Corot, including three figure pieces; six by Courbet; eight by Renoir; two by Gauguin; two by Daumier; one by Henri Rousseau; eight by Manet, and the tumul-

tuous *Combat du Giaour et du Pacha* by Delacroix. One of the Manets was an attractive beach scene with many handsome black figures which seemed to have been brushed in a few minutes.

Five or six exhibitions of this general order are in progress now, and in every case, the leaders in French nineteenth century art, long since recognized by the world, were included. At least they have been recognized by those people whom Baudelaire in his famous poem called *Les Phares*, and whom Arnold Bennett calls "the passionate few." Occasionally, of course, it is not surprising to find that some dealers include in such exhibitions the works of artists that they are sponsoring for commercial purposes. Sometimes this device is practiced with such discretion that the offense is overlooked. At other times a slight discrepancy occurs.

Fifty Years of French Painting

A highly developed individualism and a complete absence of the great patrons of old are the most striking features of the modern period. Artists work out of themselves and for themselves; their art is independent and confidential.

Though it occupies much more space and includes larger canvases, the exhibition of *Fifty Years of French Painting* in the *Pavillon de Marsan* at the Louvre, does not cause the same bracing feeling with which I responded to the exhibition at Bernheim's. Large canvases, in many cases, are not completely unified, and to just that extent are inefficient. However small a painting may be, if it is perfect it is better than a more "important" but less perfect large picture. Renoir's *At the Theatre*, 1880, is replete with charm, and the *Jeune homme à la tête de mort* by Cézanne is one of his most powerful canvases. However in this great building there is a lack of intimacy which precludes the communications of such highly sensitive art. Two paintings that I particularly hated to leave were the vivid panel of mauve irises by Van Gogh and the black Dufresne.

Picasso, Braque, Matisse, Bonnard and Dufy are here. Unfortunately, also, a crowd of second and third class artists have been given places of honor and fill two very large halls. It is evident that the gentleman responsible for the selection of the exhibition



H E A D (Siamese, XIIth to XIVth Cent.)

Cernuschi Museum



F R E S C O (Roumanian, 1512-1524)
Exhibition of Ancient and Modern Roumanian Art, Paris

D O B R O M I R



THE RESURRECTION (Roumanian, 1566)
Exhibition of Ancient and Modern Roumanian Art, Paris

did not want to slight the young artists or to discourage visitors, but rather to give friendly assistance to men struggling for recognition. Yet the persuasive authority of arguments issuing from our intimate and subconscious selves is much greater than the authority of official presentation.

The Twenty-five Contemporaries

The Gallery Druet, 20 rue Royale, is again showing Twenty-five Contemporaries. Their canvases fill nine rooms and one staircase. In addition to the artists in whose works this firm regularly deals, the visitor will find again Bonnard, Van Dongen, Rouault, Dufy, de Segonzac, Matisse, Vlaminck, Utrillo, Vuillard, Marie Laurencin and Jacqueline Marval. The panel by Braque gives the sharpest pleasure to a man of 1925. I am afraid that whatever may spring up later we shall remain faithful to it.

The Tri-National Exhibition

A large picture of two pink nude boys by Picasso, unlike anything that I have ever seen, is the leading topic of discussion at the Tri-National Exhibition, under the patronage of Mrs. E. H. Harriman, at the Durand-Ruel Gallery, No. 37 Avenue de Friedland, to which some reference was made in THE ARTS for July. With the exception of Matisse, Vlaminck and Braque, who are taking part in this exhibition also, the other artists seem to belong to a different world than the world of Picasso. Picabia has composed a picture with an elaborate arrangement of toothpicks and buttons on a black enamelled background. Even this is less dull than the English section. As for the Americans, the artists in the exhibition are not all representative.

A Lingerie Shop Art Gallery

In the great art exhibitions now going on in Paris, the artists of the United States are conspicuous by their absence. However, a few American painters are holding an exhibition in the art gallery of the Maison de Blanc where, I am told, they have some very lovely lingerie. The list includes Olofson, Ritman, Barber, Robinson, O'Callahan, Laufman, Franck, Pittchal, Norman Mason, Chottin and Pascin.

Most of these artists I have seen in other places, and frankly, their works remind me of the bat in the fable of La Fontaine, who claimed either to be a bird or a rat, according to circumstances. I suspect that such a group of painters is hardly, as you say, 100 per cent American.

Like other Frenchmen, I hope that the young advanced American artists who are developing an original American art, will be given a fair chance to become known here in Paris. A careful selection of the work of typical artists is needed. What your timid expatriates are painting in a more or less impressionistic manner in Venice, France, and elsewhere does not interest us, because it lacks the true American note. On the other hand, we are most anxious to be given an opportunity to observe the present outbreak of a new artistic spirit which is worthy of the greatness of your cities and the matchless beauty and charm of your ladies.

Young Painting But Not New

The Gallery Barbazanges is holding an exhibition to which has been given the comprehensive title, *La jeune Peinture Francaise*. The idea of exhibitions of young art is always attractive. Unfortunately, in the present case nothing new was revealed. At the same gallery, however, there was an exhibition of the work of Valentine Prax, which was pleasantly surprising to everybody. Not only did this pretty young lady artist fill the large hall with vivid pictures, but in spite of this accomplishment, there was no sign of exhaustion in any of the works. It is pleasant, I repeat, to see a young painter so full of life.

Marie Laurencin a Tidy Housekeeper

Everywhere one hears that the Exhibition of Modern and Decorative Arts is "very nice"—*at night*. While the bells of the electric belfry were ringing in real Easter fashion and the very loud speakers were delivering much too hurriedly the march of Tannhäuser, I made a lovely discovery in the Embassy building, which had just opened. The gray and mauve Marie Laurencin room, executed by André Groult, is as fragile and pink as the little shells you find on the beaches. Galuchat, corne rose, amazonite, lapis lazuli and quartz rose are the delicate materials this



EMBROIDERED TOMB COVERING (Roumanian,
XVIIth Cent.) *Exhibition of Ancient and Modern Roumanian Art, Paris*



TEMPERO PAINTING (Roumanian, XVIIth Cent.)
Exhibition of Ancient and Modern Roumanian Art, Paris

sweetness is made of. How amusing that Marie Laurencin should be considered abroad (I discovered the fact in New York) as the painter of Sodom and Gomorrah, while the poor girl is just a refined and tidy little housekeeper.

Suggested by the Decorative Arts Show

Is there such a thing as a 1925 style? Well, I think so.

Many have worked hard to discover it, endeavoring to avoid everything that might be thought too much like the grand old styles. But I don't mean that.

The birth of a style is not possible as long as routine, that parasite of inventive sub-consciousness, has not been driven out violently. It is the slenderness of Manhattan which compelled American architects to erect tall structures; however entangled in Gothic reminiscences they may be, nevertheless, a striking style was thus founded.

It is beyond doubt that the most remarkable structures of our period are not products of those architects who lost the most precious years of their lives in the study of dead styles inadequate to our tastes and life, but rather the industrial buildings which are entirely free from so-called artistic intentions.

The attraction of instinctive creations is as irresistible as the instinct itself. There is great beauty in the bare brick walls of the Danish pavilion, and the nice Vienesese cafe in which tees, beams, rivets and bolts have been used successfully for decorative purposes only. The Soviet Pavilion and the Pavilion of Tourism by Mallet Stevens, one of our best advanced architects, were inspired by the beauties of new factories.

The Russian Ballet Again

After much running about in galleries and exhibitions, it is essential to attend the Russian Ballet of Serge de Diaghilev. One never knows what is going to happen there. Since the day when Petrouitchka broke as a bomb on the audiences of all nations, we have had Picasso's Parade, and later Stravinsky's Noces, but what is given us now is but a faint ghost of the genuine Russian Ballet of the old days. Where are the grim *Danses Polovtviennes* of Prince Igor—where is the Spectre of the Rose?

Though young talents are held in great suspicion in this part of the world, Diaghilev has understood that fresh blood was needed urgently to prevent the immediate decay of his performances. The composers of the new ballet, *Les Matelots*, Wladimar Oukelsky and Kochno are twenty-one, while the two leading dancers, Serge Lifar and Nikitina, as well as the *maitre de ballets*, Balanchine and Pruna, to whom were allotted the scenery and costumes, have not yet reached twenty-one. The tiny star, Alina Marcova, is just twelve.

The Overgifted Cocteau

Jean Cocteau is the type of the over-gifted young man. At twenty he conquered Paris. We all know what a pleasant talent he has as a writer and a poet, and we see at the Galerie Briant Robert, No. 7 rue d'Argenteuil, that he can draw with equal ease and wit. Jean Cocteau has been connected with the foremost artists and poets. He wrote the arguments of *Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel*, *Le Boeuf sur le Toit* Parade, and last year he himself acted in his *Romeo and Juliet* at the *Soirées de Paris* of the Comte de Beaumont—a thing that we shall not forget before a long time. Jean Cocteau has an extraordinary personality that all painters want to paint. We see a fresh portrait every year of Paul Poiret, Princesse Murat, Boni and Jean Cocteau and some effigies by Laurencin, V. Hugo, Man Ray, Modigliani, Picabia, Picasso, complete this fascinating exhibition.

Everything about *Les Matelots* gives the effect of being done in a hurry. The passion which one looks for in the Russian ballet is completely lacking.

I found very little enjoyment in the tasteless *Train Bleu* watching the slow or accelerated motion of youth in bathing suits presented against a soiled cubist scenery. There was, to be sure, Braque's delicate and charming *Facheux*, but his *Zephir et Flore*, in spite of choreographic merits, is much too long.

Everything has been so abundant here in Paris lately that for example, we have had three different Joan of Arcs at the same time. First, a book by Joseph Delteil, a gifted young writer that everyone is talking about. Secondly, that of Bernard Shaw at the Theatre des Arts, and finally there is the American *Jeanne d'Arc de Luxe*.

BOOKS

TROUBADOUR: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By ALFRED KREYMBORG. New York: Boni & Liveright, 1925. (\$3.00.)

The age at which one writes one's autobiography seems to be getting lower every year. It used to be one's last public act, until Sherwood Anderson, still in his forties, wrote *A Story Teller's Story*. Now we have Mr. Kreymborg, in his still earlier forties, and the time seems not far off when an author will make his debut with an autobiography, just as Max Beerbohm began his career with the publication of his *Complete Works*.

Not that Mr. Kreymborg has insufficient experience to justify his writing an autobiography. *Troubadour* is the story of a man who has been intimately associated since its beginning with the modern movement in some of its most bizarre and radical manifestation; in a sense it is the history of the movement in more than one art. It goes back to those antediluvian days when people were not afraid of laughing at free verse; the days before the *Dial* had moved to New York or the *New Republic* had been born; when Greenwich Village had not been discovered by the undergraduate body of Columbia University; when 291 Fifth Avenue was the headquarters of the heretics; and when it was easier than it is now to starve in the arts.

In the last-named occupation Mr. Kreymborg seems to have been eminently successful. If his own account of himself is correct, he is one of the most impractical persons alive, and in his youth he must have been still more so. The son of a German cigar-maker, brought up on the sidewalks of New York, he early discovered that there was little place in the New York of the beginning of the century for a man whose ruling passions were chess, music and unconventional literature. Editors in those days were not receptive to prose poems or neo-Russian realism. Mr. Howells was in the chair, and authors were behaving themselves. Some of Mr. Kreymborg's early work, sent to the dean of American literature, elicited the reply from his secretary that "Mr. Howells is too busy a man to devote his time to such writings," and "the sooner, my dear sir, you pursue something you are qualified for," etc.

Throughout Mr. Kreymborg's book we can trace a groping impulse to express himself in his own

way, and parallel to this an impulse almost as strong to help others to do the same. For he was not an isolated phenomenon; there were scores of young people all over the country who were trying to create in new forms, but who were unable to get in touch with each other and find an audience for their work. Hence his persistent dream, which has materialized in various forms and at various stages in his life; the dream of a magazine in which there would be no editorial censorship, and in which each contributor would be free to express himself as he pleased. This has resulted in two shortlived but active periodicals, the *Glebe* and *Others*, which afforded an outlet to the more radical writers and artists, and gave an impetus to the growing rebellion.

The annals of any new movement make interesting reading, and *Troubadour* is no exception. It is fun merely to read the new names as they appear—Stieglitz, Hartley, Halpert, Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, Eugene O'Neill, and many others not so illustrious. Indeed, as the movement gains momentum, people begin to throng through the pages of the book, and before the end, when Mr. Kreymborg leaps lightly from Paris to Rome, from Munich to London, it even tends to degenerate into a kind of catalogue. If everyone whose name is mentioned buys a copy, the sale of the first three editions at least should be assured. For us contemporaries this is interesting; but how posterity will feel about it is another question.

We doubt also whether posterity will be able to glean much of the real character of these people from the book. Perhaps Mr. Kreymborg has friends whose feelings he does not wish to hurt; perhaps it is simply the somewhat vague, easygoing nature that seems to be his; whatever the reason, the pictures which he presents are little more than pleasant and superficial characterizations. Here and there we find a portrait that stands out for its freshness and humor, such as that of Sandburg; but there are not many.

To look for penetration in the book, however, is to look for what it does not possess. Its virtues are those of simplicity and lack of affectation, of a flowing narrative and a certain wayward humor, and last but not least, of a subject of great present interest.

LLOYD GOODRICH.



SUNDAY MORNING
Courtesy of the Whitney Studio Club

MOLLY LUCE

YOUNG AMERICA—MOLLY LUCE

By ALAN BURROUGHS

HIDDEN away in the book of *Imaginary Portraits* is a comment which only a writer like Pater can find time to make while discussing an artist: "There are pretty clothes not suitable for everyone." That is a thought one enviously would like to have had oneself—and the cleverness to have said it at the beginning of an article on the work of Molly Luce. It carries the right suggestion of style, of tact and well-born individuality. And it compresses into an aside an important bit of philosophy worth more (in this condensed place)

than many scratched and rechecked pages of analytical effort. There *are* pretty clothes in art; though few artists today can wear them, and few try. Molly Luce is one who does possess the character and ability to do so. She dresses her canvases neatly in a style as personal as conversation. She wears a sense of humor with taste. Her self-possessed, not to say reserved, pictures seem to be ready for any occasion.

This is of course not the last, but the first, impression. From the paintings exhibited recently at

the Whitney Studio Club come other impressions, revealing something broader in the way of background—common sense—a fine emotional quality, grown out of native fields (How it dodges expression in words!)—a sophisticated woman who is at the same time loyal and very honest. Molly Luce has painted in Maine, Ohio and New Jersey; she is American, even while painting in Europe, even while painting still-life. She admires the early Italians and at the same time the early Flemish; and she paints a horse and buggy as only a resident of Ashtabula County, Ohio, should be able to do it.

If possible it would be wise to omit mention of New England ancestry, standing as it often does for rigidity; but in some manner the idea of inherited character must be recorded. Through it one prepares for what is Molly Luce's most evident bent—the study of the American scene. In her first exhibition of twenty or more canvases, half

a dozen dealt especially with New Jersey and Ohio in a way which announces a new explorer, one who feels Suburbia and Kellogsville as living places worth respect, if not worth a dogmatic seriousness.

Suburbia, a summary of small houses, streets with thin trees, commuters and Ford taxis, coated with self-satisfaction, is not only the work of a satirist. It is more gentle than that, and quite lovely in form. The emphasis rests on the creation rather than on the subject chosen; the important point is not Suburbia itself, but the fact that the artist sees in this epitome of suburbs something which nevertheless must be painted with affection. The Pompton Turnpike, bare as it is ("desolate" said a fellow member of the Whitney Club), is nowhere throughout its length actually as fine as in Molly Luce's small canvas. She has brought out the repose of the country, its industry



SUBURBIA

Courtesy of the Whitney Studio Club

MOLLY LUCE



NEW JERSEY IN APRIL
Courtesy of the Whitney Studio Club

MOLLY LUCE

and its frugal beauty by the never bettered method of feeling it so.

New Jersey in April and in March becomes on canvas New Jersey in essence, charming in the sudden changes which contrast with the moods of scarcely a month past. Could it be painted so by one who had an anti-Main Street theory? or by one who had any kind of intellectual bribe working on her emotions? And best of all, from the spectator's point of view, these landscapes contain constant values, not only trueness of spirit but grace and skillful application of material.

I fear I have not sufficiently explained, to those who do not know her work, that this American background is only a part of her equipment. Let us look for a moment at the Pieter Breughel in the Metropolitan Museum, where one traces the great master's love of life in little figures resting

in loose jointed attitudes, eating gluttonously, carrying water, gleaming the wheat and humanizing a broad landscape. Then glance at Molly Luce's *Meditation on the Old Testament*, to see in her an admiration for Breughel and a thoroughly individual love for the same kind of work. These biblical incidents, scattered through the foreground of a fine Southern-France landscape, mingle delicately, build a large effect, and combine knowledge and play with what I can describe only as unsophisticated sophistication. Susannah standing before a screen, and an Elder hanging out of the top window of a tower with a pair of binoculars, are in a way contrasted with the flow of composition in the groups of other figures. Naive details balance studied breadth. And as a whole the painting lives as a little world by itself, being free of dogma and strong in health.

The words whimsical, fantastic, polite, charming, etc., suggest themselves over and over again, as one seeks an explanation of Molly Luce's painting. But they by themselves are vague words. Perhaps the same quality can be described by mentioning something of the artist's method, which may also account for the fact that such generally small, unassuming pictures (and it is this type of picture which has received the most praise) can be considered "big." I am not sure but that a large part of our satisfaction is founded on nothing more mysterious than a wise economy of means, especially since it expresses generosity of spirit. Certainly satisfaction grows keener when the means strike one as being the right combination of subordination and penetration. This balance and sense of easy handling at least are positive factors in forming an equation of words descriptive of her work.

Molly Luce uses a very simple palette. She completes all the drawing before she colors the canvas at all. She does not draw in paint. The underpainting in white and terre vert builds up form. The color on top is the finish, the texture, the dress that distinguishes the mood. And all this is done (so it seems) as briefly as can be, at the same time being carried consistently over the whole surface of the picture. This may explain actually how she paints largely in a small space, puts an Ohio village into that composition she calls Sunday Morning, and La Colle, surrounded by miles of hills, into a few centimetres of canvas. How neatly she eliminates. When she tries still-life, a subject limited by its nature, her technique changes; the finish becomes more important, more "Dutch," as

one can see to perfection in the small rose, resting on the lip of a little old-fashioned vase. Her still-lives, one might say, are tighter—and appropriately so. It is a pliable, careful method—an everyday method, practical in producing her desired results.

If one can speak of the biography of an artist who still has most of her biography to live, Molly Luce's is briefly stated. She has been, for all purposes of explanation, painting for only a few years. A long schooling at the Art Students' League taught her the usual tricks. After painting by herself for a while, and especially after a trip abroad, she found that self confidence which has developed the qualities evident in her recent canvases. Her color continues pure, with a refreshing tartness at times, even when it conveys a literal impression of old house paint. She has learned to apply it in little strokes which are invisible except on close examination. But there have been no real changes in her methods, any more than in her sensations. Change is not necessary where the hand keeps pace with the feeling, and feeling develops naturally through the education of observant living.

As always in "Young America" the future is the thing. One feels that Molly Luce's first exhibition dealt with the future. Even before it was hung, friends reported that she began painting with a new degree of sensitiveness—small pictures based on the America she knows. Following her own guidance, she is working for the best kind of appreciation—that intimate appreciation which presupposes a friendly interest. True indeed—there are aristocratic qualities not suitable for everyone. And in art true aristocrats are so essential.

SKYLIGHT

Critical articles on painting telling us all about it; just why it is as it is and what it will be; expertly organized, precisely worded, with the insufficiencies of contemporary painting laid forth in terms as concise as steel wires. Not an important publication but what must have one of these investigations at certain intervals. Was there ever an age with critics so profound, so well equipped, so insistent, and so *numerous*. Contemporary mirrors indeed, life for the artist is a veritable *galérie des glaces*. They see themselves at every turn.

I have just finished reading another explanation of the whole business and a picture occurs to me: There is a room crowded with women, most of them talking. I recognize many of them; there is

a psychologist, a social-worker, authorities on birth control, authorities on the feeding of children, etc.; in fact, although they are all of them spinsters, they are, at the moment, intensely interested in a *child*, a little embarrassed thing who is standing awkwardly in their midst. The child doesn't look right to them; it isn't properly nourished, or it isn't well dressed, or it has bad manners, or . . . Something must be done, a ribbon is pushed about, the child is told to turn its toes out, freudian lady lifts its little petticoat . . . much talking. The child doesn't improve.

I want to shout, "Leave the poor thing alone, or let it run out and play and it'll be all right. The child is only *selfconscious*." J. B.

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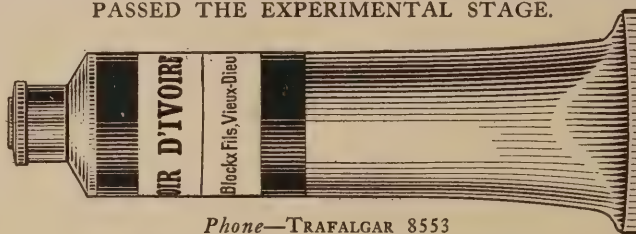
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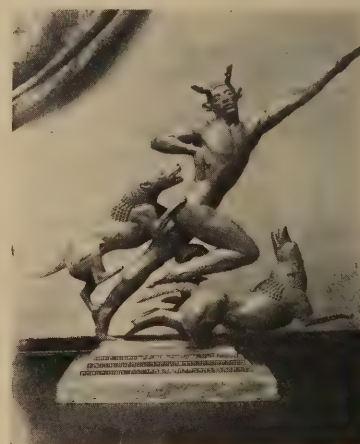
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In the history of American art there were never as many opportunities as there are to-day to be a prophet and to relish the joys of adventure. More artists are achieving in America to-day than ever before. Now is the chance for the prophet to enjoy himself and to discover fresh talents. He will be hailed in the future when the trailer, for all his caution, is forgotten.

The younger artists, during the season just completed have won the attention of museums and collectors much more than in the past. Their works have been purchased more widely than ever. Interest in them is alive. The winners are acquiring them. As long as the artist is not copying his own formula but comes to each new idea in the spirit of youth he is young no matter how numerous his anniversaries. Only the works of such artists are worthy of the adventurous collector.

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AUGUST ERRATA

Page 38—Read: VERANDA, by Albert Bloch.

Page 93—Read: JOHN MARIN.



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THE ARTS

VOLUME VIII

SEPTEMBER, 1925

NUMBER 3



THE CATHEDRAL LUCCA

IN the July issue of THE ARTS were quoted the remarks made by a painter as he was on the point of departing, in a somewhat pessimistic mood for Europe. In substance he said that the contemporary American artist was out of touch with life, and that his work in consequence lacked vitality. Commenting upon the departing artist's ideas, I said that in part they reminded me "of the late Kenyon Cox." Immediately a saddened reader hurried a "letter to the editor," containing the words "you shouldn't speak of poor Kenyon Cox that way." It was not my intention to imply that the late leader of the reactionaries was in any sense of the word, "poor."

I often disagreed with Mr. Cox, but his sharp letters of protest were always stimulating. A skilful parliamentarian and an astute organization man, Kenyon Cox was also a real fighter. He was the last of the loyal and fearless reactionaries. His knowledge and his gift for lucid writing made even those most apt to disagree with him admit that he occupied his position of academic champion with power and dignity. The present-day groups of reactionaries are weak-spined compared to Kenyon Cox. They are afraid of "modern" art. Timidly they change their lines of defense, accepting and sometimes weakly claiming the

older moderns when these become so famous that they think it unwise to continue to attack them.

Kenyon Cox was never afraid. He was not merely a prejudiced reactionary, but a sincere believer in his own ideas, with just claims to scholarship. To be attacked by him was a pleasure. He was ever alert for battle. When he fell upon the moderns and their advocates, he did not give the impression of an official defending the market for his own club group. His attack was genuine, unlike that of the mealy mouthed academic manufacturer of a saleable brand of landscape who apologetically announces that "he likes modern art when it is 'sane,' and only objects to it when it is 'insane.'"

The truth is, we need another Kenyon Cox, one who is not afraid of being condemned as a reactionary. Things have come to such a pass that the so-called advanced artists are having both a success of esteem and material success. Even good painters, who would like to exhibit, for example, at the National Academy, are afraid to do so lest they should become known as reactionaries, and in at least one case, the terror of being thought conservative has overcome an artist who, recently experimenting with Cubistic painting, is now unwilling to show the results of his experiments for fear someone should say that he is old-fashioned. This gentleman keeps his ear to the ground listening to hear what the latest thing in modernity may be, as if he thought that to be known as a conservative were tantamount to being known as a failure.

When to be "advanced" has become so obligatory that even painters and sculptors, who by nature would like to be timid conservatives, are driven by fear to make advanced gestures; when full-fledged academicians, who formerly condemned Cézanne, now claim that they have admired him ever since they were students in Paris; when writers, who devote their energies to advancing the cause of the National Academy, claim that they are not in the least against modern art; when names like Picasso, Braque and their American followers have become so awe-inspiring that a good sized public is afraid to see wrong in anything that these artists do, when in short, to be advanced is to be fashionable, conditions are no longer as stimulating to the artist as they were when he was compelled to fight for his ideas if he wished to express himself in an unaccepted manner.

The advanced artist certainly has had in the past tragic difficulties to overcome. And yet, now that the academicians of all countries are being routed and prestige and acclaim given to the so-called radical artists, one cannot help wondering whether modern art is not facing its deadliest enemy, namely, the enemy of success.

We have seen that during practically a century, the modern artist fought a hard up-hill fight. How many men were lost in the battle who, under happier circumstances might have fulfilled their promise, will never be known. And whether the fight tended to strengthen the production of the survivors, or to limit their production, is also something we can never know exactly. We do know, however, that even in such dark periods of taste as the 'eighties and the 'nineties, when the attack on modern art was bitterest and most powerful, strong men grew up and survived in spite of everything, and we can argue, from all that we ever learned at Sunday School, that overcoming obstacles tends to develop character.

Most people are forever writing or talking about the genius or the talent of an artist, when as a matter of fact to survive under modern conditions requires on the part of an artist a proportion of iron in his backbone, without which his chances of remaining true to himself are practically hopeless, no matter how much obvious talent he may possess. In a period when an artist with a flair for sophisticated taste can play a few wisely naive tricks of adaptation, and for his efforts be written about and talked about until, while still very young, he begins to feel the joys of fame and the material benefits of success, there is some danger of becoming self-satisfied and soft.

The purpose of this homily is not to glorify the past at the expense of the present.

Yet I wonder whether it might not be a good thing if the present day group of so-called advanced artists had a powerfully installed reactionary like the late Kenyon Cox to measure lances with. In the past there have always been one or two outstanding dominating figures about whom the other artists revolved. A solitary modern artist in days gone by could hardly exist without the encouragement and support of his own minority group. Today, on the other hand, modern art has a majority on its side. The victory is won, and whether as a result or as a coincidence, the successful army seems to have lost its generals. That is perhaps the only natural result. Why have generals when there is no war?

As a matter of fact, there are at least two good reasons why an honest fighting reactionary would be of value at the present time. He would stimulate the modern men by awakening them to renewed efforts, and at the same time bring out into the open the activities and plans of the officials. Wouldn't such a state of affairs tend to create a more vigorous intellectual atmosphere and possibly help to develop leaders who are not called forth by present day conditions?

Half success is so easy for the modern today, at least here in America, that he is lulled into contentment before he has grown strong enough to overcome the greater obstacles that lie between half success and complete achievement. In all branches of art we have dozens of little successes; painters with a little success, sculptors, poets, musicians. If the reactionaries were back in power, and success more difficult, we might have fewer artists who do fairly well and more artists who do very well. At any rate, another Kenyon Cox wouldn't do us any harm.

FORBES WATSON.



DANISH PAVILION
Exhibition of Decorative Arts, Paris

ALCALDE

By ALLEN TUCKER

AN advantage of art is that it is a language that can be universally understood, so that in spite of a short stay in the Southwest I shall write of certain relations of art, past and present, that impressed me and of certain hopes for the future that stirred me.

If it were a matter of understanding the Indians through any other channel than art a long period of study would be required, for they are far removed from us in many ways.

It was at the Fiesta at San Juan; I had been driven over from Alcalde and was sitting in the car talking to my friend Jo, who was leaning against the side. Close by the other side of the car were two Indians talking earnestly to each other. I said to Jo: "Do you speak Indian?" "No." "Do you understand it?" "No." And then while he looked carefully at the conversationalists on the other side of the car, he said thoughtfully as if the conclusion of a deep problem had been reached, "I don't think that they do either." When it comes to white men comprehending the Indian many get no further than Jo.

The country itself is wide and high, filled with wonder, conveying a sense of fierceness and power, making one feel the terror and mystery of life and death. Here for long years men have lived and art has been produced and one is almost tempted to think that maybe the landscape has made the art, as is the mistaken theory.

First there were the cliff dwellers, about whom little is known except that there were many thousands of them, that they disappeared, no one knows just when or how, and that all that has been found among the ruins are pieces of pottery, some pictographs, and a few tools. The pottery is developed in form and design, made by real people.

The Indians who were living in the pueblos when the Spaniards came are supposed to be the descendants of the cliff dwellers, and they have gone on living in these same villages ever since, cultivating the ground and making art.

It was years before the Pilgrim had been unpleasantly born when the Spaniard came. He took possession, but destroyed neither the

art nor the religion, rather grafted his own art and religion into the art and religion of the Indian, so that a widening resulted, a real fusion took place.

The Spaniard brought his art with him from Spain and here it became indigenous; the country suited him and his art. He did not force his expression, but took the material and the constructive methods he found in use, and without strain, without effort, he built the admirable churches and houses that still exist as evidence of his taste and colonizing capacity. This direct attitude, this straightforward unconscious production of art continues.

The churches have great quality. They have the sense of wideness, of calmness that comes of balance. They are restrained and strong. On entering one gets the feeling of being able to breathe more fully, of having one's life expanded, which is the result of fine spatial proportions. The churches are original in their planning and lighting and admirable in detail. The Spaniards' natural understanding of contrast is seen in the light and shade arrangement, in the long unbroken walls of the interiors, at the apse, flowering into the highly colored reredos.

Many of the houses are good, carrying the same virtues of which the churches are more conspicuous examples. The Governor's Palace in Santa Fe has enduring simplicity.

The reredoses and santos are most impressive, full of devotion expressed in terms of art. The lack of any regard for anatomy might upset the pedantic; on the other hand, some may think on seeing these pictures that perhaps this knowledge of natural fact of which we make so much may be one of the things that makes a good deal of our production nearly worthless. Here in these pictures, so crude from one point of view, so admirable in color, so sensitive in real design, is produced out of the fire of true devotion, decoration that is not too frequent in the world. It is interesting to think of these decorations in connection with the wonderful chapel from old Spain, painted about 1100, that is now in the Boston Museum.

These churches have been casually photographed, but some of the architectural so-

cieties or schools should send at once and have them measured and drawn, so that complete and accurate records may be kept and made available. It is a pity not to conserve, as far as may be possible, some of the most important remains we have. The churches are in the hands of individual priests or sometimes lay owners, who do not or sometimes cannot give them the care they should have.

The people of New Mexico are alive to the importance of these churches and houses and do all that they can. They should be aided by a museum or society which could co-operate in recording and preserving these valuable buildings.

The Spanish art derived from old Spain became in the Southwest indigenous and all through Mexico and into what is now our property exists as an individual art, of course showing its origin, but a real product filled with life and purpose of its own.

The Indian, who does not change, has gone on as always. He learnt certain things from the Spaniard, so that it is sometimes difficult to tell just what is the contribution of each race. The blankets made by the Navajo were derived from Mexico in method and in part also in design. The silver work was originated by the Spaniard, the baskets and the pottery are entirely Indian. In his architecture the Indian seemingly is unaffected, living as he has always lived, teaching the Spaniard more than the Spaniard taught him. The Indian says that white men change, continually, but that the Indian does not.

It is these valuable unchanging traits that as examples are important to us. The Indian has a social solidarity, a reliance on a living tradition, a strong vital religion, not only individual belief, but a corporate attitude toward divine things, and with no apparent effort he makes art. The art too is corporate. It is not, as with us, the product of a small professional class, but comes forth from the tribe, is cherished by the tribe as is the social relation and the religion.

A great deal of the art is actually made by the women, rather disposing of the idea that women are not as capable as men, for the houses and the pottery are made by them, and they do not have a women's art club to prove that they are artists.

The influence of the tourist is bad of

course, compelling toward inferior earthenware and jewelry. The cheap wool and fugitive mineral dyes are hurting the blankets, until now the good collectors say there are no blankets of value being made. Nevertheless art does live, for when you see one of those large black vases, made today by the women of Santa Clara, you recognize in the majesty of the line and in the amplitude and splendor of the form, evidence of an art capacity equal to the great periods.

The dances have been so much written about, their impressiveness and high quality have been so carefully described that I will only add my voice in the desire that a Government, stupid and cruel, will not interfere with them. I am under the impression that religious freedom is guaranteed by the Constitution, and it seems a pity if narrow bigotry is allowed to disturb these wards of the nation in their expression of their faith, just because they are poor and helpless.

Finding in the Southwest this reservoir of art past and present, architecture, pottery, silver work, bead work, blankets, painting, costume, art expressing itself in all directions and all to a greater or lesser extent filled with the breath of life, it behooves us to preserve what is left and for ourselves to learn from it all that we can.

Here on the Eastern seaboard there was only a rudimentary Indian art. When the European came he brought his tradition with him and subsequently developed that tradition into a national American product which grew until it was cut off, stopped, when the country became a prey to the machine.

Our art today is somewhat selfconscious and artificial, therefore, finding in the Southwest this stream of unconscious "unpremeditated art" is important to our development.

The American now is in complete possession. What will he do with this long and fine heritage of art and civilization, which are after all synonymous terms? What will he do to protect it and what will he get out of it for his own lasting benefit?

The American has been one of the most destructive animals ever known. A few British settled along the eastern coast from Massachusetts to South Carolina. In about two hundred years this handful of people, differing from each other in nearly everything except the desire to destroy, has annihilated

the wild animals on the continent, cut down nearly all the trees, has killed or imprisoned all the Indians, has driven out the French, Dutch, Spanish and the English and has imposed a standardized mechanical rule on the country destroying its own heritage of art.

Now we begin to feel the necessity of art and we have really a wide movement toward creative production that is evinced in poetry, architecture, sculpture and painting as well as in all the activities among the decorative arts.

We have found this deposit of art in the Southwest and have recognized its intrinsic as well as its monetary value.

Nowhere else do taxi drivers point out with pride the dwellings of painters. Nowhere else is art of conscious value in the eyes of the community.

Tourists go in numbers to see the dances, they buy the jewelry, the pottery, the blankets, and attracted by the "atmosphere," painters have gone out there to stay and some to settle. Some of these men are first rate, some are attitudinisers.

Taos is not entirely encouraging. The Mexican village about its fine church is neat and clean as all Mexican villages are in New Mexico. The Indian pueblo, also clean and full of interest, seemingly the original of the present building in New York. The artist village gives an unfortunate impression of being slovenly, with many of the houses pretentious, artificial, and vulgar. It lacks entirely the dignity and reality of the other two villages. Pretended art is not a pleasant thing. It is a pity that the real men are often followed by the unreal, and they in turn are followed by some of the backwash from the coasts of Bohemia.

These things are difficult to prevent. We are moving, growing and must needs be uneven. We have people cultivated on one side, uncultivated on another, highly developed in one direction and as undeveloped as babies in another. Wide knowledge and great ignorance go hand in hand. It is distressing to hear, as I did, an author speaking with so uncouth a sound, so illiterate a noise, that never again can I read the books of the author with pleasure. This lack of a complete culture is everywhere noticeable in this country. Many people are unaware that culture is both old and deep and that by talent alone one cannot leap high among the stars.

The Indian, incapable materially and mechanically, has nevertheless that understanding that culture, his culture, is both old and wide, and it is that knowledge, that attitude, that we would do well to absorb.

This does not mean copying the jewelry nor building silly Spanish houses on Long Island, rather it means acting toward our own culture as the Indian does toward his.

Professor Jung has pointed out that men are affected permanently by influences other than biological heredity and when he was in this country remarked the influence, which had already been noticed by many people, of the Indian upon us. The solemnity of appearance of our troops which surprised the English, their style of fighting which dismayed the Boche, the way we carry on feuds, our desire to dress up in colors and feathers, Masons, Elks, and Ku Klux, the recent architecture are instances, as well as the general change in the appearance of the American which gives him a national look quite different from his forebears in Europe. At any rate, these supposed Mongols have always affected our imaginations and it is important that we should be influenced if possible by their good traits and not by their bad ones.

Our art at present is often conscious, personal. The art of the Southwest is unconscious, impersonal. It is an art come out of deep emotion, out of the necessity to express ideas. It is communal, not individual, and emerges from the general group consciousness, out of the tribal tradition, out of a universal attitude toward God and life.

If our people can inspire, breathe in, some of the reality behind this art, can stop being arty, stop being artificial, and create only out of a belief in and love for something outside themselves; can learn that spiritual force is the only force out of which comes art or anything else of value, our art cannot fail to be rounded out and raised to a higher plane.

Art is a means of expressing ideas and if the ideas are small and unimportant, the art will be the same. With our mixture of population it is important for us to learn from the Southwest the necessity of tradition and to cling fast to the traditions on which the country was founded. If we do so hold to our past and keep alive in the present we may be sure that the art we produce will have weight and value.



POTTERY HEAD
Oaxaca, Mexico

ZAPOTEC

A MEXICAN RENASCENCE

By ANITA BRENNER

I

THE first Mexican artists, like the first American artists, were Indians. Several different cultures have left in Mexico several different heritages. There were the Mayas of Yucatan, who seem to have been a people of Oriental, possibly Semitic, origin, and of historic and scientific mind. They evolved numeric systems, and other sciences, the value of which cannot as yet be gauged because the carved hieroglyphics that record them are in great part unread.

They covered whole temples and monuments, in Chichen Itzá, Uxmal, Palenque, with symbolic inscription. These structures are admirable architecturally. In proportion, disposition and adaptation to purpose, they

speak a master hand. The decoration is of superior workmanship, and is kept in unity with the building. But it is nearly always decoration superimposed for the sake of meaning, and while it may be of primary importance as history, literature or poetry, it is of secondary importance as sculpture. Unlike the smaller, and, it is thought, earlier idols and pottery of the Mayas, it points not so much to a master hand as to a master mind.

In the valley of Mexico, where Mexico City now stands, grew the Aztec or *Mexica* empire that came to rule nearly all the other tribes. From their kinsmen and predecessors, the Toltecs, who, like the Mayas and practically all the early peoples of Mexico, have been traced to Asia, the Aztecs inherited a culture that served as a base for that which

they themselves developed. "Toltec" is the name given to a people recognized as a part of the general wave of migratory Nahua tribes, to which the Aztecs also belonged. The Toltecs are only vaguely identified as a nation, or civilization, earlier than that of the Aztecs, dated problematically somewhere around 700 A. D. They are sometimes given a Chinese origin. The seat of the Toltecs was the city of Teotihuacan, where they have left two pyramids and a number of temples and great altars.

Traces of art identified as Chinese have been found there, such as certain carved symbols in the Temple of the Moon, the interpretable Aztec meaning of which corresponds to the Chinese; such as amulets of undoubted Chinese affiliation. And deep underneath the so-called Toltec proper, and Chinese cultures, have been found traces of Negro art, akin to certain undoubtedly Negro masks and figures found in several different parts of Mexico, especially along the southeast and southwest coasts, and identified as far older than the things of Nahua origin.

But whatever the origin, the results, epitomized in the Toltec pyramids of the Sun and the Moon, are magnificent. These monuments rise steadily, massively, dominating the landscape and the people who live in their shadows. They suggest, not the enigma of the

unsolved, like the Maya monuments, but the enigma of the unsolvable.

With a base of power it is no wonder that the Aztec sculptors developed an art of power. That the Aztec painters complemented them can be supposed, but not ascertained, because their work is erased. The only Aztec painting known is not really painting, but picture-writing, contained in hieroglyphic manuscripts. The colors in these pictures are flat and clear, the drawing is delicate, reminiscent in execution of Japan, and in conception of Egypt.

The Aztecs were a people whose every move pivoted on religion, on a religion of blood and fear. Their art did not exist to serve religious purposes, like that of the Mayas, but was, is, the religion itself. Idols or heavy, grey, volcanic rock lift themselves austerely, enormously, with architectural simplicity and coherence even when they incorporate a mass of grotesque symbolic detail. Every building, every figure, is a symbol, and a symbol pregnant with reality; alive and still, with sweep and rhythm of menacing beauty. It is their adoration with its body in rock; a rock exacting prayer and hymn from the heart that created it, and exacting the very heart itself.

Links between Maya and Aztec were the Zapotec and Totonacan kingdoms, each of



POTTERY

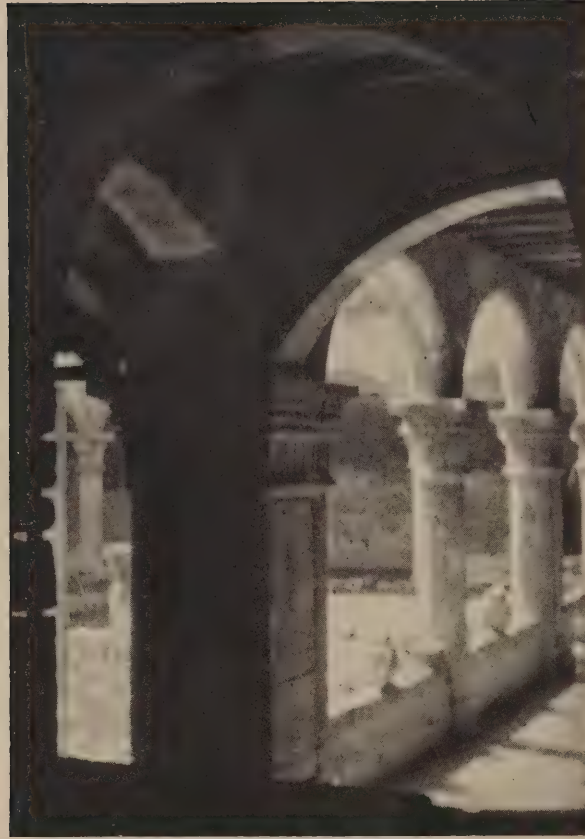
Courtesy Heye Museum, New York



TOLTEC PYRAMID OF THE SUN

Photo Edward Weston

PRE-HISPANIC (about 500 A.D.)



SAN AUGUSTIN MONASTERY
Early Colonial Mexican Architecture

which in its art demonstrates both Maya and Aztec influences. The Zapotec monuments are patterned much after the Maya, but without their intricate symbolism. The Zapotec pottery and small idols, modelled characteristically of black, shining clay, speak of a sense for form rather than of a striving for meaning. The Totonacans worked in volcanic rock, like the Aztecs, but with a lighter grace; and also in reddish clay, of which they formed small idols and realistic figures. The famous Totonacan Laughing Head, while it might be the head of an idol, and is indeed a grim head, is yet also a head that grins in a very human way.

Realists *par excellence*, however, were the Tarascans. They were a people who lived on the edge of Lake Pátzcuaro and spoke a rippling sort of tongue. Their gods did not demand human hearts. The Tarascan myths are filled with humming-birds and light breezes, with poetry of a Celtic wistfulness. They made silver filigree, and bowls of

gourds lacquered with birds and flowers. Their sculpture is of baked clay, of a light red or rich maroon. Even when the figure is a god, it is a god of human aspect, while the human figures have the humor of primitive, deistic fullness.

Maya, Aztec, Zapotec, Totonacan, Tarascan—all these peoples, or the remainders of them, still exist, forming over three-fourths of the population of Mexico. However, they no longer build temples nor carve monoliths. They are still artists, but their work, while beautiful, is, like themselves, generally far below the pre-Hispanic standard. This is not their fault.

The Indian heritage in art, however, implies the pre-Hispanic legacy. The Indian heritage in art implies the qualities of significant proportion and form, the fields of sculpture and architecture, the intellectual medium of symbolism, and the generating emotion of religion. It is a heritage characterized and pedestalled by a Mexican patriot:



AZTEC IDOL
Courtesy National Museum of Mexico



FRONT VIEW OF FIGURES IN BAKED CLAY
(See page opposite)



PRIMITIVE PRE-HISPANIC
From the Jean Charlot Collection

TARASCAN SCULPTURE

"A monument to the past, and a promise of the future."

II

The Spanish conquerors were neither archæologists nor magnanimous art critics. Hence, they destroyed as much as they could of what they found. Idols were broken and buried by thousands, temples were defaced and sometimes transformed into churches or forcibly abandoned. The current of native tradition was abruptly dammed.

The capacity for religion of the natives, and in great part the pagan religion itself, was transfused into the supplanted religion of the conquerors. And, because with them also art was wedded to religion, the transfusion found plastic form. The early Franciscan churches and monasteries, built of Mexican material, by Mexican workers, in a Mexican setting, are a singular illustration of un-Spanish Christianity. They are of the grey, porous *tepetate*, which is volcanic rock. They have the squat, massive outline of *teocallis*, Aztec god-houses, and this in spite of European plan.

The decoration, because the Indian artists passed only a cursory censorship, is often of frank, pagan symbolism. A chapel in Tezcotzingo, formerly the baths of an Aztec poet king, Netzahualcoyotl, features over the entrance and altar the Aztec *nahui olin*, symbol of the four movements of the universe, the four pre-historic suns. Holy water

fountains were often improvised from the feathered snakes of rock properly of Quetzalcoatl, the wind god. The church of San Agustín, Acolman, near Mexico City, has the stark, heavy simplicity of wall characteristic of early colonial Mexican architecture. It also has much Indian detail: a frieze of plates of food and fruit over the entrance; in the interior decoration, animals, both native and those symbolic in Catholicism, which were also taken as gods.

The ability of the Indians in painting was quickly discovered, according to Fray Gerónimo Mendieta, one of the early missionaries. He states that in copying and reproducing holy images their aptitude proved amazing. But the images that Indians painted and carved, bear deliberate resemblance to their gods, in color at least. A grotesque saint is always a revered saint, for the reason, the Indians say, "that an Indian saint will pay more attention to Indian prayers than a white saint."

European culture, however, quickly eliminated from "official" art, identifiable Indian manner as well as Indian matter. Spanish architecture, sculpture and painting ran the gamut of its history in Mexico, and, modified within its environment and material, produced some poignantly lovely things. The deep red-rose *tezontle*, a very soft native tile, was used for walls and floors in churches and senorial dwellings, and with time it has assumed a texture of velvet softness to the eye.



LA MERCED CONVENT
Late Colonial MEXICO CITY



COLONIAL PAINTING

Courtesy National Museum of Mexico, Mexico City

POST-HISPANIC



SNAKES

AZTEC SCULPTURE

Courtesy National Museum of Mexico

Mosaics proved an effective and distinctive medium, as it testified in many houses of nobles, among them the famous "House of Tiles," where the tiles are not decoration but actual architectural construction. In the cupolas of churches, mosaic was used to exciting advantage. The cupola of the chapel of the *Virgen de Guadalupe*, near Mexico City, is a jewel of blue and yellow. In the city called Puebla of the Angels, hundreds of brilliantly glazed mosaic cupolas upon hundreds of churches, when the sun strikes them through the faint, drowsy haze that hangs in Puebla atmosphere, gleam royal blue, crimson, sulphur yellow, enamelled green, and dart arrows of light.

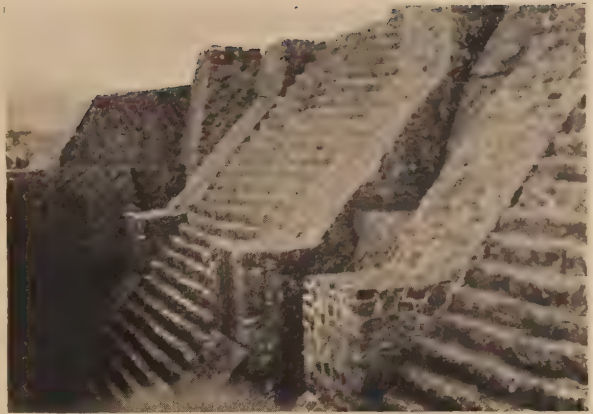
In the churches, also, plateresque, baroque and churrigueresque styles found full expression. The façade of the cathedral of Mexico City is but one example in many, of the unity and real beauty reached with a method of super-complex motif and super-abundant formulation. The façade, doors and interior of the convent of Tepozotlan, near Mexico City, is probably one of the best examples of churrigueresque perfection. Of

plateresque admirably used is the church of La Valenciana in the city of Guanajuato, whose richness is well accounted for by the legend that the mortar of its walls was mixed with malaga wine, and the bricks tempered with ground silver.

The San Carlos Academy of Art, in Mexico City, was founded in vice-regal days. Then was rooted the tradition of European painting in Mexico. The work produced in San Carlos won approbation in Spain, and while that establishes its quality, the very fact that it was not exotic to Europeans almost identifies it with European art. Both painting and sculpture were seldom secular in character, and indeed the Inquisition punished severely an artist who declared he preferred to paint charming women to tender madonnas. The only notable exception is the equestrian statue of Charles IV, by Tolsa. This statue, ranked as one of the finest in the world, has also a legend: at the casting of it, into the mold at a moment of dangerous flux, many ladies of fashion flung bracelets, pendants and rings to mark with diamonds their appreciation of an artist's bronze.

The break with Spain in 1806, the break of church and state in 1857, resulted in stagnation upon an art intimate with both. Under the Emperor Maximilian, imposed by Napoleon in 1864, Mexico City was remodelled upon Paris and Versailles. Parks, houses, clothes, food, jewelry, in everything was attempted as close a duplication of *la vie parisienne* as possible. Money and a taste developed in France made the transformation possible. Revolution against Maximilian, the rebirth of the Mexican Republic, radical social and political reforms, and personal counter-rebellions, kept Mexico in a turmoil that did not stimulate artistic creation, until 1876, when Porfirio Diaz established his dictatorship.

Under Diaz came prosperity, peace and material progress. Substantial and not unimposing building was encouraged — theatres, postoffices, jails. Under Diaz the landowner grew to feudal state and the landworker dropped below the status of a serf. The French tradition was continued. French art of a very second-rate quality, was fashionable and supreme. Art for the people who bought it was a florescent sort of sentimental realism. The academy copied Greek casts slavishly, and reproduced Velazquez. Independent artists lost themselves in the perversities of a



GOD HOUSE

AZTEC RUINS

decoration fitted to book-illumination and elegant salon requirements. Clodion was popularized to nausea. Disdain for Indian popular and inherited art was paralleled in contempt for the Indian himself. The National Theatre of Mexico, lavish of marble and gilt, begun in this period, is an unfinished building, but an adequate monument—and a gravestone—to the spirit of the rich man of the time.

The Spaniard brought to Mexican art his own legacy of European culture. The whole weight of the Renaissance came behind him. He brought untold wealth of idea, material, method, to architecture. He did not bring mere contribution to painting, but practically the art itself. It is impossible to enumerate in detail the things his hands touched. He destroyed, but he also created. His importance lies in this fact. For because of it, post-Hispanic art, as well as pre-Hispanic, is a part of the Mexican heritage.

III

A political and social revolution did away with the rich man of Diaz's days. The peasant cry for land, liberty and schools forced a new outlook upon Mexico. This cry was recognized as the guide-post to the road that must be followed. The reversal of values found its corresponding plastic expression. A fury of school building set in. It was within this movement that the suddenly formed "Syndicate of Painters" began to work; it was within this movement that Best-Maugard formulated and set in practice his system of teaching and fostering creative art in the schools.



POTTERY

Courtesy Heye Museum, New York



GOD OF THE SUN

AZTEC

The Syndicate of Painters, a group headed by Diego Rivera, of Mexican nationality, European training and cubist fame, proved as ruthless in its rejections and as definite in its demands as the bad man of agrarian publicity who killed and burned until he got his land.

These painters turned to the Indian, first for matter and then also for manner. Nationalism straddles rampant upon their energetic brushes. They reveal a physical sense of the beauty of strong native things, an appreciation of those things as passionate as their revulsion from imposed foreign art and its imposters. They paint peasants and fields, miners, smelting tanks, weavers, brick-masons, potters. They paint the labor of hands and bodies, as if they themselves had been sweated and bent in the unpretty toil they picture.

They record the romantic and picturesque

"bandit" of the revolution as a lean, hungry, silent Indian riding unceasingly through the mountains. Indians burning churches and Indians dancing to a Christ; women and rock gods and sharp, sexual plants, tortured sweeps of cliff and valley flare out upon the walls of the patio courts in the Secretariat of Education, Mexico City. History, tradition, life—Mexico and Mexicans as they conceive it, not the red flame of romantic passion, but the blue, still fire of pain.

Just as the creating emotion of the pre-conquest natives welled from adoration of the gods; just as the Italian painters worked from within the wonder and humility of their faith; so the Mexican revolutionist artists give themselves into a new religion of people. It is a religion that is not communism, although most of the painters call themselves communists; nor yet socialism, nor syndicalism, but Mexicanism. A nation of the people,

of the worker, of the peasant—this is the idea, but it is an idea fired into passion. The peasant, the real Mexican, is for them not a man, nor yet an intellectual concept, nor a doctrine, but emotionally a religion. If Fra Angelica when he painted Christ did so upon his knees, Rivera paints the rebel Zapata with a pistol in his own belt.

The emotion of religion, with its object the people in a wanted order of things, found its intellectual vehicle in symbol, a process exactly analogous to that of the first Mexican artists, the Indian idol-worshippers. The early frescoes in the National Preparatory School are of complex symbolism, especially Rivera's stage background representation of creation, man and woman under the zodiac with the embodied primal and material impulses, and the higher impulses of spirit.

In the later work at the Secretariat of Education and the School of Agriculture, the symbolism loses much of its metaphysics, and is often of direct, almost crude, simplicity. An embrace of peasant and worker; the suggestion of crucifixion in the body of the miner about to descend the shaft; the wound over the heart of Felipe Carrillo Puerto, shot by betrayal in Yucatan, and of Emiliano Zapata, a martyr in Morelos; two brown hands gripping the hilt of a sword; these are ideas in the Rivera frescoes intelligible to the clumsiest imagination. So also is the irony in the drawing by Siqueiros, an armed peasant shot by soldiers of authority, with the caption "Disarming Agrarians"; and so also is the antithesis of Charlot's conception of bourgeois woman and child and Indian woman and child.

They are ideas barbarously impolite. Bureaucracy condemned without compromise; plutocracy attacked with vigor, and an occasional thrust of acrid malice. Ideas set forth unmercifully, unsentimentally, with slicing, sculptural clearness. The barrier between art for art's sake and art for propaganda's sake, to him who judges the work objectively and not as the work of certain men of defined spirit, seems surely to have been hurdled when inscriptions like a poem of Gutierrez Cruz, the overall poet, appear incorporated in the paintings:

"Comrade miner,
Bowed by the weight of the earth,

When your hands take out the metals
Fashion them into daggers.
And then you will see
That all the metals are for you."

Symbolism in detail, mystic and sociological, is but a part of the strong symbolic attitude of the entire work. For even when the scenes represented are pictures of reality, the very fact that those particular scenes of that particular reality have been chosen, fits into an interpretation of that choice as motivated by a sense of prophecy, a sense which in all the painters knit together diverse themes and methods into one single idealogical whole. If it is peasant men and women who are painted, engaged in peasant labor and craft, the implication is that these men and women represent the essential, these crafts the potential nation.

IV

The painters of the Mexican Syndicate call themselves revolutionists, revolutionists not only of social concepts, not only in idea, in subject of their work, and in the interpretable spirit of it, but also in the manner of the work itself. When they first began painting, they set themselves definitely apart from the two other schools then in Mexico. One was the remainder of the old academy of Diaz days, which was still reproducing Velazquez and copying Greek casts. The other was a school of impressionists who had formalized their work into academic rigidity.

One or two very young and very daring artists were attempting to depart from the dignities of a good copyist and the status of a good chemist, but they had no definite road to follow. Rivera, fresh from Paris and Picasso, gave them the leadership they needed. Impatient of academic dogma, intolerant of habit-educated criterion, the Rivera school learned to break limitations and take its elements where it found them.

The nature of their first problems, in the painting of large frescos, forced the Rivera followers to start from an entirely different plane. Canvas was abandoned for wall, and began a productive and stimulating movement. From Rivera they learned first the volume and architectural composition required by mural painting, qualities which have strongly influenced and often changed completely the individual work on canvas.

paper and wood. When they turned to Europe for instruction, they found it in men like Giotto, Ucello, Massaccio, and other figures of the past.

Because of their position as innovators, and because of the kind of work they were doing, they found the deepest sympathy in the primitives. One observer accuses them of imitating this work. It is true that their murals recall very strongly the murals of the early Italians. Manuel Martínez Pintao sculptures with an execution and conception which might well be linked with Renaissance Italy. The connection, in his case as with the painters, is one of analogy, not of identity.

Many of the members of the Mexican Syndicate have studied in Italy and Spain, but they have also worked in Paris. They look for instruction to European mediæval art. Yet their own work is not primitive or mediæval, but modern. Rivera stands bulwarked by many years of European training.

The work of the Mexican painters stands parallel in technique to the most advanced art of today. It is parallel, but not identical. If the technique is in great part European, the result is not imported art, for it grows within the very body of Mexican tradition. José Clemente Orozco, who has never been in Europe, might be mistaken, especially in his drawing, for an apostle of contemporary France. Carlos Mérida, who preceded Rivera back to Mexico, was the first to bring the lessons of the modern French. But he was also the first to turn to the flat values, particularly flat color values, to be found in the Indian painting of popular art.

The similarity, and yet the difference, between the modern French school and the modern Mexican school, is well illustrated by the case of Jean Charlot. He joined the Rivera school at the beginning of the mural art movement. An artist, and a native of Paris, it is to be expected that he had with chisel and brush passed into each stage of the development of modern French art. At that time he was working very much under the thumb of Cézanne. He was also experimenting with deliberate disproportion of line, with the expressionism of hard color. Today, he is merged completely into the Mexican school. His work has changed. It has the architectural simplicity of line, the tangible sculpture of form, chiefly characteristic of the Mexican school.

The composition of Rivera, which has stamped him unquestionably as a master, is Rivera, not Giotto or Massaccio. The line of Siqueiros is Siqueiros, not Cézanne or Picasso. If the reminiscence of Cézanne, Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec, Braque, Matisse, is to be found in the Mexican artist, it is because the elements of the European are revived in the Mexican. That he has been taught by the European is undeniable. That he incorporates, and does not imitate, is equally so. And the Mexican is not less a Mexican because he finds kinship in the European.

The Painters of the Mexican Syndicate reveal the influence of Europe, and they reveal also the influence of Mexico. They go deliberately to native art both for inspiration and instruction. Their ideas are not derived from this source, because the pivot is another,



TRIPOD JAR

TARASCAN



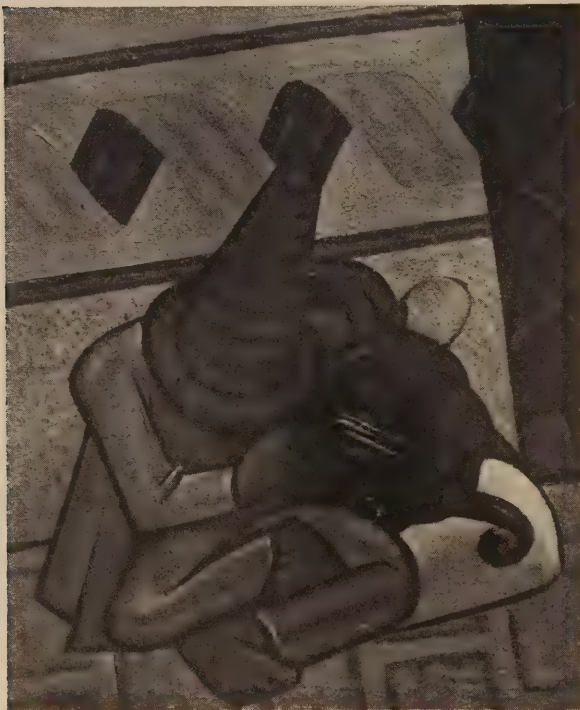
DECORATION
Secretariat of Education, Mexico City

DIEGO RIVERA

but some of the plastic means of expressing these ideas are. They have their own primitives in Tarascan and early Totonacan, they have their own mediævals in Aztec and Maya. They have moderns in popular artists.

It is not inconceivable that Rivera has learned a lesson or two from the architectural disposition of his predecessors. It is certain that squareness in squatting figures, unrealistic, yet dynamic and not static, stillness of bodies, unelaborated outline, and certain details, such as the eye in profile as it appears in front view, sweep and massiveness of form, are qualities of the modern work found in pre-Hispanic sculpture. The effort to reproduce, within modern spirit and modern method, the proportion in native Mexican art I have seen when Charlot painted an Indian woman amalgamating her with a Tarascan female idol.

As for the native moderns, there are the popular painters, innocent of theoretical axe to grind. Their work is masterly in the *ex-votos* which are representations of a miracle granted to a believer by some powerful saint or madonna. They are hung in the sanctuary of the holy agent of the miracle. They are



MENDIANT JEAN CHARLOT



L'EPOUILLEUSE JEAN CHARLOT

generally small squares of metal or canvas, realistic in conception but not in execution. The purpose is to show gratitude. Subject, saint, conception, may vary, but the idea and the motive is always the same. There is a sick man who prayed to the *Virgen de los Remedios* and recovered, a prisoner condemned to be shot and saved at the last moment by an appeal to the *Virgen de la Soledad*, a woman about to be run over by a train or a "taxi" and rescued by her call to the *Virgen de Guadalupe*, or a child attacked by a bull and protected by Saint Anthony or Our Lord of Chalma. Under the picture or within it there is an explanation, such as: "Jose Maria Jimenez, finding himself prisoner in the penitentiary, due to calumny, invoked Our Lady of *Soledad* of the Holy Cross, and as an act of thanks dedicates this." Our Lady of Solitude, patroness of the unfortunate — thieves, criminals, prostitutes, and the very poor—a Lady of sympathetic personality, has been famous both for the quality and the quantity of the *ex-votos* hung in her chapel, in Mexico City.

Whether the Indian painters of these pictures, of considerable number but of unknown name, received the idea of three-dimensional painting from the Spaniards or whether this



FRESCO DETAIL DIEGO RIVERA
Secretariat of Education



INDIAN WOMAN GRINDING MAIZE

J.C.

JEAN CHARLOT



JEAN CHARLOT.

INDIAN MOTHER AND CHILD



BOURGEOIS MOTHER AND CHILD



EMBRACE OF PEASANT AND WORKER
Secretariat of Education, Mexico City

DIEGO RIVERA

is direct Indian tradition, I do not know. It is certain, however, that, while the Indian painters copy well and exactly the only European painting they are likely to have seen, which is in the churches, the *ex-votos* are not at all like other work.

As both native and modern, the painter of the *ex-voto* has received the attention of the Syndicate painters. Rivera says of the *ex-votos*, in an article transcribed by Dr. Atl within his work on Mexican Popular Art:

"The most unexpected analogies are suggested in our spirit. The masters of the fourteenth century and the beginning of the fifteenth, Henri Rousseau and to a certain extent the Orient, and the frescoes of Chichen-Itzá. . . ." Of the painting of a street-car accident he says: "Observation, free of academic stupidity, is seen in the volume of the street-car, which, veering rapidly upon a curve, is modified, and follows the movement of the curve. And the objects which are behind, walls, the signboard of a store, sink into the same sensation and following the rhythm become curved, while another parallel signboard, to accentuate and make the contrast maximum, is straight, delineated in the most precise manner possible. The position of the victim of the accident, and of the implorer, translate plastically the act and the state of being, not descriptively but dynamically: the experience of professional and the conclusions of scientists are here corroborated in the production of a naive and free spirit, motivated by profound and direct impulse. . . ."

Of the painting of a train-attack he says:

"I would shout it a masterpiece, were it not that popular painting lies beyond the masterpiece . . ." and continues of this same picture:

"All the characteristics of great mural compositions are found in these few centimetres of canvas the perfection of craft in the little heads of the figures, which measure a scarce few centimetres, is incredible. . . ." He concludes:

"In reality, this is, above all, what is called the complete and natural work of art, purity, faith in the reality of the marvellous, love, and lack of desire for material gain, teach everything; including, the aid of expression that is completely abstract, of the "pure painting" of the moderns, like in that marvel

that is a sick man in a room of brick. With these impulses everything is achieved, including symphony of color, gyratory volume, aerial clarity, realized form, living in a transparent medium—like in that *ex-voto* of a sick mother, which recalls directly the old Renoir."

The illustrators of popular ballads, also chiefly anonymous, have created an art beautiful and complete in itself. These illustrations are wood-cuts or etchings, and are reproduced upon the cheap, highly colored broadsides familiar through all of Mexico; and through modern Mexico, made famous by the ballad-house of Vanegas Arroyo. The subjects are historic, journalistic, romantic, religious, super-natural, grotesque. The representations are genial, naive, and sometimes ironic, sometimes sentimental. Both poet and artist treat their subjects with a charming, detached equanimity. As tranquilly do they record the woman who poured melted lead into the ear of her sleeping husband, the warrior who conquered fifty antagonists simultaneously, the girl kidnapped by a monkey, the maiden who sorrowed for her lover and died when the owl sent forth its cry.



LUZ ASSISE

JEAN CHARLOT

"Guadalupe Posadas," says Charlot of a ballad artist who reared himself into individual fame among the *cognoscenti*, who are the people, in the Syndicate sense of the word, "produced things of first class quality, especially toward the last. While he is a caricaturist, like Daumier when serious he realized in his work the deepest tragedy." The late Guadalupe Posadas worked all his life for the house of Vanegas Arroyo, in a little shop near the San Carlos Academy of Art. As a protest against the academism of the time he kept in a showcase a reproduction of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment."

Not only the creator of the *ex-voto*, and of the ballad illustration, but the anonymous futurist, romanticist, and realist or cubist decorators of *pulquerias* (drinking-shops); the creator of a beautifully articulated mask, of a clay toy, of a frieze of flowers and fruit on a piece of furniture, of a peasant statuette, of an exactly delineated lacquer plate, of animals and flowers blending over the surface of a water-bottle, of a dancer costume, in which the deformation of human proportion is characteristic—all these offer an infinity of plastic data, to be had for the stroll in any marketplace.

It is in color that the painting of the modern Rivera school shows least a European influence. Even the physical composition of it is sometimes native, such as a certain green that is made from cactus leaves. The work of Orozco, whose European instruction can be said to have been photographic, is in unity with the color of the others. It is not accident, however, that determines Orozco's comparative disregard of European color. For

he might have found in Rousseau the reflection of his own Mexican landscape, a reflection which he, like the others, has made directly.

The grey and deepening grey and deeper grey which are often the only tones in a composition, make that composition a re-formation of the body of Mexican scene, which is precisely grey and deepening grey and deeper grey—sad, sorrowful, tragic. The earth-metallic greens are not the same but are also the transposition of the greens in distant cacti, which look like great-armed gods from whose core sprang men, Indians who in form and spirit testify that kinship. The blues and purples loom like the mountains that have inspired in native religion a response of fear. The sudden, vivid, strident crimson, vermilion, orange, pulsing and glowing in unity from floor to ceiling in three tiers of corridors around the patios of an entire building, is but an optical echo of Mexican scene and Mexican spirit, paradoxical yet consistent; neuter body slashed with unbearable, elemental, mother-pure pigment.

Mexican theme, Mexican conception, Mexican subject, vitalized by passionately Mexican spirit—these have resulted in an art that surely is indigenous, if any ever was. From Europe it has received the instruction of masters of the Early Renaissance, especially the aid masters of fresco can give to men working with the same elements; lessons in composition, perspective, disposition. From Europe also, the experience of each modern successive school; lessons of the re-discovered possibilities of line and volume, *per se*; of the chemical and optical properties



ILLUSTRATION FOR POPULAR
BALLAD, THE CRIME

in color; of the achieved proportion in disproportion, of the motion and emotion possible with all these. From Mexico, the same lessons taught by unconscious and unknown masters. If for the painters of the Syndicate, the very act of painting in itself could be called primarily European traditions, if in technique this painting has had Europe for a teacher, still it is impossible to tell, and irrelevant, just where Mexican or European ends and universal begins.

V

Cultured Mexico and its academic oracles from the beginning has laughed at Rivera and his "monigotes," a term to be translated by an image of a large rag-doll cartoon.

"There is no proportion to the things!" said the academicians. "It is because these moderns cannot master anatomy, that they substitute theory for ability."

"The women are hideous," shriek the clerks and the storekeepers, and also the pupils of the academicians, whose attack has not always been in words. "Such ridiculous feet—you can't see all the toes!"

"Who wants to paint a stupid *peon*," said the former feudal lords, shuddering at this deifying of the *vulgo*, as at the doctrines which inspire it. "Who commits the impiety of portraying an ugly idol! They have bad taste."

Only the Indians do not voice an opinion, but whenever they look at the things they do not seem to be outraged by anything in them or of them.

The reaction of the Syndicate to these attacks delineates the attitude of its members as artists, as men and as revolutionists. That the academy is not pleased by the production of a school hostile to the academy, the members of that school have regarded as a favorable indication. This in view of historical precedent of other things attacked proving of value real and ultimate in proportion to the intensity of the attack. Neither bitterness nor apology is found in the remark of Rivera: "They say it is ugly; but I think it is beautiful."

That stenographers, clerks, storekeepers and other members of that class the Syndicate alienates as "bourgeois," are not pleased by the subjects the Syndicate has chosen, is of no concern to the members of the Syndicate,

because, they have withdrawn themselves from this class as men, just as they have separated from the academy as artists. In their homes you are likely to find a cabinet minister and a concrete-mixer discoursing amiably over cups of pineapple juice and *tortillas* with beans, cheese and chili.

They dress simply, prefer overalls to tuxedos and demonstrate this preference. In their houses, they discard bric-a-brac, imitation Gobelins, and respectable rugs, for which they substitute bowls from Guadalajara, sober blue blankets from Texcoco and red and black blankets from Oaxaca, and the *petate*, or reed-mat, which in all Mexican huts belongs close to the ground. They find that an American reading chair is not as comfortable to Mexican bottoms as the Aztec cane and leather *icpal*, formerly the throne of Aztec kings. They may sit on thrones, but their spirit sits on the *petate*; for theirs is a humility of the stuff from which souls are woven.

But when their creed as revolutionists is attacked, this pity that embraces all men is concentrated into cruelty against all those conceived the enemies of men. The *Machete*, official communist sheet of Mexico, in the hands of the painters who edit it is one with its symbol and its name—a harvesting scythe. The *Machete* howls out ribald laughter, in word and picture. Orozco, Sikerios, Xavier Guerrero have done some of their best work in the caricatures of this sheet. Subjects such as Rivera's "The Rich in Hell," and Sikeros' "Disarming Agraarians," are not calculated to spare the sensibilities of those personally pictured. It is a laugh with an edge in it like the *machete* edge, and a drive to it like its complement, the forge-hammer.

Their serenity as artists; their humility as men, tribute to other men who create, no matter what the material; the derisive challenge of revolutionists: these are a trinity in the instruction of multiple edge that appeared below a wall painting of laborers after a particularly bitter attack: "Don't talk of what you do not understand."

VI

This is the seething moment in what Ernest Gruening terms, "the Mexican caldron." Into the caldron goes the Indian passion for the soil, his urge toward beauty and his genius for its realization; his power of adora-

tion and his capacity for faith; his individual serenity, his personal humility, his physical quiescence and his national arrogance. Into the caldron goes the medieval chivalry, the emotion, the dramatic instability, the finesse that is of the gesture of the *Don*. Goes the faith, the vividness, of the Spanish Jew: the persistence and agility of the modern Jewish immigrant. The courtesy of the Aztec priest observing stoically the desecration of his altar, and the courage of the Spanish priest destroying the pagan god in the very faces of its worshippers. The patience of the peasant, starving four hundred years on his own land; and the ferocity of that peasant wresting back that lost land. The simplicity of the laborer demanding a determined place in growing western industry. Out of this caldron must come a nation.

The seething moment has been caught in the work of the Mexican Syndicate of painters. With power, by Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros; with sensitiveness and originality, by De la Cueva, Jean Charlot, Fermín Revueltas. With simplicity, by Goyita, whose subjects are humble, such as a servant girl at a carnival, or a ball in a rebel-camp, but

whose work is of a rare, large quality. With directness and sympathy, by Carmen Fonserado, whose recorded bits of peasant life are also records of her ability to blend life with light and background. With vigor and sardonic humor, by Xavier Guerrero, Carlos Orozco, and Maxino Pacheco, a youth who served apprenticeship under Rivera and, although still adolescent, now spreads amazing wings.

The technique of these artists is not unique, as is proved by artistic Paris; the spirit of it is not local, as is proved by Soviet Russia. The combination of the two may or may not be the nucleus of an American renaissance. The fusion of this combination in Mexicanism may or may not keep growing into a movement that would justify the name of Mexican Renaissance. In any event, it is already, the complete expression of a group of artists. It can be judged favorably or unfavorably, according to the plastic, political, or philosophical etiquette of the judge. In the absence of etiquette, one might paraphrase Rivera: "They may call it a renaissance; they may call it a Mexican Renaissance. To me it is beauty."



STORY OF ULYSSES (Fig. 1)

PIERO DI COSIMO



STORY OF ULYSSES (Fig. 2)

PIERO DI COSIMO

ON THE ITALIAN PRIMITIVES AT VASSAR COLLEGE

By ARTHUR McCOMB

THE small collection of paintings in the Taylor Art Gallery at Vassar College is less well known than it deserves. Except for two Florentine cassoni, published by Kate Denny McKnight: (The Ulysses Panels by Piero di Cosimo at Vassar College, in *The Art Bulletin* for June, 1924, Brown University, Providence), none of the pictures have been published.

Four panels are attributed in the Gallery to the Florentine School, a large St. Thaddeus ascribed to Taddeo Gaddi, a Nativity, a tondo, given to Bartolommeo di Giovanni, and the two cassoni already mentioned.

The St. Thaddeus (Fig 3) (the entire panel, including mouldings measures 67x34 $\frac{3}{8}$ in.) is an impressive and monumental work, in fine condition and beautiful in color. The saint stands framed in an arch with Gothic mouldings (the frame being part of the panel) against a gold ground through which the red of the underpainting shows. He faces the spectator holding a closed book in

his right hand and a spear in his left. The left hand, however, is concealed beneath the folds of his mantle. The saint's cloak is red violet with a red orange lining, and his tunic green. The book is red. The face of St. Thaddeus is tranquil and thoughtful, the brow and nose broad, the lips full, the brown hair thick and matted down and looped behind the ears. The folds of his mantle and tunic are treated with true Giottesque breadth and in the best tradition of that master.

In the present state of knowledge with regard to the Giotteschi, probably no one would venture an authoritative attribution for this picture. Though not far from Giotto himself, it seems both too fine (using that word in its French sense) and too suave for his pupil Taddeo Gaddi. In the elegance of the pose and the softness of the execution it reminds us of some of the figures in the Stefaneschi polyptych in the Sacristy of St. Peter's.

The Nativity (diam. 32 $\frac{3}{8}$ in., Fig. 4) is



ST. THADDEUS (*Fig. 3*)
FOLLOWER OF GIOTTO



NATIVITY (*Fig. 4*)

FOLLOWER OF LORENZO DI CREDI

a very secondary work compared to the St. Thaddeus. The Madonna wearing a mantle of blue-green with yellow-green lining, over a red tunic, kneels in adoration before the Child, who, naked except for a veil, lies on the ground with his head resting on a bundle of wheat. The little St. John and St. Joseph witness the scene in reverent attitudes. The latter wears a yellowish-brown cloak over a deep grey-brown tunic. His cuffs are red-orange, while the collar repeats exactly the blue-green of the Madonna's mantle. Behind this group is the stable of ruined grey-brown brickwork and rafters. At the right the traditional ox and ass, while at the left under an archway is seen a shepherd bearing a ram. At the left a view of pasture land, water, hills and two cities.

It is not possible to understand why anyone should have attributed this tondo to Bartolommeo di Giovanni, the most fascinating of Ghirlandaio's disciples. This combination of sweet sentimentality and high finish was rare enough in Florence and is more suggestive of Lombardy, of such a painter as Solario for instance. Only Credi comes to mind as the possible Florentine author of our panel (which once I am told was exhibited under his name at the Grosvenor Gallery) but it belongs, I believe, not to him, but to his following. This nameless imitator of the least intellectual, the most "popular" Florentine of his day, has adapted for his purposes such a landscape as that in Lorenzo di Credi's Nativity in the Accademia in Florence, with its meadows and grazing sheep and towered town in the distance. The St. Joseph, too, is a familiar type, but though equally puffy and un-Florentine, the Madonna, the Child, and the little St. John, are slenderer in our picture than in Credi's authenticated works.

The two cassoni above referred to have for their subject matter stories from the wanderings of Ulysses. The scenes of the first panel (Fig. 2) have been identified as: in the centre in the foreground, Ulysses and his companions boring out the eye of the giant Polyphemus; at the right, Polyphemus hurling a rock at the departing ships; at the left in the middle distance, Athena hurling destruction on Troy, while also at the left, but nearer the spectator, Ajax Oileus is blasted by Poseidon. The scenes of the second panel

(Fig. 1) depict the contest with the Laestrygonians, and at the left the episode of Ulysses and King Aeolus, while at the right in the middle distance is the story of Circe. Each panel is 63x31 inches.

The sense of distance in these panels is very beautifully rendered and the ships with their sails billowing or about to be unfurled, the pale green sea (the ripples rendered by little touches of white), the blue-green hills and the feathery trees, are full of the peculiar poetic feeling which the Renaissance so often brought to its treatment of antique themes. The "winds" are represented by little putti of a cold transparent blue. There are traces of red, rose and yellow in the banners, the torches and the figures. There is considerable interest in the nude throughout.

In the Catalogue of the Exhibition of Italian Primitives at the Kleinberger Galleries, 1917, p. 101, these panels are attributed by Dr. Oswald Sirén to Granacci; in the Gallery they are ascribed to the School of Pollajuolo. Neither attribution seems at all admissible. Miss McKnight is certainly right in seeing here the hand of Piero di Cosimo. The Vassar panels should be compared with the well-known Hunt scenes in the Metropolitan Museum. The figure of the nude man at the foot of the tree, helping a woman out of a bark, in the Return from the Hunt, is almost identical with the figure of Aeolus in our second panel. And how close is the landscape to that in the Death of Procris in the National Gallery! Again, the animals silhouetted in the middle distance! And the figure of Athena, a not very free copy of the Perseus in the Liberation of Andromeda in the Uffizzi. Nor does the general impression belie the conclusion drawn from detailed comparisons. Given the undoubted Florentine character of our cassoni, who else, one may ask, but Piero di Cosimo could have compassed this strangeness, given to his work just this touch of weirdness and fantasy?

The Siennese School is represented in the Taylor Art Gallery by one example, a Madonna with four donors (21¼ by 41 inches, Fig. 5) ascribed to Bartolo di Fredi. The Madonna wears a gold-bordered mantle which must originally have been blue, but in the course of time has turned black. She is seated on an inlaid marble throne draped



MADONNA AND DONORS (*Fig. 5*)
MARTINO DI BARTOLOMMEO
Photo, Frank B. Howard (See text)



MADONNA (*Fig. 6*)
WORKSHOP OF FIORENZO DI LORENZO

with a curtain with a flower design. The Child stands on her left knee. His right hand is raised in blessing. He wears a yellow and rose mantle over a white tunic. The four donors, wearing neutral colored robes, kneel, two at the right and two at the left hand of the Madonna. This work, far from being in the tradition of Bartolo di Fredi is in my opinion by Martino di Bartolommeo who was a follower of Taddeo di Bartolo. It dates, I should say, from about the year 1408, when Martino painted the polyptych (reproduced in van Marle, the Italian Schools of Painting, vol. ii, p. 588), three figures from which are now in the Palazzo Pubblico at Siena.

The Umbrian School is represented by two works. The earlier in date is a Madonna and Child with busts of SS. Stephen and Augustine (13½ by 19⅛ inches, Fig. 6), attributed to Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. Though at first glance it is obvious that the Madonna is very close to Fiorenzo's Madonna in the dated lunette in the Perugia Gallery and to such a work as the Boston Madonna, repeating the master carefully in the forms, in the gestures of the hands, in the deep red color of the Madonna's tunic, which is the exact shade Fiorenzo habitually used, yet I do not think that the quality of this little work entitles us to say more than that it is from Fiorenzo's workshop. It remains an attractive example of Umbrian workmanship of the eighties of the quattrocento deriving its inspiration from the man who after all was the most serious Perugian artist of his day.

The other Umbrian work is a tondo (diameter 29⅜ inches, Fig. 7), representing the Madonna and Child with the little St. John. The Madonna is seated on a marble bench the back of which cuts the tondo into two almost equal divisions. Her head and shoulders are outlined against a wide and peaceful landscape. She wears a wine-colored tunic beneath a deep blue-green mantle with yellow-green lining. The cushion on her knees on which the Child sits is yellow gold color. The wine color is repeated in the mantle of S. Giovannino and reappears in a somewhat more violet shade in the ribbon in the Madonna's hair. The nimbuses are transparent. On the borders of the Madonna's tunic one deciphers *Mariagra*.

This picture, attractive in mood, skillful in composition reveals an attentive follower of Perugino. I agree with the Gallery ascription to Giannicolo Manni. It belongs to his best Peruginesque manner. It is interesting to note that the follower of Manni who painted the tondo in Brussels, mentioned by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, apparently took his composition from our painting, borrowing practically everything except the pose of the Virgin's head.

A triptych of North Italian origin (Fig 8) representing St. Jerome in the central panel and SS. Francis and Anthony Abbot in the lateral panels, though dignified in conception, is the least interesting work in this small collection. (The central panel measures 39 by 16⅞ inches; the side panels each 34 by 9¾ inches.) It need not detain us. Of far greater significance is the single example of the Venetian School, a bust of St. John the Baptist against a gold ground (18½ by 25½ inches, Fig. 9). He wears a deep green mantle over a slate-blue hair shirt. He is of ascetic type. The artist has depicted the veins in the forearms and hands rather in the manner of an anatomy chart. The collar bones and the bones of the wrist are exaggerated. In the Gallery ascribed to Bartolommeo Vivarini, it suggests his uncle Alvise more, but our painting is by neither. It is, however, obviously by a Venetian who was profoundly influenced by Mantegna. The style is remarkably close to that of the Bellinesque triptychs from the Carità church now in the Venice Academy. (For reproductions and a discussion of these, see Mr. Berenson's article in his third series of the Study and Criticism of Italian Art, p. 62 seq.) The figure of St. John the Baptist occurs in each of these triptychs. The type of face with the curly well-tended hair, the rather flat head, the bony quality about the throat, arms and wrists, the bony pointing forefinger, even the nimbus are all the same not to speak of more general resemblances of mood and temper. Out of the studio of Giovanni Bellini in his Mantegnesque phase, the panel at Vassar must have been painted about 1471. By August of that year we know that the triptychs for the Carità church were completed.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The reproductions accompanying the text are by courtesy of The Taylor Art Gallery, Vassar College.



MADONNA (Fig. 7)
Photo, Frank B. Howard

GIANNICOLO MANNI



SS. FRANCIS, JEROME AND ANTHONY (Fig. 8)

NORTH ITALIAN



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST (*Fig. 9*)
STUDIO OF GIOVANNI BELLINI

MUST KEYS GO?

An Essay on Modern Music

By BENJAMIN IVES GILMAN

THE keys here meant are the keys of our musical scores. They are our old friends, C natural, D minor, and the rest. One and another startling innovation in musical structure, currently proposed, threaten the very existence of these old friends. Is it possible that they are hereafter to become strangers to us, only to be recalled by an effort of the historical imagination? Can it be that music is to dispense hereafter with the means of effect hitherto known and prized as "modulation" from key to key? The change would indeed mark an epoch in the history of the modern European art of tone.

What are keys, and how do current innovations in musical structure augur their extinction?

There are twelve notes in each octave of the modern European musical system, a thirteenth beginning the next octave above or below. They are separated by the small interval called a semitone, and named in order, a natural, a sharp or b flat ($a\sharp$ or b^b), b natural, c natural, c sharp or d flat ($c\sharp$ or d^b), and so on up to g sharp or a flat ($g\sharp$ or a^b). A "key" is a selection of seven of them, made in such a way that the notes embody, as nearly as possible, one sequence of intervals, called the musical "scale," and familiarly known to us by the syllables Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, and Si. This scale has two aspects to us according as we feel the relations of Do, or of La, to all the remaining steps. The marked difference between the relations of Do and of La to their companions distinguishes keys of the major "mode" from keys of the minor "mode." The ruling note, Do or La, is called the "tonic" and the keys are named from it, as D Major or B Minor, and the rest.

Modernist music proposes new selections of intervals, that is, new "scales" within the twelve-tone octave. This proposal already departs from the system of keys as known to us. Modernist music even proposes further to substitute the twelve-semitone octave itself for any scale within it. This proposal com-

pletes a development which abolishes the system.* The developed "tonality," as it is called, makes no selection at all, but uses all existing notes. Moreover, by this proposal the distinction of Major and Minor disappears. The relations of any one of the notes to all the rest become identical with those of any other. Whatever note is chosen as "tonic" the subsidiary notes are always either one, two, three, or more semitones from it. In a word, the developed "tonality" abandons keys. If it truly foretells the future of music, keys must go.

A means of musical effect hitherto deemed all-important, and in fact itself the source of the twelve-semitone octave, namely that called "modulation," would thereby be lost to the art of tone. What is called modulation from key to key is the advance of music from one Mode to another, or from one selection of seven of the twelve existing notes to a different selection embodying the same scale. This scale, the familiar sequence Do to Si, was in old times called the "Diatonic order," and the advance is from one to another aspect or from one to another pitch of the one Diatonic order.

It is a remarkable fact that when a modern European listens to music, beside the notes he hears, those composing the rest of the scale, at the same pitch and in the same aspect, are always humming along with them in his fancy. This noteworthy psychological fact has no well-defined parallel in other arts. But that it has some parallel is shown by the tendency of painters to use the term "key" in speaking of their work. In music the fact is beyond question. Our minds at all times spread out the whole scale like an airy and evanescent carpet for the music to dance over.

*Debussy used a "whole-tone" octave, and Scriabin another variation from the usual scale. In a recent interview at Rome Arnold Schönberg is quoted as saying, ". . . my tonality uses twelve notes instead of seven . . . all the new aspects of my music derive from this only." To Stravinsky, any combination of notes forms a chord.

For the most part, even in music, we are unaware of this behavior of our fancy. Using the convenient but misleading terms "unconscious" for things that happen to us without our being able to remember them, we may say that our "musical consciousness" is in reality a "musical unconsciousness." But that the scale is there in our imagination unknown to us, appears clearly enough when a music moves onward from one Mode to another, or into the scale at another pitch; that is, as we say, is "modulated" into another "key." Our musical unconsciousness receives a shock. A new tone-scape seems to open before us, as the same landscape opens new vistas from Mount Washington and Mount Adams, or as a new landscape opens when the train emerges at Domo d'Ossola from the darkness it has entered at Brieg.

As a matter of musical experience, we may find an agreeable novelty in the new aspect or the new coloring of the invisible carpet, due to the substitution of one Mode for another, or the introduction of new notes in which the same pattern is embodied. Though a marked interference with our musical unconsciousness, it is always a grateful interference when our ears are properly prepared for it. The opening of the new tone-scape gives our minds a pleasant shock. We also find an eventual return to the original coloring, to the original prospect, to the original aspect or pitch of the scale, an agreeable recognition of half-forgotten color-combinations, an agreeable revisit to a well known scene.

These effects the developed "tonality" abandons. The invisible carpet is to have no different aspects, and is to be shown in all its possible colors at once. The tone-scape before the mind is at all times to be the same, consisting of all the notes that the music can ever use, and presenting everywhere the same appearance. Wherever or however the composition goes, the musical unconsciousness is to receive no shock. There are to be no auditory surprises with new outlooks or fresh notes, no auditory welcomes of former points of view or notes remembered. A single unvarying sequence of the same pitches—namely, all there are—presenting uniform relations, will be the one carpet over which the music will forever dance. A single unvarying musical horizon, consisting of a monot-

onous series of all possible notes, will be unveiled before the listener's mind at all times.

How great an artistic loss this would be, the twelve-semitone octave itself witnesses. This octave is a growth out of the need of free modulation on instruments giving fixed pitches, in particular the piano and organ. The voice and other instruments could shift the scale freely from key to key, and pianists and organists wanted the same privilege. But it was found that these shiftings of the Diatonic order continually brought in new tones; and the problem of adequately multiplying the notes of pianos and organs soon proved impossible of solution. In despair, the pianists and organists were driven to lay hands on the Diatonic order itself. That order shows a triple diadem of harmonies, arranged in the Major Mode as follows:

Fa La Do Mi Sol Si Re

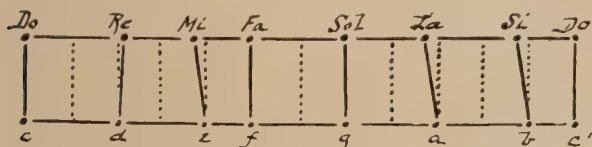
These combination of three notes each, spanning the interval called a Fifth, and linking Major and Minor Thirds in that order, are called the Major Triad. The Minor Triad is the same combination with the order of the Thirds reversed; and the Minor Mode in its cardinal form shows Minor Triads similarly interwoven. The two Triads are the only possible harmonic combinations of more than two notes.

All groups of notes that sound well together, whatever their number, consist either of a Major or a Minor Triad, or of these chords with some of their notes given or repeated in octaves. The Diatonic order of seven notes had long been used in music, not alone because it was thus made up of the only perfect combination of three or more notes. It proved to embody also all the perfect combinations of two, called Harmonic Intervals, barring one interval called the Seventh, which is recalcitrant to multiple combinations. These harmonic intervals are called, from their distances apart in the Diatonic order, the Major and Minor (greater or lesser) Third, the Fourth, the Fifth, and Major and Minor Sixth. The Octave completes the set of seven.

The old musicians were loth to lose such a treasure, as their efforts with the piano and organ testify. Nevertheless, impelled by the need of free modulation on those instru-

ments, they asked themselves the question—Cannot the triple diadem of tones be modified, without the sacrifice of all its brilliancy, yet in such a way as to give the piano and organ a sufficient freedom of movement from key to key? It was found, in the seventeenth century, that this could be done, and Bach later signalized the achievement by writing his “Well-tempered Clavichord.” If the octave be divided into twelve equal intervals, one of these is not far from the semitones of the Diatonic order, Mi-Fa and Si-Do, and two give an average between the Major Tones, Do-Re, Fa-Sol, and La-Si, and the Minor Tones, Re-Mi and Sol-La.

Thus was born the modern tempered twelve-semitone octave, with its twelve keys, Major and Minor, or twelve related pitches of the scale. A diagram shows the distortion of the Diatonic order in the strait-jacket of the tempered octave: Starting



from Do, as *c*, the note *d* flats Re a trifle, the note *e* sharps Mi, and the notes *a* and *b* sharp La and Si. Fa and Sol alone are practically unchanged. There was, as the diagram shows, a decided harmonic loss. The Fourths and Fifths of the tempered scale are nearly perfect; but the Thirds and Sixths suffer markedly. The tempered Minor Thirds and Minor Sixths are flat, the tempered Major Thirds and Major Sixths are sharp, all four sounding harsh in comparison with the perfect intervals. To exchange the Diatonic order for the tempered scale is like exchanging *Chateau Lafite* for a *vin du pays*, or Raphael's coloring for Giulio Romano's. At the demand of the piano and organ the last delicacies which delight the ear have vanished out of modern music. Although the voice and orchestral instruments still can give them and under the control of the best singers and players sometimes do give them, modern listeners have grown so docile to the sway of the piano and organ that singers and players alike obey it without our modern ears being alive to any loss.

It is this modern tempered twelve-semitone octave, reached in the interest of keys,

with which the modernist developed “tonality” proposes to replace the seven-tone scale, thereby doing away with the musical effect produced by keys. A device created to give certain advantages of modulation is to be utilized in a way that deprives music of these advantages. There is a flavor of absurdity about this proposal which does not recommend it.

Further, the new carpet over which music is to dance forever, consists largely of colors which do not go together, therein differing from the old carpet, in which they mostly harmonize. This appears on taking all the combinations of notes exhibited respectively by the traditional musical scale and the twelve-semitone octave and comparing the two groups. Both exhibit twelve concords. But in the scale these are weighted down with one harsh discord, apart from those of seven adjacent notes, while in the twelve-semitone octave they are weighted down with sixteen harsh discords, apart from those of twelve adjacent notes. The one harsh wide discord of the scale is the combination reprobated by mediaeval musicians in the words: “*Si contra Fa diabolus est in musica.*” The twelve-semitone octave brings fifteen other devils to his aid. Such is the dolorous combination of notes with which the modernist proposal burdens the musical unconsciousness.

Need the combinations always be dolorous? May not the non-scalar intervals which offend the ears of today, come to please the more catholic auditory sense of future listeners?

This question misunderstands the point at issue. True, that the musical ears of different generations may consent to endure a greater or less proportion of auditory pain as stimulus to the fancy or the feelings. Untrue, that a discord ever has become, or ever will become, a concord.¹

Temperament from the first accustomed the ear to the neglect of some of its finest pleasures. The past musical generation habituated the ear to a still greater neglect by its increasing use of discord and its violent and restless modulations. The abandonment

¹ Professor Stumpf finds that the contrast between the two has increased as time has gone on. (C. Stumpf, “Konsonanz und Dissonanz,” in *Beiträge zur Akustik und Musikwissenschaft*, 1898, p. 77).

of the old scale by modernism, and its preponderant use of discord, carries the hardening process still further.

The hardening may continue in future or there may be a reaction. The refinements of tone perception may reassert themselves. Purely auditory charm may come again into its own. No one can tell. But whether the future is to prefer auditory pleasure or auditory pain in its tone-creations, a certain few intervals will continue to give the one, and the rest the other. These few are the concords, whose component tones blend. The rest are the discords, whose component tones stand apart. So it was to Greek science, centuries before Christ, and so it is to the science of today.

The proposals of modernist music yoke Santa Cecilia for good to the triumphal chariot of the modern piano and organ, her charms eclipsed beneath a monotonous livery. It is an instrumental restriction, and not an auditory need, out of which the developed "tonality" has ultimately arisen. Helmholtz, sixty years ago, foresaw and deprecated this tendency. "The mechanism of instruments," he wrote, "and regard for its convenience, threatens to lord it over the natural demand of the ear."

It may well be imagined that the same great authority would have deprecated even more strongly any attempt to base music upon his science, in disregard of the natural demand of the ear. The composer Skriabin is said to have made use of a scale which replaces the diatonic order by the sequence, c, d, e, f, g, a, b^b. This discordant sequence approximately reproduces the eighth to the fourteenth partial tone, in the series called, from its lower constituents, harmonic; and the fact is noted in comment upon Skriabin, as if it were a sufficient reason for his choice. But Helmholtz's science, interpreted by himself according to the demand of the ear, tells a different story. These higher partial tones he found prominent only in the harsher notes of the human voice, in the more nasal tones of the clarinet, and in the braying notes of brasses. They are inconspicuous or absent in the more musical notes of the voice or instruments. Helmholtz writes: "For a good musical effect, we demand a certain moderate strength of the five or six lowest partial tones, and little power in the higher." It is

difficult, indeed, to see why music should aim to confine itself within just these sources of auditory discomfort. This is to ride art to death in a mistaken servitude to science.

The pursuit of musical beauty for its own sake appears at present to be passing through a period of declension an ebb tide. Musical beauty is sacrificed in all the modernist attempts to dethrone the immortal seven of the diatonic order in favor of divinities with feebler amities and stronger animosities. We are now-a-days combining tones, not for the satisfactions they themselves can give, but for those which they can give only in association with other arts, verbal and visible. Music has always been in part a factor in mixed arts. In song, it is associated with poetry, in "measures" and the ballet, with the dance. It has always also possessed in instruments a means of independent growth.

Among these the piano and organ owing to their wide availability, have taken, in the latest centuries, a commanding place. From them issued the tempered scale and there are two ways, as Helmholtz remarks, in which temperament may have affected modern composition to its artistic detriment. The harshness of tempered thirds and sixths is less perceptible when these are quickly played, and the augmented rapidity of form in modern music may have issued from an instinctive desire to cover such imperfections. Again, the same instinctive desire may have led modern musicians to seek uncommon modulations, and to heap up discords. The fine old musical wire of the diatonic order, adulterated by temperament, must be quaffed in haste and highly spiced to be as palatable as it may be.

The art of music has been prepared thereby for the subsidiary role it has since gradually assumed. In this process, the influence of one great musical personality has powerfully aided. Tone was to Wagner "the organ of the heart," and every means of appeal to the emotions and the imagination was to be used with it. Wagner's influence has gone far beyond the dramatic stage. The most characteristic works of the modern concert room are incomplete without a literary accompaniment. They do not stand alone, but for their full effect an auxiliary form of words, a "programme," is necessary, detailing their imaginative suggestions. The combination is often most successful. The thrilling potencies of

the tone-poems of Liszt, of Debussy, of Strauss, are capital illustrations of the artistic principle known as Fechner's law of aesthetic aid. Means of effect individually unsatisfying and even inconsiderable, may, when united, engender a superb total. Scriabin, in his "Prometheus," has gone further, prescribing that a series of color-schemes should flash before the eyes of his auditors. "Absolute music" has become to present-day listeners an exceptional type.

What advance is open to the art of tone from its present dependent status?

Several possibilities suggest themselves. First and foremost this: If the independent value of musical beauty is to be vindicated in future, composers must renounce the effort to build theoretically onward upon the imperfect foundation afforded by the tempered twelve-semitone octave. Such efforts will end only in new aridities such as those into which the theoretic possibilities of "canonic imitation" misled the Netherland musicians of the fifteenth century. In the seventeenth century, performers on the piano and organ laid hands on the diatonic order in the interest of those instruments. In the twentieth century, singers, and performers on other instruments, must lay hands on the piano and organ in the interest of the diatonic order. The aid of modern science must be invoked, not to suggest new unmusical scales within the piano octave, but to develop the piano octave until the musical scale is thoroughly at home in it.

The semitones of temperament are but a small selection from the available hues of the tone-spectrum. Music based upon them all is still far from ultra-chromatic. Several scores of gradations of pitch are easily distinguishable within the compass of an octave. The knowledge and skill that have created the marvels of modern applied science should be easily equal to the task of placing more of these gradations at the command of music. The nature of the problem was clearly set forth in Bosanquet's invention of the harmonic keyboard described by Helmholtz. If the octave be divided not into twelve, but into fifty-three equal intervals, it is possible to execute the diatonic order from any note so accurately that not even the finest ears will detect any flaw in its perfection. Played on such an instrument, the enharmonic refinements now entombed with all grammatical

ceremony in our musical scores would come to breathing life in actual sound. The art of tone would have at command a delicately differentiated set of perfect keys more than quadrupling our present system of twelve imperfect scales. Music would be free to advance on ideal foundations, with an unlimited freedom of modulation. The voice and orchestral instruments are already capable of all these refinements. Only the present piano and organ mechanism stands in the way and must be superseded.

Either with or without ideal foundations, music may prefer to go on heaping up discords in the service of intense expression. The present pursuit of all possible combinations of existing notes, most of them discordant, may continue. Two ultimate outcomes appear possible. The continued impact of discord may in the end deaden the sensibility of the ear, and induce a creeping paralysis of musical imagination, or, if a music with no theoretic preference for concord over discord, and a practical preference the other way, is to escape so melancholy an outcome—which heaven forbid—it would appear fated to take the eventual form of homophony, or melody doubled on occasion in octaves or fifths. The result in either case would be the death of harmony.

Either all music would cease to delight, through the progressive atrophy of the sense of tone under the hardening influence of perpetual discord, or the art would dispense with varied chords, and survive as strengthened melody. For if the ear retains its sensitiveness, it will one day demand that the expressiveness of discord shall be sought in the more bearable form of successive sounds only. European music, which has brought forth the diatonic octave, is the only known harmonic type, or type based on the charm of the simultaneous sounding of different notes. The music of the Orient, which has produced equalized scales, like those of the Siamese, or finely differentiated scales like those of Arabia and India, does not rely upon chords, but consists essentially of melody. The mysterious Ragas of the Hindus, suited only to a very special mood or even time of day, are proof of the indefinite possibilities open to an art of successive notes. Yet a most acute East-Western lover of the art of tone, the late Okakura-Kakuzo, once declared after hear-

ing a European orchestra: "Music is the one art in which Europe is first." One may doubt whether Western music would not better give up a cult of expressive discord pointing toward homophony, and return to its ancient worship of expressive concord, leaving melody pure and simple to the music of the East.

A surprising destiny has lately been assigned to the "programme." In commenting upon Strauss's "Don Quixote," Mr. Ernest Newman has written that only an accompany-

ing moving picture would be its adequate interpretation. Skriabin's proposal of a flashing color-scheme already brings the screen into the concert-room. Perhaps it has come to stay. A fragmentary form of words, often supplied by critics, is but a scanty and uncertain aid toward the double effect, auditory and imaginative, at which the modern tone-poem aims. In the film, the score would find a trustworthy and capable associate. Perhaps the future of programme music lies here.



FISH HOUSES

NILES SPENCER



PROVINCETOWN STREET

NILES SPENCER

A NOTE ON NILES SPENCER

By FORBES WATSON

IT is always interesting to observe an artist and his work at that moment in his career when he is emerging from the vague group known as the younger artists, and beginning to stand out as a separate recognizable identity. A very few years ago Niles Spencer was just one of several artists who seemed to have something of their own to say and whose development was watched by those who are alert to recognize new talents. No startling predictions were made about his work and even the sympathetic did not over-applaud him.

A modest, unaggressive figure, he made no special claims for himself, expounded no pet theories, and performed none of the publicity stunts indulged in by those who are more hungry for fame than interested in

ideas. So that when last year an exhibition of the work of Niles Spencer, held at the Daniel Galleries in New York City, turned out to be one of the season's events there was no feeling of artificial impetus. It was recognized at once that this artist had not gone outside of his art to bring about his own success. Quietly and sincerely he had painted, letting his pictures be the only agents in the work of building up his reputation.

Previously, Mr. Spencer's paintings, although personal in their appeal, had in them, it seems to me, a noticeable lack of confidence. What happened in the interval to bring about the change from tentative to confident, was something in addition to the ability that comes from greater experience. Even in his latest pictures there is none of that glittering

hardness of the too confident professional exhibitor. One still feels a qualified confidence which is always true of the imaginative artist; such a man sees more than he can put down, and as long as he is aware of the difference between what he does and what he imagines, just so long will his painting have the power to project the onlooker's imagination toward the unknown, a power which is so lacking in the pictures by painters whose manual ability has outstripped the limitations of their vision.

At the time when the trials and tribulations of modern art were at their height in this country, Niles Spencer was a student at the Rhode Island School of Design. During a visit to New York, he had gone to see the first comprehensive exhibition of the works of the god of the moderns, and returning to Providence, he discussed this work with his fellow students. In those days the teaching powers of the Rhode Island School of Design like the directors of other well established schools, considered that the student must, at any cost, be saved from modernity.

Mr. Spencer was frowned upon, because he did not do as he was told and condemn the post-impressionists without stopping to reason about them.

The picture of him, haled before his master to be cross-examined, and asked whether he believed in Cézanne, as if an affirmative reply would place him among the damned, is surely a "dated" picture. Such a scene could hardly take place today, but something very like it took place when Mr. Spencer was a student, and soon after he sought instruction elsewhere. The customary, almost inevitable visit to Paris took place, and it was a few years after the artist returned from France before an occasional picture by him appeared in the exhibition rooms.

At that time the outstanding attribute of Mr. Spencer's art was simplicity. Houses and buildings were reduced to utter bareness. The process of simplification was somewhat obvious, and although Mr. Spencer's pictures of this period attracted the spectator, they seemed to be dominated by a theory. They were indeed, chiefly experiments in



STILL LIFE

NILES SPENCER

simplification, experiments, which it has turned out, were a valuable step in the artist's growth. One could not foresee what would come out of the artist's method, which for a time was so palpable.

The work had little of that positive sternness necessary to give to painting in which so much was negation an ascetic strength. This youthful artist's experiments ceased to satisfy him, and with a transition less marked than the idea suggests, he began to produce work which was dominated no longer by a predisposed theory of simplification, but by nature itself. He began, so to speak, to need more reality, and buildings became for him not impersonal geometric forms, but objects existing in the world and having individual characters of their own.

In place of barrenness and that lack of confidence that results when an artist sticks to a theory that does not satisfy him, there came a much more sensitive and varied interpretation. Mr. Spencer appeared to throw away his theory, retaining only that portion of it which belonged to him. It was natural to him to be simple, but it was not natural to be inhuman, and discovering this fact, uncon-

sciously of course, his work took on a much more human aspect, while at the same time, it retained a quality of genuinely felt simplicity, more sensitive, delicately varied, and satisfying than arbitrarily imposed eliminations can ever be.

There is a great difference between seeing things simply, and working out a theory of simplification, for its own sake. In leaving, as it were, the geometry class and going out to meet nature face to face, Mr. Spencer made the important change most necessary to the development and enrichment of his art. His houses ceased to be mere cubes in the shape of houses. They took on character. His landscapes were not hooks on which to hang a theory, and began to assume the color of a definite place. His conception of still life changed from an "arrangement" to an actuality, and if Mr. Spencer has any theory, I should say that the one which guides him now is less a theory than a belief. It is, as I understand it, his belief in the importance of making the subjects of his pictures exist and his success in presenting what he believes, that have given to his more recent productions greater range and warmth.



VILLAGE BUILDINGS

NILES SPENCER

"RENDERING OF NATURE IN EARLY GREEK ART"

By MEYER SCHAPIRO

IT is twenty-five years since Professor Emanuel Loewy published his remarkably clear analysis of the steps from Greek archaism to Greek realistic sculpture. Rereading it, we become aware how much the modern arts have changed our view of the archaic and primitive. Formerly we found a justification of the academic standards of accuracy in a Hellenistic precedent, which Loewy showed was the goal of a long development, attained step by step, through crudity, error, and a restraining tendency towards abstraction. Today this same account seems to us a history of decay rather than of progress. The word "archaic" had then an invidious suggestion; however dispassionate its user, there was attached to it the stigma of incompetence and childishness.

Professor Loewy discovered in archaic Greek art seven peculiarities, some of which are common to other primitive arts and to the drawings of children. He explained them as the result of a memory picture deposited by numerous visual impressions. The artist, instead of consulting nature, copied an image without individuality or accident; he drew from a concept rather than from a percept. And such an image is characteristically generalized, stylized, flat, isolated, distinct, and "coincident with the form's greatest expansion."

Reading Loewy's book we at once understand why archaic art is so stiff and deformed, why its presentations are so simple, its mass so uniform, its planes arbitrary, its silhouettes clear, its details geometrical, and its whole appearance that of an idea only incompletely liberated from its material embodiment.

As Greek art develops, these "crudities" give way to an accurate observation of nature. The memory image is gradually abandoned; in time the stone figure is as free in its movements, as well articulated, muscled and expressed, as a living being. It is Lysippus, according to Loewy, who takes the final step, and by means of torsion of the trunk and by an asymmetrical disposition of the axes of the body, begets figures which are omnifacial, whose forms flow one into the other without the abrupt archaic divisions and "quadrature." In the "Youth Tying his Sandals" (Louvre), there is a great foreshortening of the trunk and the upper part of the body, beyond anything in earlier art; "The whole

figure . . . throws its arms and legs vigorously into space." Since all idea of background is absent, "the specific perfection of statuary is achieved; the direct contact with nature has been reached in all its essentials."

But groups are not as fully developed as their members which may be completely rounded, and yet together furnish only a front view. The Laocoon is designed, for one view, the Wrestlers (Florence) for two views; it is the Farnese Bull which is "plurifacial to be intelligible." Loewy believes that if the figures of Antiope, the dog, and the mountain god, were not scattered and detached from the central group, then the Farnese Bull "would not only have reached the highest perfection for a group in the round, but would have gone even further than perfection allows." The figures enclose a space as well as fill it.

Relief and drawing undergo similar developments, abandoning the flat conception, losing the rigid contour, introducing overlapping planes, foreshortening, environment, and perspective. Greek art as it develops becomes more naturalistic, and approximates appearances in all their details and variety.

However accurate Loewy's account may be in tracing the succession of the forms of Greek art, it leads him into errors of artistic judgment and interpretation. He overlooks entirely, in his zeal for a scrupulous record, that the change from arbitrary conceptions, from observed facts, generalized and treated abstractly, to literal representation and merely imitative forms, corresponds to a loss of artistic power. For the excellence of Greek art lies in the beauty of its formal ideas and in the sensitive refinement and ordering of shapes which in nature are coarse, chaotic, ephemeral, and unorganized. It imposes rhythmic designs upon non-rhythmical material, and expresses the vitality of its subjects by abstracting from them their most suggestive and harmonious contours. Its reference is intrinsic, while that of decadent art is usually to associations not, at bottom, æsthetic.

With the growth of realism design decays—not at once, but when the discovery of natural detail is bound up, not with the desire for a more intricate order or pattern, or the extending of rhythmical relations into a third dimension, but with a passion

for more exact replicas of models. Design must decay, because design is imaginative, arbitrary, emotional; it limits nature, it transforms appearances into eccentricities analogous to the human mind. And successful realism precludes such tampering. Instead of modifying appearances, it accepts them wholesale, with perhaps the addition of a sentiment or an anecdote.

The anatomical discoveries of the fifth century seem to us vigorous and fresh, because they were conceived archaically, and geometrized. The anatomical learning of the Hellenistic period seems academic and pompous, because unredeemed by the ancient abstractions. The very nature of this technical research is anti-artistic, for the artist subordinates, arranges, omits, whereas the Hellenistic realist would expose every muscle and introduce a wealth of foreshortening.

Overlooking æsthetic considerations, Loewy's method leads to a *reductio ad absurdum*, to a higher valuation of decadent art because it is the last term in a technical series. Since Greek art develops from memory concepts towards a closer imitation of nature, ergo, such imitation is the specific excellence of art. Historically he is quite correct; his observations can with like success be applied to many other periods, but also with the same error in interpretation. It is the "biological fallacy" (as Geoffrey Scott calls it) of confusing development with progress. It results from the common substitution of one phase of art for its whole and predicating of it an attribute of the other. Sculpture employs visual facts, but all these visual facts cannot equal the work of art. Hence a history of sculpture in terms of its rendering of nature, alone, must necessarily misjudge a great deal. The difference in attitude between the artist and the imitator is critical.

If one paralleled Prof. Loewy's brilliant study of the nature of Greek archaism and its consequent supersession, with a sensitive study and analysis of the æsthetic factors of Greek art, in which a detailed examination would be made of the rise and decay of design and rhythm and coherence, then Loewy's judgments of the Farnese Bull and of the Youth Tying his Sandals would seem very much distorted. He commends the latter for "throwing its arms and legs vigorously into space" when the obviously indigenous virtues of sculpture in the round are restraint, mass, concentration of parts within a unifying solid, and perfect clarity. (I should add that the translator is partly to blame; the original German is not as violent—"mit Armen und Beinen keck in den Raum greift"; but it ex-

presses the same notion of sculpture freed from the limitation of a unified, constraining block.) He goes even further. He considers this diffusion of gesture a "specific perfection of statuary." "Direct contact with nature has been reached in all its essentials," he writes, and thus reveals the shortcoming of his method.

Various views of the statue give totally different ideas of its volume. In some it is top-heavy, in some it is weakened by great holes; in some the outline of the left leg is crude and unrelated to, or detached from, the general contour; from some views the upper and lower parts are not unified in respect to their volumes. The conception is fine pictorially, but the invitation to move around it reveals many defects. The details of modelling are uninspiringly literal, where formerly the imagination had created a beautiful ordering of planes.

It is in his judgment of the Farnese Bull, however, that Loewy displays the most critical laxity. The effect is of a *tableau vivant*, utterly chaotic, with only the slightest pretense to artistic effect. The group is arranged as a pyramid, but the meaning of this device has been lost. This pyramid does not effect stability, grandeur, repose, and a simple unified mass. The planes has little to do with one another; the space is hardly organized, the positions of the various parts are dictated by narrative, by ideas of function rather than by notions of formal fitness or harmony. True, the group encloses a space; but should we judge it as we judge that great art which encloses space—architecture—we should have to condemn it as very crude indeed.

And yet this group, were it not for some details, says Loewy, "would not only have reached the highest perfection for a group in the round, but would have gone even further than perfection allows." A study of its linear arrangement would show that the artists had no such aim; a study of its planes would reveal that they were left to themselves and achieved no order; and a study of its whole volume would render obvious the artists' innocence of design, of planning, or of a sense of formal composition. The hollows and bumps are most disconcerting; the subject is difficult to grasp in its uncouth irregularity of outline and depression.

II

Since, as has often been noted, a growth in realism causes a diminution in design, or "art forms" or "*presentata*," there must be some intimate relation between the memory image and good composition. For the various devices of arrangement which

we find in archaic art, in its representation and in its ornament, tend to disappear from those arts which observe nature closely and copy her. The Bushman drawings which are renowned for their accuracy are not as decorative as the far less literal and more primitive "Dipylon" figures. Exactly what this relation is, I do not know. Perhaps a comprehensive study of the "forms" of art, both decorative and representative, and psychological analysis may some day tell us. But we have many clues, and some deductions are verifiable. The rhythm of music and poetry, the demand for regularity, and the emotional effects of accent and asymmetry of time, are referable to the rhythmical character of living processes—respiration, pulse, peristalsis, growth, etc.

Well, Loewy has unconsciously given us similar data for the study of the origin of pictorial and sculptural design, when he pointed out so clearly that whereas in nature the parts have an organic and functional bond, the nexus of parts in the memory image is a *conceptual order determined by the force of their associations, their effectiveness in consciousness and in thought*. The whole may be irreconcilable with any one aspect of reality; but the parts are conceptually efficacious. Thence follow the seven laws of archaic Greek art.

Just as the satisfactions of musical rhythms derive at bottom from the nature of physiological processes, so the appreciation of *visual order* may perhaps spring from the nature of mental imagery, from the mind's manner of conceiving with ease, directness, power, clarity, and distinction, forms which were presented to its senses in confusion, overlapping, encroachment and complexity. It is not that the mental images are beautiful, just as the monotonous repetition of a heart beat is no aesthetic delight, but that their mutual relations, the order of their succession or dominance, correspond to what we call design, or express themselves as such. Hence so many treatises on the beautiful devote themselves to analysis of the lines of paintings, in an attempt to show how they govern the movements of the eye, hold it, absorb it, and lead it, by inevitable sequence, to the center or dominant motif. Good design is

felt as a harmony analogous to the most efficient manner of perception, a means whereby the function is expanded and indulged in, and all values attached to fine seeing, heightened.

Loewy, however, lost some of the implications of his discernment. He had observed that the connection of parts is in nature, organic; in memory pictures, mental. Yet, pages after, he remarks a want of *plastic coordination* in archaic, and transitional, sculpture. ("There is still wanting the power to coordinate them all in one plastic whole" . . . "no subordination of movements of planes to a comprehensive plastic conception.") In describing the change from archaic to full blown realistic work, Loewy shows clearly that in the later art the unity is organic, naturalistic, and not plastic; instead of flattening planes or geometrizing details, the later artist combines them as they are combined in nature, with little regard for the general plastic effect. One has only to compare the back of the Tenean Apollo with some Hellenistic figure to grasp this distinction. The back of the Tenean Apollo is a splendid and beautiful example of what a *plastic coordination* is, a unity which proceeds from an imaginative handling, which imposes arbitrary proportions, flattens particular planes, emphasizes specific lines, all for the sake of a sculptural ensemble, as unified and harmonious as a fine facade.

The back of the Apollo of Tenea (reproduced by Loewy) is so highly coordinated that it can almost be accused of rigidity. The Farnese Bull is so little coordinated (except functionally) that it is often accused of artlessness. Plastic unity proceeds from the nature of imaginative values. The mental image is flattened, simple, coherent; in the visual object the parts are discrete, and chaotic, with only a functional logic; its silhouette is irregular, its planes not well defined. Hence, in the fifth century the new discoveries of natural form were considerably modified by a generalized statement of their position, and plastic coordination retained. It is only when this unity is lost that we become aware of detail as irrelevant, or explicable only from the point of view of anatomy.

BOOKS



BOATS

AMERICAN WATER COLOR (Artist Unknown)

Courtesy of Louis Bouché

EVERYMAN'S GENIUS, by MARY AUSTIN: Bobbs Merrill Co., Indianapolis. (\$2.50.)

You got genius, I got genius, all God's chillun got genius. That is what Miss Austin takes three hundred and three pages to say. But you and I and all of us will have a little difficulty in reducing Miss Austin's paragraphs to the level of our frail understanding. This book is no easy guide to the perplexed, no royal road to self-realization. She writes tightly, even for 303 pages, there is no slackness in her prose, nor mercy in her terminology. She opens up large vistas for revolutionary thought and research and is suggestive, rather than conclusive.

Books that hold a promise on their jackets or in their titles of self-realization and self-exploitation have an appeal as wide as the Pacific. Our grasping at them is our confession of the uncompleted state in which we suspect we are, of our deficiency in mastering and controlling our endowment, education and experience. It is a lack on which charlatans feed and grow fat. The earnestness of "Everyman's Genius," the integrity of the author which shines through it makes vivid by contrast the contemptibleness of the hundreds of frauds who so frightfully impose on human vanity and credulity. For this reason, "Everyman's Genius" cries for translation into the vernacular. Hilaire Belloc has

simplified economics and we wonder if the facts and theories with which Miss Austin deals—facts of the mind, of subterranean apprehension and of its relation to achievement—will permit of a simplification. "Everyman's Genius" is testimony to Miss Austin's genius for profound cogitation and co-ordination which might profit us, if not Miss Austin, by popularization.

Her definition are plausible and persuading, but have not that helpfulness which the jacket promises. It is invigorating, nevertheless, to know that "genius is no more nor less than the facile use of inheritable racial experience, as natural as the circulation of the blood," or, as it is defined in the chapter entitled "Terminology," "the free, untutored play of the racial inheritance into the immediate life of the individual," or that it is "Primarily a type of psychological activity," or that it is "one of the most widely distributed human traits, no age and no tribe being without its notable examples" and that it makes itself manifest "by the sudden appearance of ideas or concepts, often of the greatest complexity, seeming to come not by way of observation or cogitation, but from somewhere above or beyond him, with sourceless connotations of authority."

"Genius may reveal itself in humble vessels. "There can be a genius for chess-playing and for

chemistry, for sex-provocation and for trimming hats. I have a friend who has a genius for cooking." Rare catch for a dyspeptic! No man or woman, however, can be a genius, or hew his way to the sure perfection that is genius without the stem that binds him to his racial past, from which, in her view, severance is painful. She sees genius in its relation to race as "the growing tip of the race-life, having behind it the long unbroken stem of racial experience, using the individual as the instrument of new adventures and possible increments of growth." "Why, indeed," she continues, "should there not be a genius for manslaughter in a race which has devoted so large a part of its past activities to killing?" If this be genius, let us NOT, pray, make the most of it.

Miss Austin's chapter headings suggest the plot of her thesis and it is to the thesis, after all, that a conscientious reviewer must send his panting readers. The chapter headings: What Is Genius? Racial Resources of Genius, The Gifts of Experience, Training Talent, The Resources of Education, Genius and the Subconscious, The Creative Wish, Genius and Mysticism, The Technique of Institution, Genius and the Supernormal Faculties, Fetish

and Formula, Genius and Temperament, Acquiring Genius, The Creative Process and Genius and the Creative Life.

Persons who will rush to the chapter on acquiring genius may bruise their wits in the impact. Writes Miss Austin:

"Seeking for it [genius being "It" in this book] the individual does not so much seek to add to himself something from the outside as to uncover that which is within. It is, as a matter of fact, impossible to think of a man as cut off from his psychic past any more than he is from his physical past. To acquire genius, therefore, all that he has to do is to extricate the mechanism of the deep-self, in which the past registers, from the inhibitions imposed upon it by misadventures of the conscious life."

To the average defeated or only partially realized personality who is eager for a rapid capitalization of resources, in an intellectual get-rich-quick process, will not this book be something like the apple of Sodom, fair to look upon without, but full of ashes within? Let us have a Daniel come to translate and illustrate.

HARRY SALPETER.



DRAWING

DESPIAU

SKYLIGHT

"Dear Sir," writes an alumnus of the Armour Institute of Technology in Chicago, "I am enclosing a letter which I have just received from the Chairman of the Memorial Fund Committee, and if the suggestion is not too forward, may I recommend it for your Skylight department? If you use this letter, please make it clear that I do not think President Raymond and am sure that Dean Monin would not have written anything so raw. The letter that I enclose came from some alumnus who has apparently deserted the noble field of engineering for the more lucrative one of the 'bargain mail order house.'"

Here follows the letter addressed to the aforesaid alumnus:

"Dear Sir:

"A few days after the death of Dr. Gunsaulus, our Teacher and President, the Alumni of Armour Institute of Technology voted to give the Institute a *hand painting* of the doctor to be hung in the Institute as a memorial from the Alumni.

"This life size oil painting *in colors* is now complete and has been approved by the relatives and friends of our dear doctor.

"Your share of the cost of this worthy memorial is \$1.00.

"Enclosed find a stamped envelope, in which please mail at once your check for \$1.00, or a dollar

bill attached to a piece of paper with your name on it.

"Do not delay sending this at once, as we must pay the artist and framer immediately. The artist will not deliver the painting until it is paid for. The painting was secured at a reasonable price due to the friendship of the artist to our late leader.

"You, as an alumnus, must show your appreciation by sending your contribution of a dollar at once.

"Sincerely yours,

"(Signature omitted)

"Chairman of Memorial Fund Committee."

There are several points to be noted in this letter, such as the *life size oil painting in colors*. One is that apparently after graduating from an Institute of technology it is considered absolutely superfluous to know the name of the artist who painted the portrait, for which one is asked to subscribe one dollar. Whether this reflects the healthy attitude of the scientific mind is not quite clear. The engineering chairman encloses in his letter a reproduction of the portrait "*which will show you what you are helping to pay for.*" He also says quite simply, "*We must pay the artist and framer immediately*" and he adds that "*the artist will not deliver the painting until it is paid for.*" Further comments on the scientific mind are unnecessary.

Recent Museum Acquisitions

On pp. 176, 177 and 178 we reproduce "recent" acquisitions which the Metropolitan Museum has placed on exhibition this summer. One of the most recent of additions to the Department of Prints is The Annunciation by the Master F. V. B. of which William M. Ivins, Jr., writes in the August *Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum*:

"While possibly not the most 'important' of F. V. B.'s prints (as that phrase is used in the market) there can be little doubt as to its being one of the most charming that came from his burin, and, all things considered, one of the most beautiful of all early Netherlandish engravings.

"In the older books F. V. B. is referred to as Franz von Bocholt, but as shown by Lehrs in his article (*loc. cit.*) there is no real reason for believing that there is any basis for such an explanation of his initials. All that is certain is that he was a

Netherlander, that on occasion he copied prints by Schongauer and the Master E. S. (which was a common enough thing to do at that time), and that several times he copied easel pictures by the great early Flemish masters (which is a most unusual thing to find a primitive engraver doing). His kinship to the painters of the Bruges school is so great that Lehrs is inclined to place that city as the scene of his activity. And the rest, save for guesswork, is silence.

"F. V. B.'s prints, however, no matter where they were made or what their maker's name or nationality, and despite their exceeding rarity, have such a personality back of them and so much character of their own that there can be no question of their being among the most noteworthy specimens of the engraver's art during the period prior to Dürer and Lucas of Leyden."



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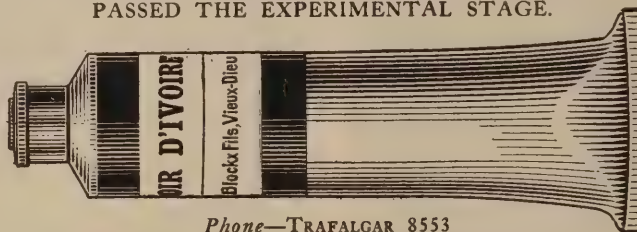
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OCTOBER, 1925



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BECAUSE of the constant demand for back numbers of THE ARTS and requests for information regarding articles carried in past issues we are publishing below a list of those in which our readers have indicated more than usual interest.

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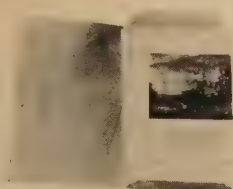
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BOURDELLE ILLUSTRATIONS

The reproductions accompanying the two essays devoted to the art of Bourdelle are made by the courtesy of the following individuals and galleries: M. Emile Antoine Bourdelle; Mrs. Meredith Hare; Mr. Conger Goodyear; the C. W. Kraushaar Galleries and the Grand Central Galleries.

Sir James Fraser.
A. Maustein
C. W. Kraushaar
Art Bourdelle. *AK*



SIR JAMES FRASER

BOURDELLE

THE ARTS

VOLUME VIII

October, 1925

NUMBER 4



GENERAL ALVEAR BOURDELLE

HELEN APPLETON READ visited the studio of Emile Antoine Bourdelle and discussed with him, among other things, his working habits. These she describes in her account of the sculptor, as follows:

"His habits are simple and as regular as if he were a worker in the fields of his native Provence. He arises at five, works until eight, when he has déjeuner, then he works again until lunch. After a siesta he works again. . . . He is an indefatigable worker and rarely accepts an invitation."

This statement of the habits of the celebrated French sculptor is particularly suggestive in the light of what has been said about the comparative industry of American and French artists. Ever since the pilgrimage to Paris became a canonical part of the American

artist's education, the declaration has been made periodically that the Frenchman is a harder worker than the American. The latest repetition of this criticism comes from an American artist.

"The Americans," said this painter, "are just as talented and just as able as the French, but they are lazy, and consequently, they not only do not do as much work but, working less, they are necessarily less absorbed in the general subject of art. This means that their cultivation is drier and thinner."

Here again, Bourdelle is a good example to cite. A good deal of criticism has been levelled against Bourdelle, which tends to mock his reiterated injunctions to his students to consider the "great periods," and since in Paris no one can attain success in the arts without inciting a certain number of acid witticisms, it is not surprising to hear occasionally in some quarters that Bourdelle is less an original creative artist, and more an arranger of material that he has taken out of the past. Such opinions are beside the point of this discussion. For there can be no doubt of the significance of the criticism of American artists, which brings into question the depth and quality of their cultivation. There can be no doubt that if this cultivation is thin, the art created will be thin. And it is not an answer to say that the cultivated are only too frequently non-creative.

Of course there are many exceptions; many artists in America who work hard, who are deeply absorbed in their art and whose knowledge of art is rich and broad. And yet, the following episode which took place last year at the meeting of the jury of the Carnegie Institute, is slightly dismal. One of the less well known artists, whose work came before the jury, is a man who models his painting rather too imitatively upon the work of the Italian primitives. While arguing about the acceptance of his picture, one member of the jury said: "He's quite a little student of Giotto, isn't he?" to which another member of the jury, whose paintings are efficient and marketable, answered, "Who's Giotto?"

If I did not know that this story is true, I should say that it was a libel. But it happens



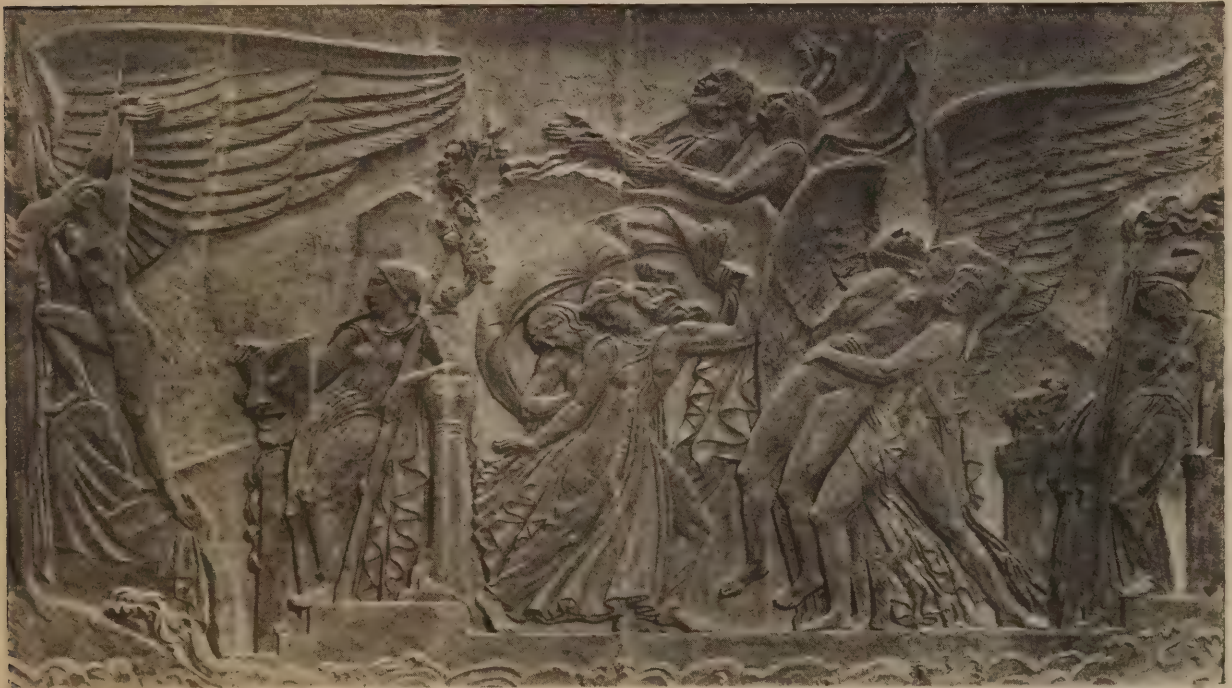
APHRODITE OR THE BIRTH OF BEAUTY

to be true, and it furnishes us with incontestable evidence that it is possible for a painter to annex all of the academic prizes, as this artist has done, and to paint with a great deal of ability and yet enjoy an amazing ignorance. One wonders why several of our most business-like landscape specialists can be so downright able and yet produce work so lacking in imaginative fineness. Isn't the answer to be found in the episode that I have recounted?

These men certainly work, for no exhibition where there is a chance to win a prize is without their pictures. But the word work, simple as it is, like a good many other words, has a very indefinite meaning. Work, for an artist, does not consist merely of having regular studio hours during which he covers so and so many square feet of canvas with skilful painting. This, after he has learned the trick thoroughly, does not utilize his entire mind, so long as he is perfectly willing to leave each canvas as soon as it says about as much as the preceding canvas said, and says it in exactly the same way. Work of the kind that develops the artist's powers fully results from a life and habits that bring about the enrichment of his knowledge, imagination and reasoning powers.

There is perhaps a touch of uplift in Bourdelle's talks to his pupils. Sometimes they smack a little of the Sunday School orator, but one cannot escape from the fact that Bourdelle is a giant compared with many of the sculptors, honored American academicians, and pets of our political Fine Arts Commission at Washington, whose works encumber our public buildings and parks. And Bourdelle, when he advises the student to live the life of the artist, the life of the simple worker, and to nourish his native talent by studying the great masters of the past, is advising him well. That thinness which so often characterizes the paintings and sculpture of our best awarded prize winners, is not inherent in the American soil. Is it because a certain proportion of American artists so often work too little and are too shallow in their cultivation that their work appears to have a kind of efficient barrenness? At least the gentleman who did not know who Giotto was, and a number of his friends, may like to ask themselves this question.

FORBES WATSON.



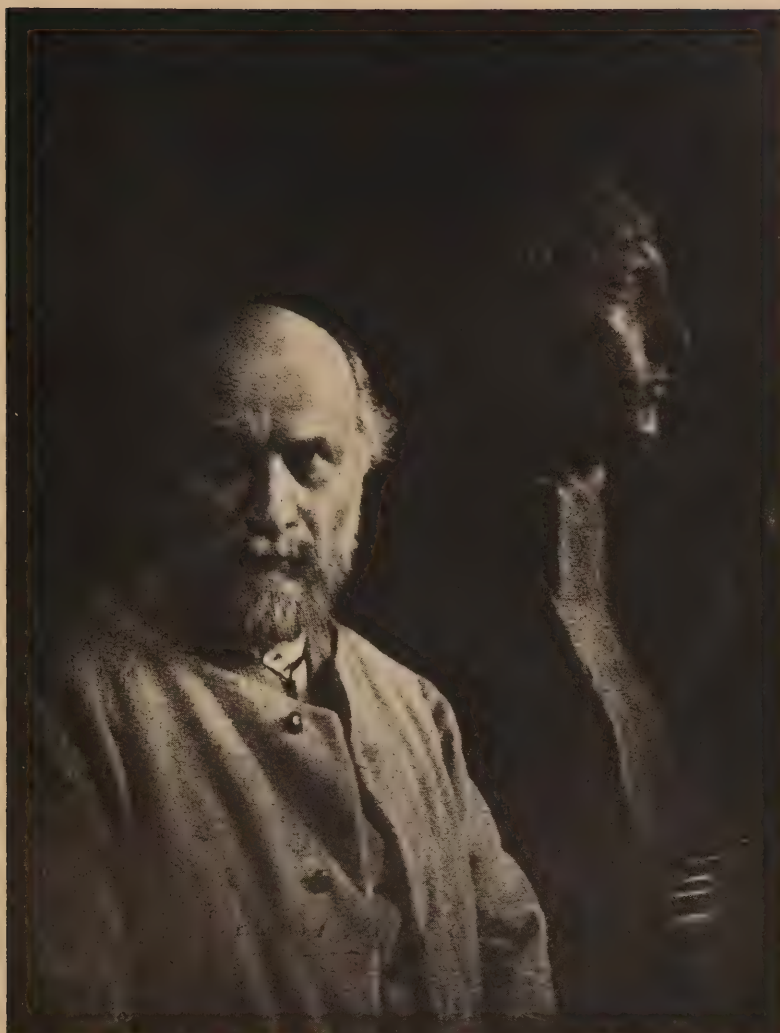
Polychrome Bas-Relief for Marseilles Opera House

BOURDELLE

Rodin travaillant
à sa porte
de l'enfer
par Bourdelle



RODIN WORKING ON HIS GATES TO HELL BOURDELLE



EMILE ANTOINE BOURDELLE.

EMILE ANTOINE BOURDELLE

By HELEN APPLETON READ

AFTER Rodin came Bourdelle. That this succession was tardily appreciated even in France which believes that a prophet may be a prophet in his own land, and that today Bourdelle remains comparatively unknown to an American public, keen on being up to the minute in tagging the latest expression of foreign genius, is not entirely inexplicable. Rodin's fame was such that it tended to exclude the very idea of the existence of another great contemporary.

For thirty years Rodin dominated the field of sculpture with an Olympian grandeur. The name of Rodin was as familiar to the school boy as Michelangelo. It was inconceivable that close beside him in his very atelier, serving as pupil and collaborator, there should be developing another sculptor, a man who was not destined to carry on the Rodin tradition, and upon whose shoulders the master's mantle would not fit, but one who would seek out new paths for sculpture.



MME. BOURDELLE AT WORK BOURDELLE

Or to choose a more exact phraseology, here was an artist who would take sculpture back—re-relate it to the great plastic epochs of the past—who would preach the doctrine that sculpture did not exist for itself but only as the handmaid of architecture, an aesthetic doctrine unforseen and entirely foreign to Rodin's stormy individualism. It was inconceivable to Rodin that sculpture could develop along lines other than his. He inspired his pupils with the same belief. Hence the virility of the Rodin legend. Did he not say to his young collaborator one day in the Montparnasse studio: "After us, will there be any more sculptors?" Which Bourdelle translated as meaning, "after me the decadence."

Rodin has left no school. The Rodin tradition already peters out. The plastic principles for which he stood have left little impress on contemporary sculpture. The laws of order, the disciplined building up of planes and form which was Cézanne's message and is the faith of modern painting, holds for sculpture as well.

This is not to detract from the high and unique place Rodin holds. He has been called the last of the great individualists, and rightly, so he could never have been in sympathy with the modern ideal of making sculpture the handmaid of architecture. Rodin attempted to give to sculpture an office which it could not fulfill. Stone was for him a medium of philosophical thought or merely imitative of life. The historic case of "The Age of Bronze" being refused on account of its supposedly being a cast from life is a case in point. In his later work he tried to make sculpture enter the domain of painting by flattening his planes and softening his forms so that given the right lighting the surfaces were impregnated by telling shadows and diffused lights. He forgot that sculpture must be able to live in any condition of light, and existed to fill space. Elie Faure goes so far as to say that Rodin was essentially a *painter* of the Impressionist group, that he never understood the true office of sculpture. Without agreeing completely with such a contention, since Rodin's contribution was grand if solitary, it is a fair criticism that his sculpture, never architectural, did not serve successfully for monumental ensembles. To search out the disturbing intimacies of the

heart, to call forth undiscovered depths of passion, unfathomable instincts, the mystery of desire and the tragedy of satiety, the ecstasy and the agony of life—such were the motivations and aims of Rodin's greatest contributions.

But sculpture in the hands of such artists



THE NOBLE BURDEN
BOURDELLE



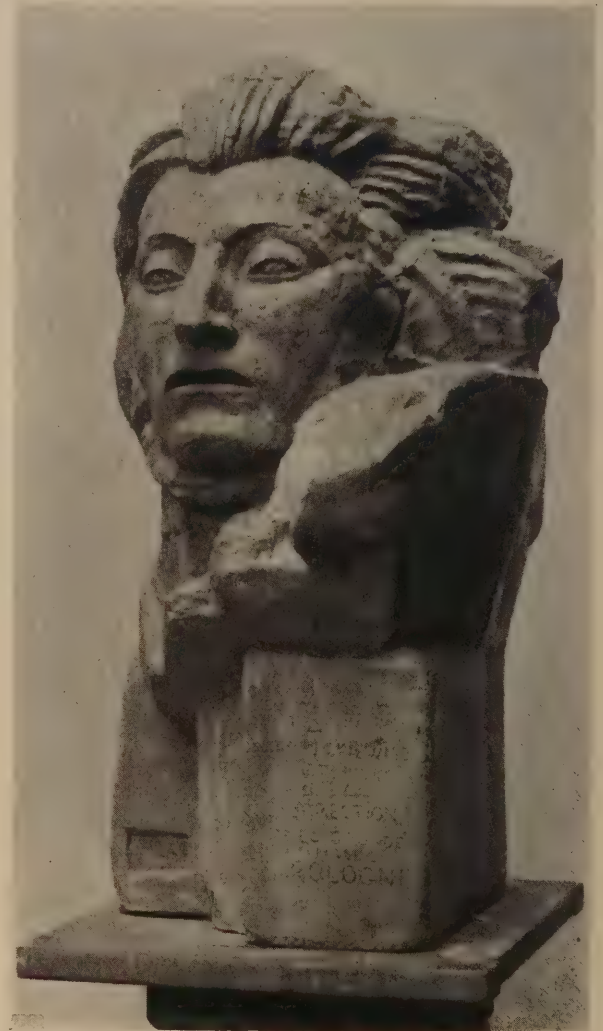
MISS BRECKENS BOURDELLE

as Maillol and Bourdelle has gone back to the purely plastic ideals of the past. These sculptors have penetrated the secrets of the antique, have found inspiration in those great periods when sculpture existed as the handmaid of architecture, to decorate the tombs and temples of Greece and Egypt, the walls of the Chaldean and Assyrian palaces, or to fill the thousand niches of the Gothic cathedral.

We must mention Maillol with Bourdelle, for these two sculptors, different as they are, have nevertheless these ideals in common. They are the strongest and most original of contemporary French sculptors. They have directed the trend of contemporary sculpture. Of the two, Maillol is the more purely sculptural; the romantic and the philosophical

play no part in the austere, simplified volumes of his elemental and eternal themes. He is, therefore, the less popular of the two although he has, in the eyes of many, a finer aesthetic.

About Bourdelle there is always a flavor of romanticism and poetry. He is a powerful stylist, a sculptor who while he never forgets the decorative and architectural function of sculpture has for his most arresting quality the unfailing ability of stirring the imagination. With Bourdelle we see Greece again before the dawn of history, Chaldean Ninevah, Doric Hellas and Burgundy of the Middle Ages. His wide-eyed smiling women are sisters of the astonished orantes of a



HEAD OF MICKIEWICZ
 BOURDELLE



SAPPHO

BOURDELLE



PEGASUS AND THE MUSE

BOURDELLE

primitive acropolis, his polychrome bas-reliefs of stiff gestured dancers might have decorated the enameled palaces of Ninevah, his naive Virgin of Alsace suggests a figure that had stepped down from a niche at Chartres. Bourdelle is the passage between Rodin and the pure plastic ideals of contemporary sculpture. He has romanticism, a touch of the philosophical but stiffened into forms which can exist for themselves as pure sculpture.

For these reasons it is all the harder to explain why the art impressarios, with their eyes ever searching the European heavens for artistic and popular successes, should not have forced him to an American debut sooner than the one that is to take place next month at the Grand Central Galleries. Mr. C. W. Kraushaar, the first man in America, in the words of Bourdelle, to buy his work, has long exhibited interesting examples of Bourdelle's sculpture, but no large exhibition has yet been held here. The publicity department for such an undertaking could have employed, as it did for last year's visiting celebrity, Mestrovich, the praise of Rodin. Nothing so readily sells the idea of a European artist's merit to the American public, although Rodin's praise was sometimes meaningless. However, Rodin gave voice to many fine and sincere comments on his favorite pupil's work. Bourdelle would have been easier to enjoy and appreciate than a Mestro-

vich. He is without the exaggerated stylisms of the Jugo-Slav sculptor to whom Rodin gave also such high praise. Perhaps, that is the rub, Bourdelle would not be called "modern"; the simplicity of his presentation, his lack of stylisms and forced archaisms might pass as old-fashioned to an audience keyed up to Slavic exaggerations and preciousities.

The pieces, thirty-five in number which have been selected by Mr. Conger Goodyear of Buffalo, and which at the close of the Grand Central exhibition will visit Buffalo, Cleveland, and Chicago, were shown to me by Madame Bourdelle in the ateliers of the Impasse de Maine, where Bourdelle has his working studios and what might be called his reception studios.

The pieces chosen are confined to the smaller examples of his work. Such being the case the collection is not completely representative, since of late years Bourdelle has been entirely concerned with monumental and architectural sculpture. The *Alvéar Memorial*, his finest monument, and the "France," the latter now placed at the *Porte d'Honneur* of the *Exposition des Arts Décoratifs*, later to be placed at *Porte de Grave*, to mark the landing of the first American contingent, are necessary if one is to get a complete impression of his work. Fortunately the "France" will be shown in replica at the Kraushaar Galleries, which have been Bourdelle's sole representative in the United



THE POET AND PEGASUS

BOURDELLE

States. They deserve the credit of being the first galleries in America

A criticism frequently directed against Bourdelle's work is that he is not quite sure whither he is going, that in his preoccupation with seeking out for inspiration the best the past has to offer, his individuality is blurred. To employ again the colorful phraseology of Elie Faure, "he wanders in inner torment from the Gothic men to Michelangelo, from Ingres, Carpeaux to Rodin, from the Assyrians to the Hindoos and from the Egyptians to the Greeks."

True, he looks down the long corridors of the past and chooses for his inspiration the simplified forms of the hierarchical figures of Egypt, the geometric figures of the Chaldean reliefs and the sheathed figures of archaic Greece, but his likeness to these unknown builders of the Greek, the Egyptian and the Gothic is more one of a similarity of aim than of copyist. Although these men simplified out of necessity, because they had no inheritance of technical knowledge, they unerringly chose to emphasize the plastic essentials of the figure. Also they had a definite function to fulfill, that of making their sculpture exist to decorate the building for which it was intended. It is perhaps fairer to say that he rediscovers rather than imitates, that he assimilates the best that the past has to offer without copying. It is as if he had taken Stendhal's advice to Delacroix

for his motto: "Neglect nothing that will make you great."

Emile Antoine Bourdelle is of peasant origin, an inheritance he shares in common with many of France's great artists. He was born at Montaubon, Tarn et Garonne, in 1861. Montaubon, also the city of Ingres borders on Provence, which is to say that Bourdelle comes from a country famous for its artists and poets. His father was a "maître éboniste," a cabinet maker, his uncle a stone cutter. From his earliest days he was associated with the ideals of fine craftsmanship. From his father's finely proportioned and executed pieces he learned his first lessons of harmony and balance. He assisted his father and learned skill and precision in the handling of tools as applied to the mending of old furniture and the carving of new. He also tended sheep, an inevitable preliminary, it would seem, to the development of the poetic and romantic artist. It was the poet Pouvillon who, seeing some of his wood carvings, suggested to the mayor of Montaubon that a pension be raised in order to give the boy an opportunity of developing his talents in the traditional art school routine. This was accomplished and he went to Toulouse where at the Beaux Arts, under Larroque he won a scholarship which sent him to Paris to the atelier of Falguire in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. But the academic atmosphere of the Quai Malquia proved



MME. SIMU

BOURDELLE

stifling to his original and aspiring talents and he left after having been there only two months. He became a free lance, working in the studios of Dalou, making at the same time furniture and painting in oils. It was at Dalou's studio that he first met Rodin. He worked with Rodin in the Montparnasse studio, first as a pupil, later as collaborator. Much of his early work is influenced by Rodin—much of Rodin's later work was finished by Bourdelle. Small wonder then that Bourdelle was considered for a long time a lesser Rodin.

It needed a rare energy and strong personality to escape Rodin's influence. Although Bourdelle would be the last to belittle his debt to his master, it was not until he shaped his own course, followed his own ideals that he achieved work of individual distinction and vitality.

The ideals of the mighty sculptor of "The Gates of Hell" and "Le Penseur" could not be his. To Bourdelle, stone could never be anything but stone or bronze, bronze; the material had to have its say in the expression. Stone could not be flesh or philosophy, or a means of reflecting or radiating light.

That Rodin wanted to achieve monumen-

tal work we know through the failure of "The Gates of Hell," "The Burghers of Calais" and the "Balzac" to serve as such. Rodin was an authority on the sculpture of the Middle Ages, but its message, when it came to expressing it in stone, escaped him. But he conceded this understanding to Bourdelle. When asked to write a book on the Gothic, he said, "Go to Bourdelle, my pupil, he is a great artist and is versed in the Gothic. An artist with the soul of a poet, whose evolution it has been my privilege to follow."

It was Rodin's too deep concern with the ecstasies and mysteries of flesh—because he immortalized the ephemerality of human emotions, the impalpability of human thought, that balked his efforts to create monumental sculpture. He was never quite willing to submerge his personality in the whole. Bourdelle's acute and tragic portrait of the great sculptor at work on "The Gates of Hell," tells the story of Rodin's struggle to achieve an architectural unit and his realization of his utter failure. Kington Parkes calls it "the most tragic work of modern art, the representation of the great sculptor perplexed and baffled by the might-



THE THREE GRACES

BOURDELLE



A RUSSIAN LADY

BOURDELLE



GODDESS OF NIGHT
BOURDELLE



GODDESS OF NIGHT
BOURDELLE

ness of the task he has struggled to encompass."

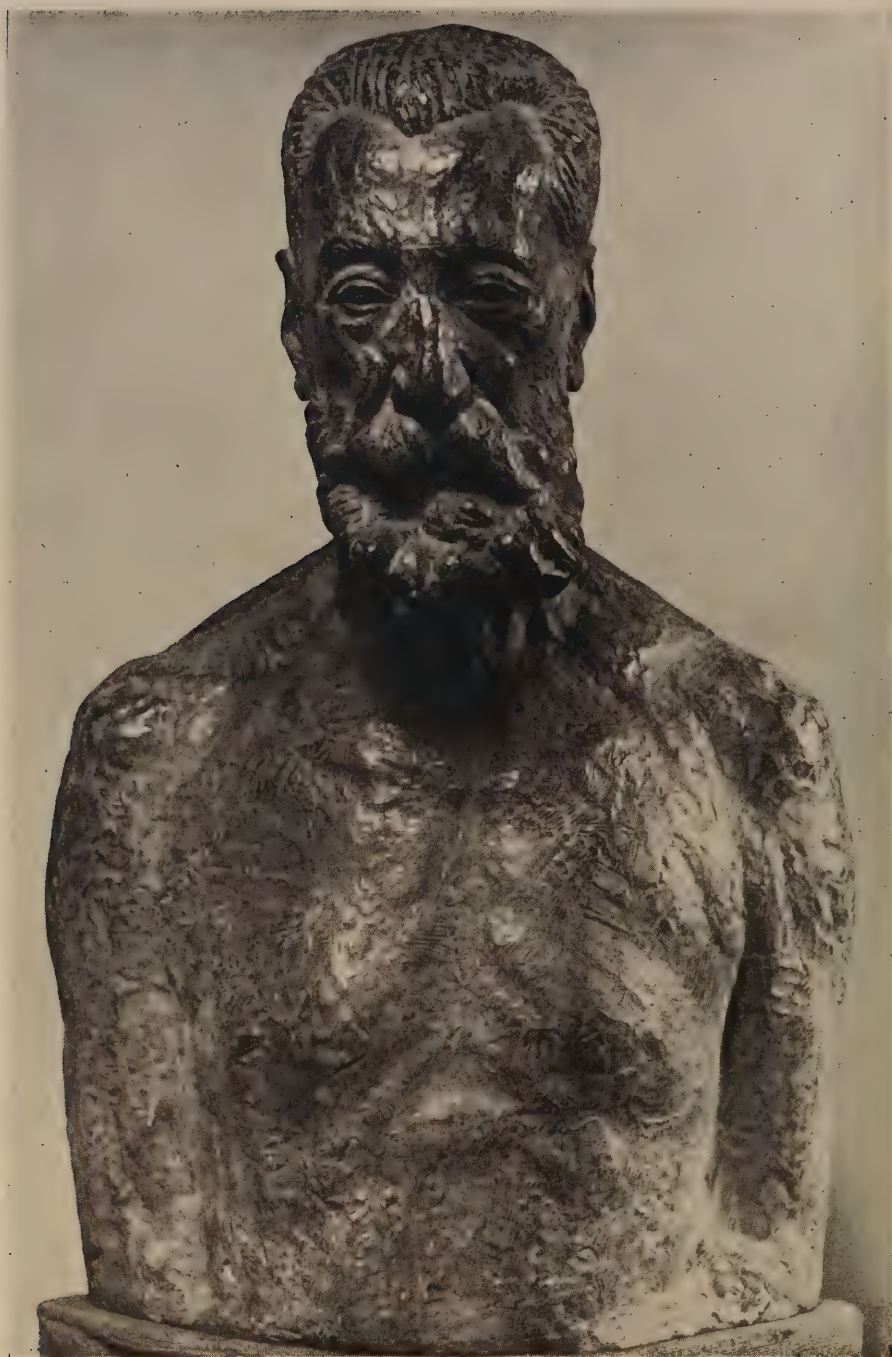
Bourdelle exhibited as early as 1885 and received an honorable mention for his work "Adam After the Fall." Commencing with 1891, he started the long series of portrait busts which are among his most remarkable contributions to modern sculpture. Like Rodin, he was able to make the clay intensely and personally alive, his surfaces are possessed of luminous nuances. They are, however, without the stylisms and grotesqueries which characterize the portrait busts of Epstein, whose work shows the marked influence of Bourdelle. Among his portrait busts are two of Anatole France, two of Coquelin, three of Beethoven, one of Ingres, a three-quarters figure of the sculptor Carpeaux, a Rodin head, one of Sir James Earl Fraser, and one of the celebrated Strassburg surgeon, Kueberle. He has made many heads and figures of women, some of his nudes being among his best work.

The monument dedicated to the defenders of Montaubon of 1870, his first monumental work, also marks his first breaking away

from the Rodin tradition. From now on he becomes more and more concerned with monumental sculpture, although during the decade of 1904 to 1914 he made many small sculptures which go back to Greek mythology for inspiration. Bourdelle the poet is most clearly sensed in these Fauns and Aphrodites, Dianas and Pomonas. They seem to be animated with the very odor and color of the bright days of Hellas. Rodin had an especial admiration for these little figures. In praise of them he said: "His sculpture is alive, it is Attic. I like his delightful figurines in which one finds the grace of the Tanagras. From the Greeks he brings the last nuances of color."

Strange that Rodin should have admired so different a type of nudes. They are chaste, singularly lacking in the sensual note. His nymphs are not like Rodin's, possessed of satyrs; they are not nymphomaniacs. The odor of sensuality is absent. It is as if the architectural discipline which Bourdelle imposed upon himself led to a like discipline of the spirit and flesh.

"The Dying Centaur," although belonging



ANATOLE FRANCE

BOURDELLE

to this period, was recently shown at the Salon des Tuilleries. It has been commissioned in bronze for the Argentine. It is the most conspicuous example of his gift for revivifying the pagan myths, yet being withal a vehicle for a philosophy of life. The great creature, half beast, half human, has been dying for a thousand years—dying of the malady of civilization. He is the anachronism of the pagan spirit trying to adjust itself to a modern world.

As early as 1906 Bourdelle exhibited in England as a member of the International Society of Painters and Gravers. In 1913, he was represented at the Armory Show with his "Observatoire de Meudun" and a portrait. He was represented in the Venice International of 1914 by thirty pieces and was the subject of a separate pavillion, which honor was also accorded Mestrovich. But it was not until the erection of his bas-reliefs for the Théâtre des Champs Elysées that he may have been said to be the most talked of and most influential sculptor in France. This is his most important work in the city of Paris, comprising as it does twenty-one marble figures on the façade, ten frescoes in the atrium, and some incidental murals above in the boxes. The architect, Perret, designed his building with exceptional facilities for decorative treatment. The Bourdelle decoration has started the present-day rage in Paris for decorating buildings with flat sculptural reliefs. It is an interesting anecdote that the groups dedicated to the dance were directly inspired by Isadora Duncan. Bourdelle designed the cover for Isadora Duncan's first American program. That was the American public's introduction to his work, but there are few, I imagine, who remember who was the author of that charming drawing.

In the field of decorative architectural sculpture, the Champs Elysées bas-reliefs are only comparable to Rude's groups on the Arc de Triomphe and the Jean Gujon group on the Fountain of the Innocents. But they introduce a new note, they are a complete breaking away from the rococo tradition which pertains in most of the monumental and decorative sculpture of the 19th Century. To use a colorful and trenchant phrase which is in Francois Fosca's handbook on Bour-



TORSO

BOURDELLE



THE RAM

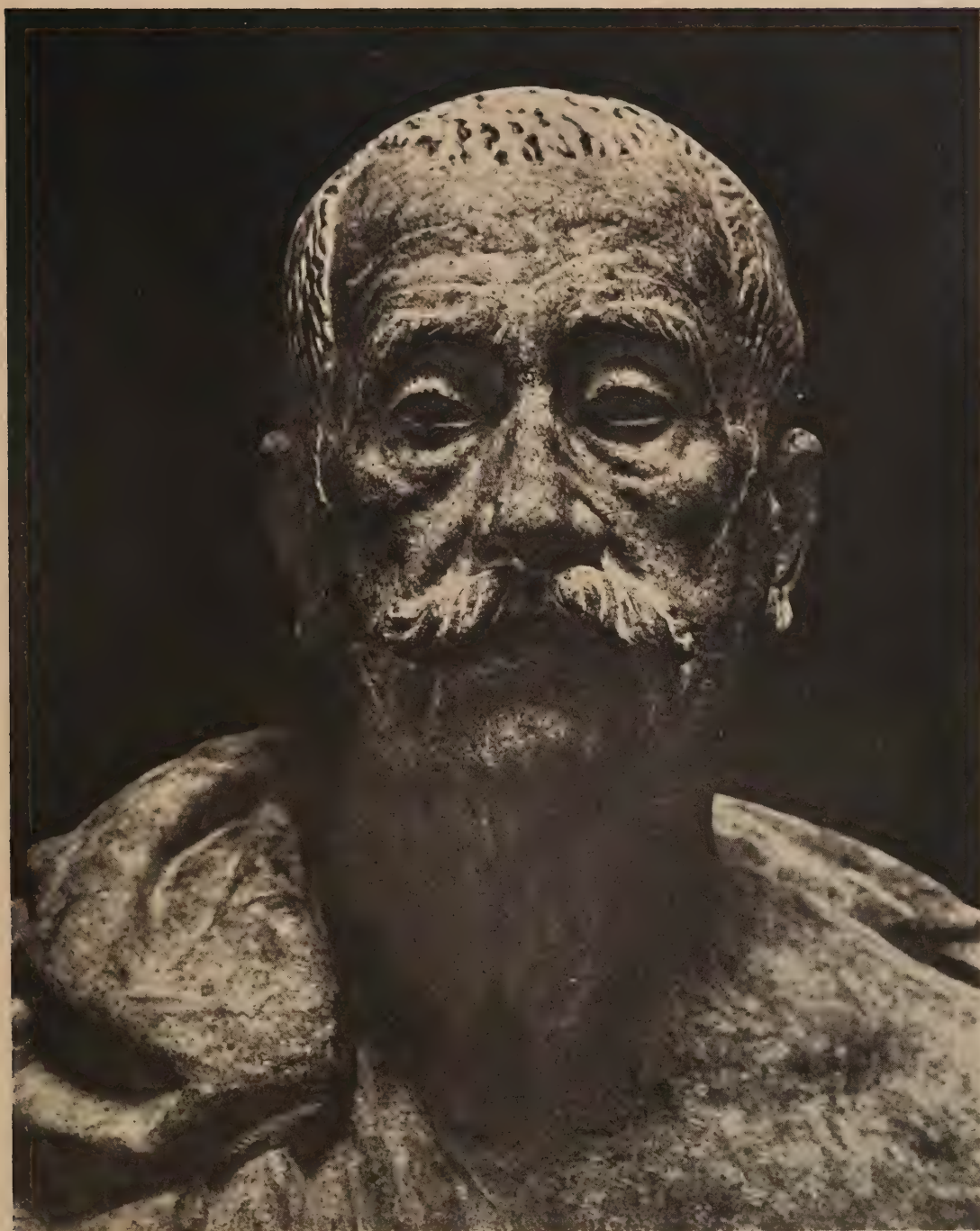
BOURDELLE

delle: "A group by him is not a bouquet suspended from a tree. It is the actual flower born from the tree. It expands on its stone building and cannot be separated from it. Boudelle finds again, in this way, the great tradition."

The bas-relief for the Theatre of Marseilles shown in the 1924 Salon des Tuilleries, is another even more radical breaking with the traditional formulae existing for decorating façades of buildings, an even closer relating of architecture and sculpture. The sculptor, while doing a telling piece of work, has made his work, more than in the other, secondary to the architecture as a whole. In this case he goes back to the precise reliefs of Assyria for his inspiration, rather than to the

archaic Greek, which was his inspiration in the Champs Elysées sculptures. One commentator calls them an abstract calligraphy. The figures are red brick against yellow stucco.

The General Alvéar monument, now in Buenos Aires, is Boudelle's most important monumental work. The huge equestrian figure of the liberator of the Argentine stands 20 metres high. At the granite base are arranged four symbolical figures, Victory, Force, Eloquence and Liberty. The horse and rider is comparable with the Colleone, the figures in their virile grace and austere simplicity have the enlivening quality of the archaic statues of 6th Century Greece. The figure of "Force" is generally conceded to be



BUST OF A. SIMU

BOURDELLE

Bourdelle's finest single figure. The figures, although separate, form an architectural unit. They have nothing of the division which characterizes the "Burghers of Calais."

The "Virgin of Alsace," placed on a hill at Neiderdruck in Alsace, commemorates the province's return to the mother country, and is in the Gothic spirit. It was fitting that a memorial to this event, because of its geographical situation, should have reflected the Gothic rather than the archaic Greek. The Virgin holding the babe high above her head, its outstretched arms and straight body forming a cross, might have stepped down from the Louvain ruin. The figure symbolizes the spirit of the Gothic.

Other war memorials are the monument to the deputies who fought in the war, and one not yet completed to the miners who lost

their lives in the war, to be placed at Montceau les Mines.

Bourdelle teaches at the Grand Chaumier; his pupils come from all over the world. He is immensely popular, and punctuates his criticisms with maxims, philosophical and homely. He has never been a publicity seeker, but his pupils have seen to it that his fame is ever on the increase. He has the large hospitality that was Rodin's, and his atelier in the Impasse de Maine, that obscure picturesque little alley off the Boulevard de Maine which is so insignificant that even the Paris taxi-driver must be directed, sees a steady stream of visitors. These ateliers range from carefully arranged show rooms in which are grouped the early works, the drawings, and the paintings, to the actual working studios and the store rooms where are assembled



HERACLES

BOURDELLE



FORCE

BOURDELLE



DYING CENTAUR

BOURDELLE



COMEDY

casts, studies, cartoons for frescoes, and fragments of the monumental works.

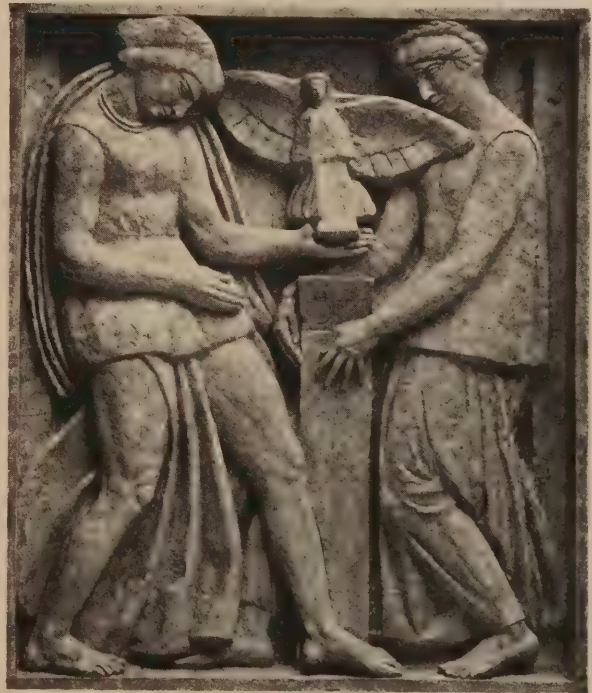
It is not strange that with the decorative and architectural ideals he holds for sculpture that he should also have related his painting to architecture. His murals, in which he employs the methods of the old masters, that of painting directly on the wet plaster, are fresh and vivid. When he essays oils he is not so happy, his figure studies and portraits resembling rosy Carrières. He has made, however, many water color illustrations, full of whimsicalities and obscure if charming symbols. The water color illustrations which he has made for "La Reine de Saba," by Dr. J. C. Mardrus, have an almost Blake-like quality.

Madame Bourdelle prefers to act as her husband's spokesman when the visitor happens to be an American. She is a Greek, very beautiful, and not so long ago her husband's pupil. It was she who showed me the ateliers. It was my privilege to meet Bourdelle in his apartment on the Avenue de Maine, around the corner from the Impasse. A modest enough dwelling for so great a man, although it was filled with the art treasures which he collects, a Titian portrait,



DANCE

Greek marbles, a Prudhon, rare old furni-



SCULPTURE AND ARCHITECTURE
BOURDELLE
Reliefs for Théâtre des Champs Elysées



HEAD OF APOLLO BOURDELLE
Photo by De Witt Ward

ture and Gothic wood carvings. His habits are as simple and as regular as if he was a worker in the fields of his native Provence. He arises at five, works until eight, when he has *déjeuner*, then he works again until lunch. After a siesta he works again, which gives him two periods in which his mind can have the clearness and freshness which comes only after sleep. He is an indefatigable worker and rarely accepts an invitation. He is small and powerfully built, grey-bearded, with gentle eyes and great charm of manner. One remembers Brancusi and Maillol. These workers in stone seem predestined to have something elemental in their make-up.

They are like the stuff they create, earth and spirit.

Bourdelle had just returned from the Exposition des Arts Décoratifs the afternoon in July when I met him, where he had been present at the placing of his statue of "France" at the gate of honor. He is an enthusiastic sponsor of the modern movement in the decorative arts. His influence, as well as his actual works, are conspicuous in the Exposition.

In his teachings he stresses the interrelation which should exist between all the arts, the close relation which sculptor and painter should feel for architecture, decorative and industrial arts. He has demonstrated his interest in the function the sculptor can play in industrial art by modelling knockers and door knobs which, with examples by Bernard and Despiau, are shown in the Pavillon of Fontaine et Cie at the Exposition.

Although Bourdelle's influence on the younger generation, his insistence that they seek the great sculptural epochs of the past for inspiration, is healthy and constructive, it has nevertheless brought about the inevitable corollary of the cult for the archaic.

We see the archaic smile, the stiff gesture and the simplified but hollow forms, the hundred preciousities with which the dilettante covers his paucity of ideas and equipment, on every side. But the small men of every generation have annexed some formula, the present one would seem to have more plastic excuse for being than the neo-Greek and rococo. It does fulfill more capably the tendency to play a part of a decorative whole than these others. So that criticism of it should not be too harsh.

It is of course Bourdelle's concern with the past, his adopting of periods other than his own, the very shortcomings which one may criticize in the smaller men, that make him the unique figure that he is. He never stiffens into a formula. Every work that he creates seems the result of an inevitable spontaneous urge for creation, is possessed of that inner vitality which marks the creative work of art. His works radiate a strange exciting aura of enchantment—they have the indescribable quality of style. Rather than call him a borrower, let us agree with Rodin when he said, "His is a talent which is constantly renewing itself."



TERRA COTTA PORTRAIT

BOURDELLE

BOURDELLE SPEAKS TO HIS PUPILS

From a Paris Diary

By ARNOLD RONNEBECK

When Arnold Ronnebeck studied with Maillol and Bourdelle, he kept a diary. His account of the sayings of Maillol with an appreciation of Maillol's art was published in THE ARTS for July. We are now publishing a series of the sayings of Bourdelle which Mr. Ronnebeck took down word for word when he was studying under Bourdelle some years ago. Much has been published in Europe about Bourdelle, but in all the vast mass of printed eulogies, nothing has appeared as revealing as Mr. Ronnebeck's exact transcription of Bourdelle's words.

OF Maillol I have written that "when he came to the criticism as a teacher, he was usually embarrassed. He could not say anything about a pupil's work. The process of his own creating was so natural to him that there was nothing to speak about. And that is why he could hardly give any practical advice to his pupils." The sculptor Lacombe was his absolute contrast. His way of working was a purely intellectual process. He constructed a plastic figure like a problem in geometry and arithmetic. Lacombe was lost in the abstract science of numbers. Maillol was too simple and, so to speak, too unsophisticated in the logic of training and teaching. Bourdelle, on the contrary, had the great faculty of expressing himself in a vivid and philosophical way about art and life in general, about religious, moral and psychological questions.

He always repeated that he was not teaching a dogma, but that he only wanted to stimulate the desire of personal research in his pupils, and that each had to find the way of expression which corresponded to his own personal gifts, his own personal vision. He never came as a teacher, but as an elder comrade, who had had more experience in sculpture and who had given much thought to it. He did not want blind followers. He wanted questions and contradictions. His desire was to recreate a community of spiritual collaboration as he believed it had existed in the Athens of Plato, in the Florence of

Lorenzo di Medici, and in the great period of the unknown masters of the cathedrals.

I can think of no better way to characterize his teaching than by quoting his own words, put down exactly as they were spoken after each criticism.

What Bourdelle Said

"Pain is the effect of the universe in man. The more man suffers, the more he grows as a whole.

"A nation leaves sometimes only one single great poem, but he who has sung it has carried the whole burden of suffering of his whole nation; this is the destiny of each creator. He who can see, suffers. And the more he sees, the more he suffers. Because, in proportion as he sees beauty, it recoils.

"The physical look stops at the letter of things. Pain is only born when internal effort separates the plane from the letter of things and makes it retreat to the spirit, as illustrated by the sculptor working at a bas-relief.

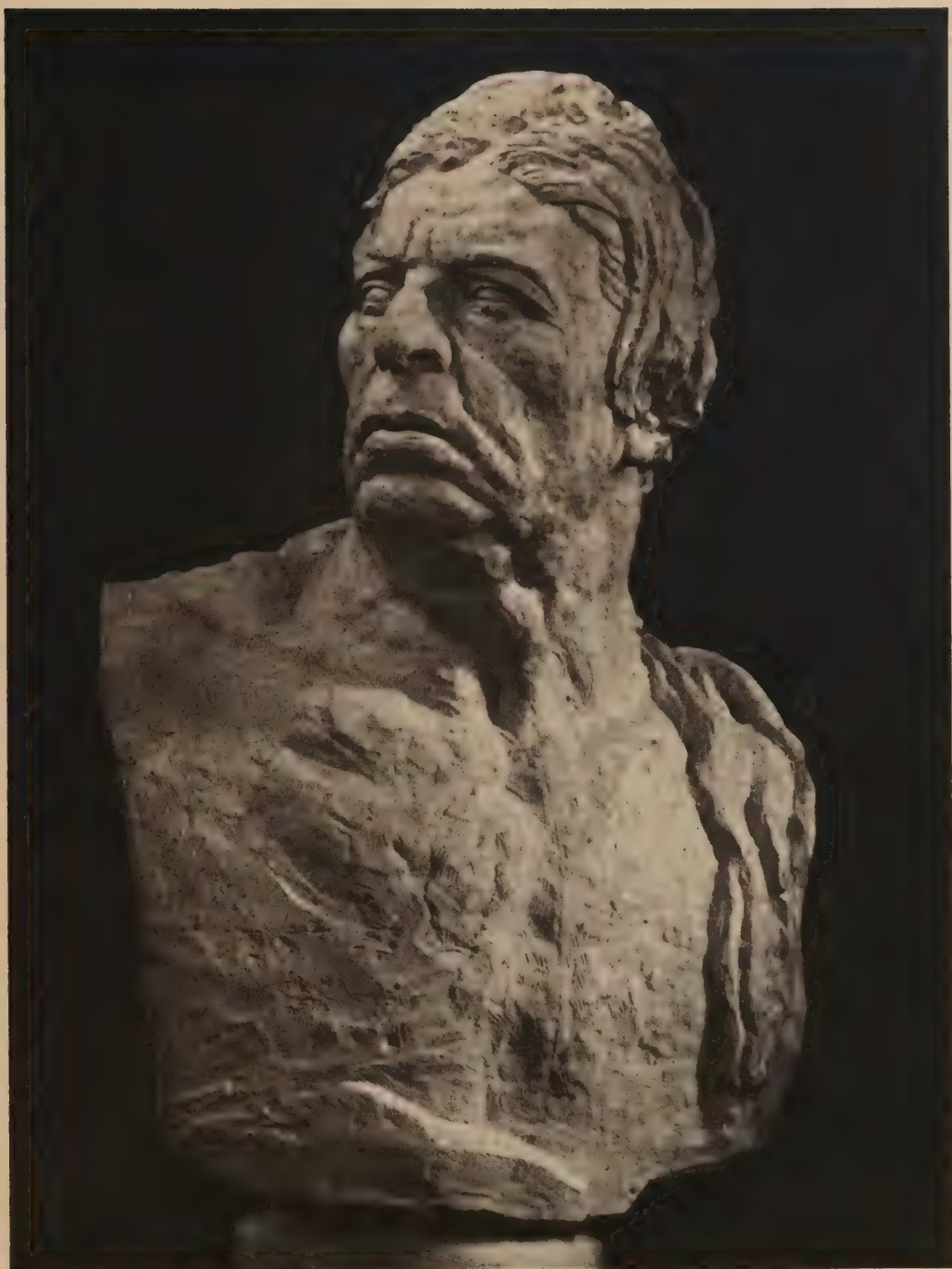
"Our work must be our confession before the inner revolt of the universe. It must tremble with our own being in order to be great with our own truth.

"If the end of man is veiled in darkness it is because we are not able to look into the world to come. But there is no 'end.' Nothing is ever 'finished,' nothing is ever 'done.' The end would be the nothing, and the nothing we shall never see.

"What shall become of your clay? What shall it do, this grey clay, which was destined for the plow, to bear grain and wine and fruits? You have torn it from the lap of the earth. What shall become of it? What is your grain, your fruit, what beautiful seed of the spirit will you sow?

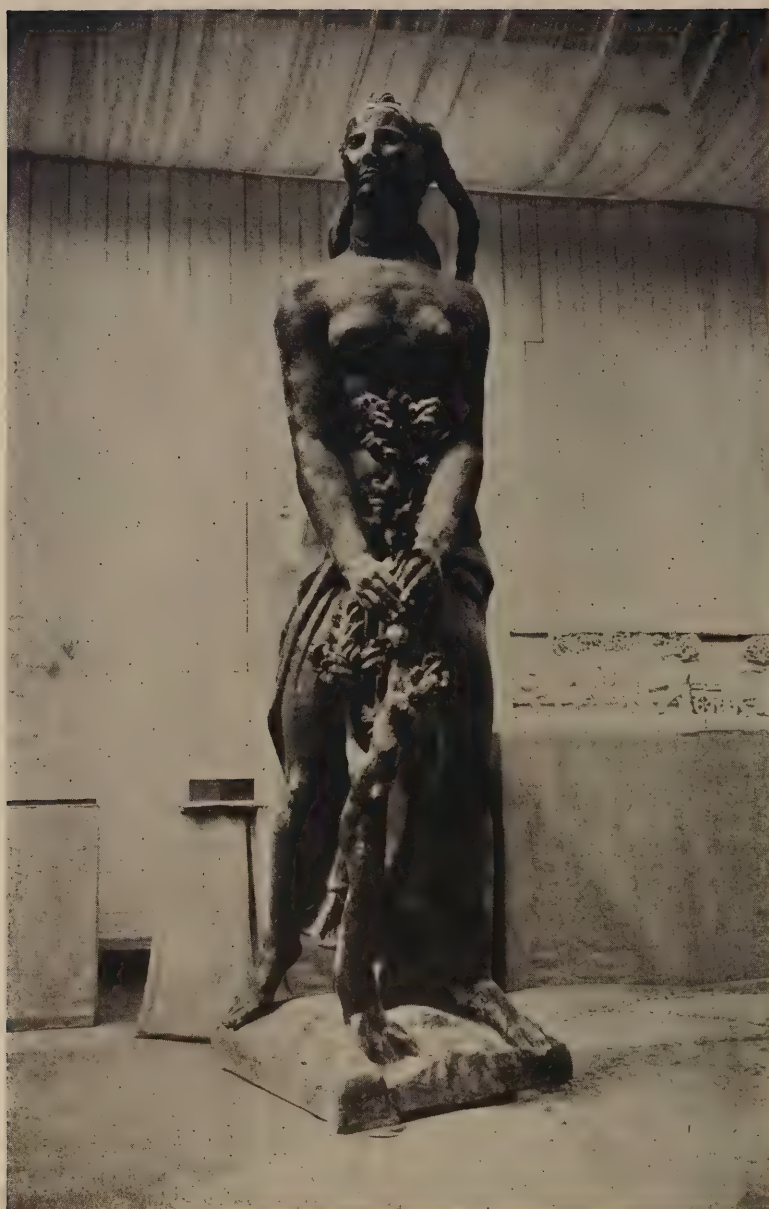
"Do you bring an experience, a flower which is a beautiful human unity? Is your soul moved by the blue wind of the ocean, by the rustling wind which carries away the leaves of the forest, by the star-sown wind of God? Ask yourself, examine your spirit.

"Art is like the floods of the infinite ocean.



INGRES

BOURDELLE



LIBERTY

BOURDELLE



THE SURGEON

BOURDELLE

If you dare to risk the struggle with the waves, take only a boat that is strong enough; the sail is your heart, the mast is your will, the rudder your daily labor, the compass the quality of your soul. Do not go out if you are not sailors—the ocean will devour your boat.

"Thus it is with art: if you are not willing to devote all your life to it, stay at the beach, do not go out, it is useless. Leave the clay to others who are called and are more worthy than you, worthy to bear the burden of the sufferings of humanity.

"But those who are really consumed by art are taken by it altogether. Either one

stays on the strand, playing like the child does with all sorts of colored stones and shells (like the big mass of the wrong artists) or one follows the path of truth—and escapes the world. One answers the questions of truth as one who speaks in a dream. Let us be ashamed of our superficial life which is full of lies.

"There are only two possibilities: the one is that we are not able to see the truth, the other that, when we have once seen glimmering before us the path that is leading to it, we are devoured by the eternal thirst to follow it to the end.

"He who is filled with this love for truth



MONUMENT ALVEAR

BOURDELLE

goes out into life like a hero without weapons, but under the spread-out wings of an archangel.

"Forge for yourself. If you want to live the life that has duration and carries blossoms even in the winter, through the love of the beautiful, create for yourself that winged companion!

"The beauty of sculpture lies in the interior construction, in the architecture of masses and volumes and their composition. I myself have about thirty different ways of working. Each depends upon the character of the model, but the laws are always the same. They are the same in sculpture, in painting, in music and in poetry: always the architecture of the big masses, their construction and harmony, decorated and interwoven with subordinate details.

"Sculpture is logic. In order to be an artist, one must be wise, but sometimes one must be able to look at the world like a child,

knowing everything, and being able to be a child.

"No really great work of art has been done instinctively. Man has not been created to work under the influence of instinct alone. He must know what he is doing, in order to create something good. The beautiful Gothic statues of the cathedrals have been worked out after sculptural laws; the old masters were perfectly conscious of what they were doing. It is absolutely impossible to create such sculpture without the knowledge of the science of volumes, of the logic of architecture and the subordination of sculpture to it. But the Gothics, like the Greeks, were in possession of this knowledge.

"All academic sculptors of today are working in just the opposite sense. How are they working? They make an ear, an eye, a nose, a foot, an arm, but nothing holds together, nothing is in its place. It is all falling to pieces, because it is an accumulation of details,



ELOQUENCE

BOURDELLE



VICTORY

BOURDELLE

no volumes, no grand planes, not even casts from nature, but false photographic reproductions of incoherent forms which have nothing whatsoever to do with art.

"Today one does not look at nature any more. One is only superficial. But the sculptors of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries knew. They were men who loved their fellow men, their animals, their flowers and their cabbage. And they carved the pictures of all these in stone and gave them flaming forms on the walls and in the interior of the cathedrals.

"On and in the cathedrals you have the whole knowledge and wisdom of sculpture. These simple artists were living in families, fifteen, twenty, together, and the one continued what the other had begun. By these means they kept alive the tradition of their art, of that immense wonderful art which through the great number of collaborators

has remained anonymous." On another occasion Bourdelle had harsh words for the critics.

"Technique and aesthetics are useless words, preached by certain critics and writers who don't understand anything about art."

A very wonderful work of Bourdelle's was exhibited in the Salon d'Automne. He had represented Hercules drawing the bow to shoot the stymphalic birds. A certain critic had written an article about it in which he said:

"Why does this Hercules not have a beard as in the old traditions, why is his nose so curved and his eyes so big?"

Bourdelle quoted this to us, and said:

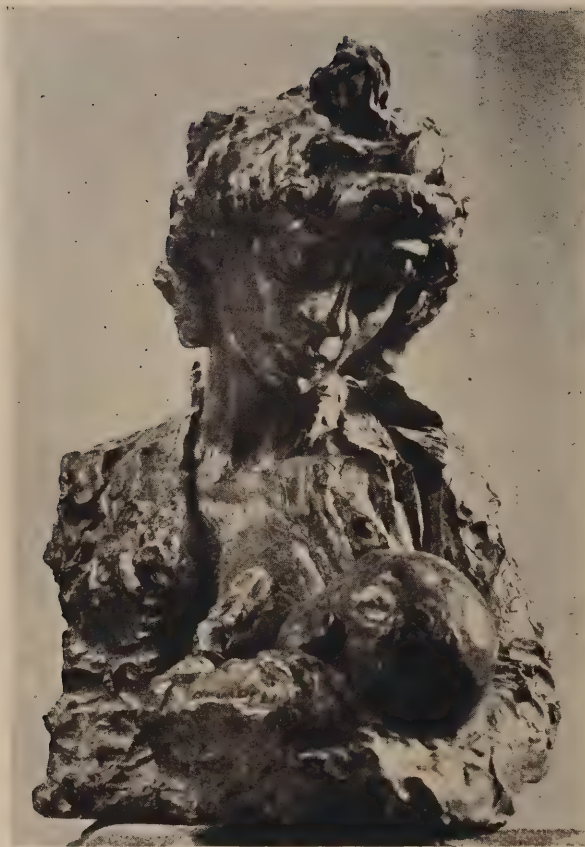
"All these questions have nothing to do with the meaning of my work which simply deals with the problems of form in a human body in action. But the public reads this article and forms an opinion after it.

"Critics like this man are of the greatest



MONUMENT ALVEAR

BOURDELLE



MOTHER NURSING CHILD
BOURDELLE

nuisance for art as well as for the artists. They are dangerous people. Sculpture is the science of form. Of course we have to give a title to our statues, just as every human being has to have a name in order to distinguish him from his fellow men. And besides, we have also to consider the fact that the public wants a title of some 'poetic' or 'literary' meaning, but if one is a sculptor one must not make literature in stone or in bronze. If you have to tell something—write it down. Sculpture is dealing with form only.

"Beauty is everywhere. Nature is always beautiful. You can make a masterpiece of each human face. When nature seems ugly to us we are not able to see its beauty because we do not understand it. And if our life is not beautiful, it is our fault. Each of us is building up his own life, and even things which seem exterior can entirely change our life.

"Only the most severe spiritual discipline creates a work of art. Its beauty and grandeur lies in analysis. Only he who knows his model thoroughly is allowed to represent the forms of nature by an interpretation of his own. Do not think that you know your model when you have been working from it five weeks. One must be able to work at one foot or one hand from two to three months.

"Only when you have really seen each profile, only when you have compared each volume to the general volume of the whole, are you capable of making a sketch or an interpretation of what you have seen. Not before. Because only after you have done that, you know that the big plane which you are cutting in your clay with one stroke, is composed of a hundred smaller ones and of a hundred thousand profiles.

"In order to be able to create a beautiful work, a personal interpretation of your inner



ANATOLE FRANCE BOURDELLE



FRUIT

BOURDELLE

vision, you must be able to render nature as exactly as a plaster cast does it. But who is able to do that? Today nobody has the requisite patience. With a little poetic feeling each takes himself for a sculptor. But if the sensitivity of observation and the inner structure are missing, the work is empty and worth nothing. This process of study takes years and years of infinite work."

Bourdelle always said that he owed very much indeed to Rodin, with whom he had been working a long time. Rodin was extremely conscientious in everything he did. When he did a draped figure like the "Bourgeois de Calais" or the "Balzac" he used to do not only one, but a great number of plastic studies of the nude before. For many of his works Bourdelle did these preparatory studies and he told us that only at the knee



STUDY FOR PORTRAIT
BOURDELLE



BACCHANTE BOURDELLE

of the "Balzac" statue he worked five weeks. Yet in the finished monument the whole body of Balzac is covered with a sort of bathrobe, and only the head is bare.

At another time Bourdelle said:

"There is no such thing as 'National' art. There is only art. And the artist must not be a French, an Italian, German or an American artist. He must have a universal spirit. One must not belong to one country. The art of the Hindus is of the same wonderful beauty as the art of the French Gothic artists because the spirit is the same.

"There is no patriotism in art.

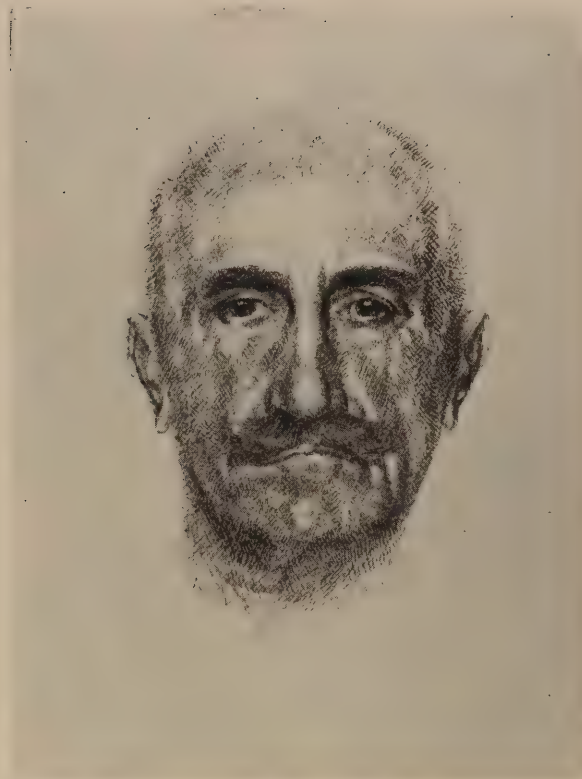
"The whole of our destiny forms the flower of our work. Its beauty and its vitality depend on how we are nourishing the ground on which it is supposed to grow. But what can we do and what influence can we



M^r Auguste Perret.
Architecte Théâtre
des Champs Elysées.
Antoine Bourdelle
à Paris ~~à~~
Kraushaar.

AUGUSTE PERRET
Architect of the Champs Elysées Theatre

BOURDELLE



AUGUSTE ARNAULT
BOURDELLE

have on that? Can we form our destiny after our will? Can we look into the future? Yes, we can! And for this purpose we need not even be a magician or an alchemist.

"I did not gather a thousand mysterious plants and boil them in retorts at midnight by the light of the full moon. I have only advocated all the work I have been doing, all I have been feeling, all I have been suffering, in a word, my whole past. And I saw that that which I am now and that which my work is now, is the result of my life up to this moment.

And I saw this: our future follows us, and our past guides us.

"Our future life does not lie before us under deep vales of darkness, impossible to penetrate. No, each tomorrow depends on a today. And we can very well see the consequences of what we are doing today. We can even prepare them consciously by our actions.

"Each single day is an immense gift. It is our task to receive it in the right and dignified way and make the best use of it. Let us look deeply into ourselves and ask ourselves

if everything that we do is really something good and valuable, something which is bearing a future in itself. And out of each new day let us make something better and greater than the day past.

"Life is a mathematical problem of which the last result is the sum of its actions.

"Be sincere and honest with yourself. Ask yourself if everything you do, if every hour of the day contributes to the happy formation of your destiny. If not, find out how to give the right direction to your efforts. Try to discover your faults and eliminate them. Keep always awake in you the thirst and the restless research for beauty.

"Be a mirror that reflects and holds in itself all eternity. Look into the world that surrounds you with the deep visionary eye of the spirit to which eternal laws and harmonies reveal themselves in everything that happens, and grows and blooms.

"If the ships and sails, passing over the infinities of the oceans are so beautiful, it is because they are built and guided by unchangeable truths and laws. The quality of



THE VIRGIN OF ALSACE

BOURDELLE



HEAD OF HERCULES

BOURDELLE

the waves eternally moved by the great winds, have created their beautiful forms—those forms which are the most suitable for their purpose. And exactly the same laws form the beauty of the human body, its interior construction, which results from the problems of the struggle for existence. The soul, the passions, the internal events and experiences of a human being are the forces which form the features of its face, its planes and lines.

"The internal, invisible planes must therefore correspond with those which are external and visible, and which can be reproduced in the creator's material.

"In the beginning I have spoken of my past. I have said that it is the past that forms our future. What have I made therefore of my past and who is he who speaks to you about these great things? He is the son of a simple family of shepherds.

"I grew up in the woods of my home country, Montauban, in the south of France, among herds of goats with beautiful horns and capricious foreheads. I was the friend of the dark nightingale, and the trees and flowers and the sounds of the woods were my companions and brothers.

"I have always loved the poor, the modest and the humble. My playmates were poor little fellows in rags who in everything were the contrary of the city people in their Sunday suits and the beautiful ladies promenading in the public parks with the bands playing. I had a deep and instinctive antipathy toward these vanities. And, therefore, I was later without friends.

"I was always alone, maybe with a book, in the woods, in the mountains, in the open. There I heard other things than superficial talk. Yes, little nightingale, your burning hot song of longing is echoing through all my life.

"And the greatness and power of the trees has revealed to me the secret of their lives, which by and by, in the slow growth of long years, finally completed them in all their splendor and beauty. Each day, each hour, had added something, had made them grow, had endowed them with daily increasing fullness and power of resistance. All their past had formed their destiny. Life is a continuous succession of causes and effects. There is no tomorrow, no yesterday, no today. Life



STUDY FOR A FRESCO
BOURDELLE

is one. We human beings alone have divided it into degrees.

"Let each hour be a step toward another more beautiful one, let each lost joy prepare another greater one, let each work under the failure of which you sink down, prepare the success of new coming works. Let the great joys and the great pains make you strong. Test the course of your days, create for yourself a sublime destiny. Live your life in closest contact with your art, and may each of you find his own truth. For each one of us is carrying it inside of himself.

"But why these differences? Why must so many of us be disappointed? And where is a perfect truth? Where does he hide—he who alone can answer?



THE W. H. HUDSON MEMORIAL

JACOB EPSTEIN

A TRANS-ATLANTIC CHRONICLE—No. 1

A VISITOR'S NOTES ON ART IN GREAT BRITAIN

By VIRGIL BARKER

THE state of painting and sculpture in Great Britain in this season of 1925, so far as it is indicated by the exhibitions and collections generally accessible, is far from lethargic; but at the same time it appears to be equally far from the definitely progressive activity which more generally characterizes them in the United States. The difference does not lie in mere numbers, for in proportion to the respective populations Great Britain probably still maintains her relative superiority in quantity of production over the United States. The difference is rather one of emphasis and direction. In British art, as placed on view for the tourist, there is a larger proportion of stuff which merely repeats old formulas with an ever-weakening grasp of them; and such works as do give evidence of some knowledge of what has been happening in art during the last twenty-five years are both numerically less important and qualitatively less virile. A sight of specific exhibitions by the London Group and The New English Art Club might modify this judgment to some degree, but the work by members of both societies which

can be seen here and there makes such a modification appear very improbable.

Wilson Steer and Augustus John

In England, more than in the United States, the derivative artist is much better understood and very much better patronized than the experimental artist. There is Mr. Wilson Steer, for example, whose place is so secure that it permits derogatory remarks. For years and years he has been ringing the changes on the great masters of the past—Tintoretto, Fragonard, Gainsborough, Constable, and others. It is precisely this which makes his work so popular among those who possess the usual educated person's amount of historico-artistic knowledge, for Mr. Steer's own personal contributions to art—"gay colors, imprisoned light, fluid impressionistic touch"—in no way clash with the derivative elements.

In his own country it has been written of him that he is "an impressionist who has taken to repainting the old masters," and the remark is as clever as criticism as his own art is clever as a way of escape. For the impres-



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN

VERMEER OF DELFT

Courtesy of N. Knoedler & Sons, London

sionists rather neglected design; and to combine their felicity of optical appeal, which has by now been accepted by the narrowest practitioners, with reminiscences of the great designs of the past is to seduce canny picture buyers with the illusion of progress. Where the traditional elements are safely predominant, as in Mr. Steer's art, there is comparatively little trouble in winning a position which only a considerable lapse of time will impair.

When the modernistic elements are more aggressively present, as in the art of Mr. Augustus John, a secure place may require more years and considerably more active generalship; but with favoring circumstances it can be captured, as Mr. John's present spot-lighted brilliancy gives evidence.

The Scotch as Collectors

At Kirkcaldy, a linoleum manufacturing center near Edinburgh, the most recent of Great Britain's public galleries has just been opened. In a small building of commonplace architecture was discovered a very good loan exhibition, mainly of comparatively recent Dutch and French pictures. It was interesting to discover the sort of thing that Scots art patrons are collecting. The donor of the building, Mr. John Nairn, showed himself one with many Scotch collectors in playing safe with such names as Cazin, Boudin, and Monticelli.

Mr. John Tattershall is collecting Vuillard; Mr. Leonard Gow, Manet and Dauterive. Mr. J. J. Cowan lent a very nice but excessively dark little Whistler night-piece of a Chelsea shop, and also an extremely handsome picture of a ship-deck by Manet. Mr. William Boyd owns an "Etretat," a version of the well known sea-cliff, by Monet, which is almost calligraphic enough to be a Matisse; this same collector owns a Van Gogh—not a very good one, to be frank. To judge by the rest of the pictures lent on this particular occasion, it is a surprise to see any Scotch collector being even approximately radical. On the other hand the few British dealers in modern art tell me that the Scotch are their best clients.

The only really notable picture in the British section of this exhibition was "Reading Aloud," by Glasgow's well-known Albert Moore; the rest, mainly works by Scotch

painters, were of hardly more than local interest.

The Museum's Relation to the Community

The opening paragraph of the catalogue's Prefatory Note possesses a certain significance:

"By an unconscious train of thought we have come, most of us who have lived for fifty years, to estimate the growth in culture and efficiency of our towns and cities by the period when they attain the possession of a municipal Gallery of Art. The finishing touch, the addition of ornament and a due acknowledgment of the things of the spirit, have been put to the communal life, and the edifice may be considered complete. All that remains is to keep it running with efficiency."

There is sufficient truth in that to make it worth saying, but there is an even greater amount of truth in an important distinction of which the foregoing paragraph gives no indication. The distinction in question relates to the origin and function of the art gallery in contemporary life. It is true that such an institution ornaments and, in a way of speaking, completes the communal life; but extremely rarely in modern times is it a genuine and spontaneous expression of the communal life itself. Almost always the gallery or the museum is a gift to the community from some individual or some small group of individuals. This is the case at Kirkcaldy, and it is also the case with the immense crop of similar institutions now being harvested over the length and breadth of the United States.

In what some of us, perhaps mistakenly, conceive to have been better times, there were no such things as collections of art gathered from everywhere and housed in the tomb-like structures we know. Each community fashioned for itself the buildings for the communal life and adorned them fittingly with art works which had some direct expressive function for that life. Such buildings and such works in themselves constituted the visible and usable embodiment of the communal life, were actually the vesture of the spirit in which every member of the community lived. Such were the Athenian Parthenon, the mediæval church, the Town Halls of the Low Countries.

This cannot be said of our galleries and

museums of art, which are generally assemblages of odds and ends rifled from all periods and places. So far as being the fulfilment of a communal need, desired by everybody strongly enough for them to bring it to pass by prolonged and concerted effort, and kept alive by their continual use and care, the modern art gallery fulfils no function. It is something apart from the common life, the object of casual visits which have about them more an air of duty than of delight. It is the proverbial gift-horse which most folks are disinclined to look in the mouth. Here and there, fortunately, a better state of things is coming to pass; there have been accounts from some of the cities of the Middle West to indicate that their museums are becoming a definite part of the life of the community.

The Royal Scottish Academy

In Edinburgh itself the Royal Scottish Academy was having its ninety-ninth exhibition, thus being only one lap behind the New York organization; and in the matter of technical merit the difference was even slighter.

As for the pictures, they were just an average lot. They were not much helped out by a small selection of continental work, examples by Carrière, Blanche, Sorolla, Henri Martin—the sort of painting which exclusively represented Europe at the Carnegie Institute under the old regime. One picture here, Mr. James Pryde's "The Ragged Room," was in the latter exhibition last year, on which occasion it was reproduced in *THE ARTS*.

There were a great many of the usual landscapes, prosaic renderings of specific places, topographical records of no more than moderate technical interest. There were also many of the tight still-lives and interiors of the kind that are manufactured in Boston, and a few not very intelligent attempts to be modernistic. The outstanding individual contribution to the Exhibition was a large picture by Mr. Walter Sickert entitled "The Bar Parlor"; but Mr. Sickert is himself a greater phenomenon than any particular picture by him can be, and later on in these notes he will receive some comment on his own account.

The Royal Academy

In London *the* Royal Academy show was

going on—the one hundred and fifty-seventh. It might sound ill-tempered to say that it has been dead just fifty-seven years longer than our own; it might also be a bit rash, since both organizations will reappear next year to deny the exaggeration of such a report.

In this year's exhibit the water colors were all negligible, hardly one that gave any evidence of a real flair for the medium; and the etchings here shown indicated that in this medium England has not yet found any more masculine master to follow than Whistler. The architectural room was better, through the two contributions from Sir Edwin Lutyens—a model for a Memorial to the Missing for erection at St. Quentin, and a design for the Proposed Head Offices of the Midland Bank.

The sculpture was both more numerous and very much better than is the case in New York; but the betterment was simply in the direction of technical finish. There was no striking and original conception—only the usual recumbent effigies, and posing nudes, and more or less carefully realistic portrait busts.

Yet all these things are only so many rather unappetizing trimmings to the main Royal Academy meal—the pictures. And such pictures!

A certain group of British painters have contrived for themselves various technical recipes which, differing from one another, have yet one thing in common. They are all thin and weak compromises between honest naturalism and honest decoration. Mr. Philip Connard, for instance, paints would-be mythological subjects and would-be realistic subjects in precisely the same manner; the only way in which they can be told apart is that in the former the figures have no clothes but occasionally wings.

Finally, there was a type of work scattered through this exhibition which can be described only as the familiar Pre-Raphaelitism turned into an even more self-consciously naive primitivism—as if Burne-Jones' involutions were opened out by a tincture of Puvis de Chavannes. There remains the truly English trait of building up a picture out of an infinity of detail, although the treatment of the details one after the other is rigorously simplified. Thus comes about such a complicatedly simple piece of story-telling as

Mr. Eric George's "Adoration of the Shepherds."

Walter Sickert

In the midst of this sort of thing the pictures of Mr. Walter Sickert necessarily stand out in the most striking way possible; for in them the ruling motive seems actually to be consistently pictorial. His picture of "Victor Lecour," with its Bonnard-like color, was practically the only one at the Royal Academy that could endure repeated examination. The Messrs. Sitwell called it "probably the first good painting that has been in the Academy since the passing of Turner."

The British Empire Exhibit

The British Empire Exhibition at Wembley corresponds to the big fairs which occur in the States from time to time; if it is to be compared with any of the expositions, it must be with one of the smaller ones, like Buffalo or Seattle; certainly it cannot be with Saint Louis or San Francisco. The illumination scheme is almost entirely confined to the now antiquated outlining of buildings with strings of electric globes; the softer and at the same time more adequate (if architectural mass is considered instead of unrelated light spots) method of indirect lighting is very little used.

The collection of pictures shown this year fell into two very distinct divisions, those having historical interest and those affording a survey of contemporary work. In the room devoted to the Empire Builders the most interesting item was not a picture at all, but a tiny carving in stone of Henry VIII by Holbein; and its interest was mainly that of a curio. In the room given up to English Life were several pictures which would rouse raptures in the breasts of the connoisseurs of quaintness who manage so easily nowadays to pass for lovers of art; if these antiquarians maintain their present lead, America will be forced, upon the exhaustion of its native source of supply, to fall back upon such manufacturers of oddments as Ben Marshall (1767-1835) and John Loffany, R. A. (1735-1810). Another room contained pictures on loan from various civic collections throughout Great Britain; these made a very ill-assorted group in which Ford Madox Brown's "Work," and William Strang's "Supper Time," in spite of hard

drawing and forced color, appeared positively meritorious.

The series of rooms given up to contemporary work were filled in accordance with the dictates of geography. The various colonial groups—New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, and Canada—both gained and lost through such an arrangement; gained in not being subjected to the deadly comparison of more competent work, and lost in the resulting monotony of the not-quite-good-enough. However, the South African room revealed the existence in that part of the world of an interesting sculptor, A. Van Wouw; sixteen small bronzes stood out in merit above the whole of the large collection of British work in other rooms.

The Tardy Discovery

Apparently England is just discovering Cézanne. To be sure, Mr. Roger Fry and Mr. Clive Bell have been preaching him for years, and his influence upon a certain small group of native painters is more obvious than it is upon the corresponding group in the United States; but now (and apparently because of the factors just mentioned) even the public which flocks to the Royal Academy has become aware of his existence. The debate that has long been settled in professional coteries that count is making what one hopes is a last resurgence among the generality.

The group of his works recently shown at the Leicester Galleries was small but choice. A dozen oils and nineteen drawings and water colors sufficed to convince all who could be reached by great painting. Three very fine ones were lent by S. Courtauld, Esq.: the superb "L'Estaque," already familiar in New York, was also shown. The one herewith reproduced is a magnificent example and is carried to a degree of completion in every portion of the design that is but rarely met with in Cézanne's work.

A Painting by Vermeer

An event, the interest of which is not confined to the British Isles, is the appearance in the London galleries of the Messrs. Knoedler of a painting by Vermeer. Its documentary history is unusually satisfactory as far as such things go and consists of a few and definitely traceable changes of ownership. It first appears in the catalog of the

Lafontaine sale at Paris in 1822; shortly after this event it was bought by General the Baron Atthalin of Colmer, by whom it was bequeathed to his grandson, Mr. Laurent Atthalin; and now the picture comes from the collection of the Baroness Laurent Atthalin. Thoré Bürger, who ranks as the modern "discoverer" of Vermeer, described it in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* for 1866, and seemingly fell into an error of transcription from the Lafontaine catalog, naming it as a portrait of a young man; and this error is repeated in the well-known volume by Philip L. Hale. The painting is on a small wooden panel, slightly more each way than seven by nine inches, and is signed with a monogram on the background towards the upper left-hand corner.

However, all such matters have nothing to

do with the intrinsic beauty of the painting, and this is sufficient to be its own warrant. The spot of dazzling white drapery beyond the cheek and chin does not explain itself to me; it is the high note of the whole, but it is difficult to see why it should extend up so far except as a filler for what was felt to be, towards the completion of the picture, a hole in the design. Even though it cannot be accounted for as a piece of naturalism, it still serves to set off the sensitiveness of the facial contour and to help in joining the emphatic forms of the red hat and blue cloak. The pearly light suffusing the face is exquisite; the folds of the cloak are beautifully handled; the hat plays as important a part in the design as that in the Widener Vermeer; and the warm brown background is superbly handled.



LANDSCAPE

Courtesy of the Leicester Galleries, London

CÉZANNE

SKYLIGHT

A DECIDED flurry in the public prints was caused by the unveiling of Jacob Epstein's memorial to W. H. Hudson. Letter writers rushed frantically into print to denounce the defacement of Hyde Park with this atrocity; and on Sunday afternoons there is always a small but constantly changing crowd before it in sometimes animated controversy over it. The report of this event in the *Morning Post* is worth reproducing as a curiosity:

Mr. B. PETO (Conservative Member for Barnstaple) asked whether the First Commissioner of Works had arranged for the early removal from its present site in Hyde Park of the Epstein bas-relief and whether he would see that it was re-erected in any other public place in this country.

Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON replied that the answer to the first part of the question was in the negative, and the second part, therefore, did not arise. (Some Ministerial cheers.)

Mr. PETO—May I ask whether this so-called work of art belongs to the nation, and, if so, whether he will consider the possibility of removing this specimen of Bolshevik art?

The SPEAKER—Argumentative adjectives are out of order in supplementary questions.

Sir W. DAVIDSON (Conservative Member for South Kensington)—Will Mr. Locker-Lampson say whether he has not now had an opportunity of seeing the indignation of the public—(derisive Opposition laughter)—at having this—what has been called—work of art, in the midst of the otherwise charming bird sanctuary?

Mr. G. LOCKER-LAMPSON—We had a good many communications in the first instance condemning this particular form of memorial statue. We also had others which were almost lyrical in their praise. (Laughter.) But during the last three or four weeks we have had no communications at all. (Laughter.)

Sir W. DAVISON—Is it not a fact that the reason the First Commissioner of Works has not had communications in the last few weeks is that it was understood that he was making inquiries as to the feeling of the public? Surely he can have made no mistake as to what that feeling is.

The SPEAKER—It is obvious there are two feelings in the matter.

And thus, true to the tradition of most legislative bodies, this matter was left up in the air.
V. B.

THE SEASON OPENS

THE season of 1925 to '26 will not enter upon the customary exhibition activities slowly, working up gradually to the climaxes of mid-winter; it promises to begin with a rush, and big things are to be looked for in the immediate future. On the twelfth of October, the Memorial Exhibition of the work of George Bellows will open at the Metropolitan Museum, and an opportunity will be given to estimate the art of the man who has been more widely discussed than any other American painter of his age.

I remember in one of many talks with Bellows, arguing the question of painting pictures for exhibitions or for museums. Bellows argued that the museum was just as legitimate a place for a picture as any other. Bellows, at a very early stage in his painting career, had the peculiar gift of making pictures which counted in the big exhibitions or in the museum gallery, and whereas some painters of real worth have seemed to fade out when a collec-

tion of their works was placed in the vast spaces of a great museum, nothing like this will happen in the case of Bellows. Whatever they may come to think about the work in cooler moments, there is no doubt that the Bellows exhibition will look tremendously effective when the visitor makes his entrance into the galleries where it will be held.

* * *

The C. W. Kraushaar Galleries have for many years shown the work of Bourdelle, and Mr. Bourdelle has always had a warm spot for Mr. Kraushaar, because he was the first American to purchase the famous French sculptor's work. We are now promised a larger exhibition than has been held before in America of Bourdelle's work. It will take place at the Grand Central Art Galleries, and will be selected and brought to America by Mr. Conger Goodyear, one of the powers in the Albright Galleries in Buffalo.

The present issue of *THE ARTS* being more or less of a special Bourdelle number, the effort has been made to illustrate Bourdelle's work in every phase from his earliest to his latest efforts.

* * *

On October 15th, the International Exhibition at the Carnegie Institute will open in Pittsburgh, and Mr. Homer Saint Gaudens will show the results of his labors in bringing together this large exhibition. Pittsburgh has been making little spurts toward catching up with the times, and it is rumored that the forthcoming exhibition will not be so disproportionately limited to the works of American and European academicians. Some of the braver spirits will be permitted to show their work.

* * *

Washington, home of the American Confederation of Fine Arts, and the Fine Arts Commission, and of other institutions devoted to the National Academy, will see next month the opening of this aged organization's 100th anniversary exhibition. The Academy, as I have often pointed out, is not a place where one can find any of the works of the more gifted painters of today, but in days gone by, the Academy had a real monopoly, so that many of

the best painters of the past in America were obliged to join it if they wished to live at all. This being true, we can look forward to many works that will throw an instructive light on past epochs.

* * *

A number of New York galleries will not wait for cold weather before holding exhibitions of exceptional promise. C. W. Kraushaar Galleries will begin the season with a group of drawings by Constantine Guis, supplemented by works by Manet, Forain and others. * * * The Frank Rehn Galleries begin their exhibition season with a group of water colors by James Floyd Clymer, a name not especially familiar to visitors to New York galleries, although Mr. Clymer's work has received rather ardent appreciation from several of his fellow artists. * * * The Montross Galleries will also begin the season with the work of an artist, Robert W. Satterfield, not too familiar to the practised gallery visitor. Mr. Satterfield's exhibition, which opens early in October, will pertain to paintings and water colors. Another exhibition planned by Mr. Montross will be made up of the work by Robert Hallowell, who has already exhibited suc-

(Continued on page 238)



PATH IN THE WOOD

DONALD SHAW MacLAUGHLAN



CORNISH LANDSCAPE NUMBER ONE

DONALD SHAW MacLAUGHLAN

BOOKS

The Albert Roullier Galleries will publish in October A Descriptive Catalogue of the Etched Work of Donald Shaw MacLaughlan with an Introduction by Marie Bruette. Miss Bruette is a sound student of etching, and THE ARTS is indebted to her for permission to print extracts from her study of Mr. MacLaughlan. The catalogue is well indexed and complete in its detailed descriptions and the designing and printing by Ralph Fletcher Seymour are flawless.

DONALD SHAW MacLAUGHLAN

By MARIE BRUETTE

OF Scotch ancestry, Donald Shaw MacLaughlan was born in Charlottetown, Canada, in 1876. His family later removed to the States, the city of Boston holding prior claims upon him as a resident. His preliminary art training began at the Massachusetts Normal Art School. In 1898 he went to Paris, ostensibly to study painting, and for that purpose entered a course at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. In 1899, Mr. MacLaughlan etched his first plate. Endowed with the rare temperament inherent in the etcher, a fact which critical commentation was quick to recognize and accord him, the difficult problems of etching offered the training of which he was in search. Possessed of unusual powers of concentration, his work gives evidence of immediate harmony with a medium whose ultimate aims proceed on lines tending to further their development and control. . . .

The distinctly original achievements of Mr. Mac-

Laughlan's career as an etcher began with the publication of the Swiss plates in 1908. Interest centers in them and in his subsequent production, but to the student of his work, who would enter into the influences conducive to his development, the years antedating are fully as significant. Between 1899 and 1907 Mr. MacLaughlan etched about one hundred and fifty plates, which range from the serious efforts of the earnest student to prints which rank with the best of his portfolio. The effort to distinguish in them his natural qualifications as an etcher, as well as the contacts through which he gained technical control, soon establishes the fact that the influences indicated are mainly exerted along technical lines. His frank and courageous study of Rembrandt's mastery, his earnest application to the genius of Meryon, show no close affinity with the spirit of these masters. The one strong mental influence discernible seems to manifest itself in the intangible attribute known as style. Not distinctly traceable to any one master, it identifies itself in a temperament akin in its studious sobriety to the master engravers of the sixteenth century, whose patience was carried to such a fine austerity of purpose that it became in itself a distinguishing trait of their genius. The formal precision of Mr. MacLaughlan's handling, the restraint implied in the ordered symmetry of his designs, are reminiscent of their sobriety in composition. In such plates as the English Lynton and Meloncello of the Italian series, we come close to it, but even where the outer analogy

is less in evidence, it persists in intangible form to dignify all of this early production. In view of this sincerity, it is pleasant to record that critical commentation was early directed to Mr. MacLaughlan's efforts. His keen appreciation of the higher attributes of his medium, combined with the obvious tenacity with which he approached his technical problems, brought him the consideration of both critic and connoisseur. . . .

In a letter, made public in 1911, Mr. MacLaughlan records that at this period, he made many drawings from life in order to gain knowledge of the

characters and movements he desired to portray. For the groups used in the Cypress Grove, 1904, large drawings from life were made before the figures were drawn upon the copper. It is interesting to stress this point, the intimate knowledge of detail deemed essential to his purpose, in view of its ruthless sacrifice, when later the visible world assumed for him the form of rhythmic pattern.

In addition to the Paris plates, there are interesting etchings made in Rouen and Boulange-sur-Mer, while a journey to Devonshire, England, produced among other coppers, the rare and beautiful Lynton.



THE CYPRESS GROVE

DONALD SHAW MacLAUGHLAN



THE LAUTERBRUNNEN

DONALD SHAW MacLAUGHLAN

In his series of early landscapes, Mr. MacLaughlan clearly emphasizes his natural qualifications as an etcher. Poigny, the Certosa, Tivoli, Emelia, culminate in the splendid plate known as the Cypress Grove. Of the latter, the informed French critic, Octave Uzanne, wrote: "The Cypress Grove is as seriously established, executed and rendered, bit by bit, to the last delicate detail of the foliage as one of those etchings of the heroic period of the sixteenth century, when the patience of the engravers was a virtue equal to their passion for the finished work."

In the practice of a deliberate restraint, in the ability to sustain the spontaneity of his impressions with cumulative force, while the hand proceeds calmly, even slowly, to their translation, Mr. MacLaughlan's work as a young etcher reveals a subdued intensity of ardor, which in itself exerts a compelling fascination and does much to heighten the wide scope which his portfolio presents in its emotional quality, no less than in its technical range.

The superb effort of the Cypress Grove estab-

lished his convincing mastery of synthesis. To the master of concentration, few motives are powerful enough to justify the extremes of summary expression. Applied to lesser themes, the concentrated essence runs too thin; simplification without detail implies a paucity in subject matter. The master of concentration seeks as he goes to give the sum of many truths. Simplification with him manifests itself in unity of design. The unity of the Cypress Grove is apparent. The fine perfection of leaf and branch so unobtrusively set forth in all their intricate beauty; the finished modeling of the figure subjects, the natural grace of their groupings, are held in strict correlation to the dignified simplicity of the central theme; the whole conception one of great serenity, its classic purity far removed from coldness.

Through the succeeding years, Mr. MacLaughlan has turned but rarely to the moods and methods of these early plates. Few will regret his preferences for the adventures of the open highway, but such beautiful plates as the Canal of the Little Saint,

1909, and the two distinctive coppers known as the Cornish Landscapes, 1913, indicate the contents of his portfolio had his individual vision followed more closely the beaten paths.

In attempting to analyze the qualities which mark Mr. MacLaughlan for high consideration in the ranks of modern etchers, the Swiss plates, the greater number of which were produced in 1908, warrant the highest consideration. So commanding a motive as mountain landscape has been seldom attempted in the medium of pure etching. Its magnitude calls into action the highest faculties of the comprehensive mind and renders it correspondingly frank in its pitfalls for self revelation.

Technically, the Swiss plates conform to the higher lineal traditions of the art. The free, explanatory line, boldly applied, is constantly resorted to. In their mental grasp, they are strongly individual, revealing an outlook, original and creative, that stamps them indelibly with the force of a personal vision. The work of an artist, suddenly, it would seem, awakened to the full realization of his creative power, their freshness removes them definitely from the seriously established plates he has hitherto executed along traditional lines.

Comprehensiveness is accounted the supreme essential of the great etcher. In the art of suggestion, the etcher's needle leads all other instruments. But while the medium permits expressions of the utmost power, its limitations are proportionately rigid and exacting. The expression, of necessity, must be brief and summary. The etcher is permitted to speak only in essentials. To select them, his sense of scale must be unerring, as it involves their gradation in the line of their relative importance. Primarily, he must possess and hold until completion, an executive grasp of the subject in its entirety. So run the traditions of the art.

The technical problems of the Swiss plates are of a nature to temper the enthusiasm of the most dauntless of temperaments. To express broad range of vision, to give the full realization of austere heights and profound immensities of space, to suggest an infinitive variety of life and color by aid of the needle alone, presuppose a vast accumulation of relative knowledge and call forth a supreme effort in the synthesis. It is a synthesis that implies the most powerful forces of concentration brought under complete control; a synthesis that could only emanate from the broadly comprehensive mind.

In examining the Swiss plates, it is difficult to avoid immediate discussion of the Lauterbrunnen. The penetrating integrity of Mr. MacLaughlan's

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observations, the wealth of devoted interest and analysis, that to the most casual of observers, enter into his study of mountain landscape, seem to culminate in this heroic conception of the Lauterbrunnen valley. In its comprehensive grasp of a motive, than which there can be none more all embracing; in its mastery of composition based on a true instinct for proportion, it has been acclaimed a masterpiece.

The perfect placing of the composition in relation to the copper, alone marks the plate for distinction. The two great heights which frame the entrance to the valley are simply and directly given; the knowledge which enters into the placing of the few, decisive shadows, indicative of the wisest economy in selective power. The eye leaves the well defined rendering of the foreground to find immediate interest in the distant, snow clad peaks. The sense of powerful perspective is admirably sustained. To attain it, all the detail of the middle distance is subserved, in contrast to the finished modeling of the mountain heights, the intimate rendering of the fertile valley. . . .

Though richly imaginative in their powers of suggestion, the force of Mr. MacLaughlan's artistic vision is rooted in his grasp of material fact. The truths he has to tell he finds direct in Nature. Her fundamental verities inspire him to utterance; her changing moods prove a constant source of revelation. In them he finds poetic vision, and makes no excursion into the distinct realms of the imagination which color the image of the great visionary. The dramatic rendering of the Grimsel Pass would, at a cursory glance, tend to prove it an exception. Grimly forbidding in its intensity, the inaccessible peaks portrayed, the uttermost recesses of the earth where tempests breed and avalanche and desolation follow quickly in their wake, in reality are known to few, and might well be attributed to some vivid conception of the imagination. But a closer study assures us that Mr. MacLaughlan is again giving us a faithful transcription of Nature, illumined by a mind acutely sensitive to profound impressions. Mr. MacLaughlan must have penetrated close to these very fastnesses and sensed the impending danger of icy isolation, to have so effectually visualized the symbol of Nature, where she is pitiless. Technically a triumph in its harsh clash of black with white, the cycle of the Swiss plates would be incomplete without the Grimsel, a powerful transcription of Nature in terrifying mood. . . .

With the production of the Thames Set, Mr. MacLaughlan makes further and distinct claims of originality. The force of his individual emphasis throws into bold relief a version of the river's life

not heretofore accentuated. With the restraint in selection, which one learns to associate with his choice of subject matter, in the Thames plates, he confines himself to the surging activity, the pulse of the commercial life which animates the river. A difficult motive, its realization calls into play every resource of his art. Resolutely turning aside from the ineffaceable vision of Whistler's which dominates the Thames, he as resolutely subordinates the familiar amenities of composition which the architectural background of the river readily affords. Uncompromising is the necessity which drives the commercial life of the great city. It is apparent that the usual rhythms which Mr. MacLaughlan employs in his synthesis make no attempt to hide the obvious difficulties which confront him. So unfamiliar an attitude appears alike uncompromising, although in harmony with the projection of its abrupt and vivid truths. The result is a new version of the familiar Thames, irrevocably linked with his needle alone. . . .

To those who enter into the difficulties which encompass the etching medium and who delight in its technical process, the Thames plates offer an interesting field for contemplation. Here Mr. MacLaughlan follows closely the prescribed paths, but apparently he seeks problems equivalent to those of his predecessors, and in solving them, raises himself gradually to their level.

The dominant characteristic of the Thames plates lies in the vigor of their expression, the decision implied in the choice of their rapid commentary. Removed from all tendency toward purely pictorial ends, they appear singularly honest in their intention. The choice of their difficult compositions implies both individuality and confidence. The certitude of their draughtsmanship is, in itself, worthy of enthusiastic comment. For freedom in the drawing, they have seldom been surpassed. There is a buoyancy, a veritable suggestion of motion in such plates as the Rushing Tide and the Little Pool, achieved solely by use of the free, explanatory line. That the obvious difficulty of Mr. MacLaughlan's problems does at times obtrude, should detract but slightly in the ultimate appraisal of what he has achieved. . . .

On leaving Mr. MacLaughlan's series on the Thames, we come to a phase of his work which bears directly upon his technical contribution. In the ultimate appraisal of his work it assumes the utmost significance. The majority of the Thames plates bear the date of 1910; a few of the important ones were published in 1913. Etching through long intervals in Italy, Mr. MacLaughlan produced during

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the same period the series of original coppers which are generally referred to as his later Italian plates. For unconventional freedom in their handling, for unfamiliar flexibility of line, they establish a precedent which brings him close to the role of the innovator. In a restricted medium, Mr. MacLaughlan has essayed the full aims and methods of the impressionist. Upon the part of the spectator this innovation imposes a drastic readjustment, for many of the principles involved appear violently opposed to the traditions which define its lineal character. In compliance with the methods instigated by the painters of the movement, Mr. MacLaughlan becomes analytic in his vision. The established order of synthesis, based on the accurate gradations of detail, cumulative in ascending scale, is radically reversed. Objects are no longer emphasized according to the importance they assume in relation to the needs of man. Emphasis takes on the less insistent aspect that Nature imposes. The phenomena of light which animates the surface of the world, supersedes interest in the objects it reveals. Our interest is quickened in the beauty of the arabesque, which exists wherever there is play of light. Individual emotion in the presence of subject matter is merged in the passionate pursuit for clarity of vision. . . .

Technically, these Italian plates register as consistent an application of impressionistic principles as the medium apparently permits. The search for luminosity and the feeling for color which it implies, soon establishes the fact that shadow weakens its suggestion. Discarding the full depths of shade in which the medium is rich, Mr. MacLaughlan restricts his range to the definite values of the purely bitten line, and on this narrow keyboard, he improvises a wealth of harmony, derived from its minute and infinite gradations. Upon the closeness of the values attained, the accurate subdivisions of his tones, the success of his experiments depends. Interest in mass is definitely sacrificed to interest in pattern, the readjustment in emphasis involved assuming the form of closely graded accents, which blend willingly into the intricacies of his designs. So close an analysis, it is apparent, calls for the most delicate forces of perception, the most subtle modifications of emphasis, problems which would tend to definitely restrain the incompetent hand. Shadows are employed freely, but they are shadows that permit of the interpenetration of light, which radiates to the least transparent of them. In luminosity, and the vibration of light and color implied, the lucid terms of Mr. MacLaughlan's interpretations indicate the complete success of his experiments.

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In THE ARTS for November

An Article

By HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

Moana of the South Sea

By ROBERT J. FLAHERTY

An account of a remarkably designed picture in which the science of color correction has been used with rare art.

The free application of impressionistic principles has considerably widened the scope of landscape etching. Its immediate result was to free it from the tradition of Rembrandt. Over the history of landscape etching, two great masters have exercised a permanent influence. Claude manifested a primary interest in the dignity and grace of his compositions. A stylist by intuition, Italy defined for him his love of classic form. Exercising largely the artist's prerogative of selection, he imposed upon his motives the mannered grace of a persistent harmony, and heightened for all time the vision of those who dwell primarily upon the outer and concrete forms of beauty. With those who come into close communion with the moods of Nature, the influence of Rembrandt dominates. The habit of profound reflection which we associate with the mind of Rembrandt is accentuated in his approach to Nature. In portraiture, it is easily apparent that Rembrandt is greater than the greatest of his subjects. His intellect rapidly gauged the gamut of human emotion. The vigor of action inspired him to confidence. But in his approach to Nature, we find both humility and repose. In the stability of her unchanging laws, his strength knew greater strength; and in reaching to her mysteries, he found the healing force that underlies her verities. Haden, Legros, Lepère, alike approach in contemplative mood. They bring their strongly individual gifts, but the large intention of Nature's limitless plan, its unsolved import, which formed the basis of Rembrandt's emotion, continues to color the image of the meditative mind.

In adopting freely the technical aims of the impressionist, Mr. MacLaughlan reflects as clearly their spiritual attitude. Assuming a predominant interest in light, the impressionist confines himself to the passionate observation of Nature and the interpretation of her visible truths. His pursuit of fact implies an abstention from individual commentary. Personal emotion in the presence of subject matter is merged in the passionate desire for clarity of vision. In the two beautiful landscapes known as the Road Songs (1) and (2), the fidelity of this approach to Nature is magnificently realized. In their lyric quality, they visualize with fresh vigor a universal truth. Here the creator loses himself wholly in his subject and leaves no conscious imprint on his work.

In retrospect, it is easy to recount the influences of impressionism upon the medium of etching. Its effects are coincident with the great movement among the painters. Corot, Jongkind, Millet, turning to the needle in their leisure hours, have left

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perfect expressions of the art. Legros, in his later French landscapes, made constant application of the new theory that intensity of light was not dependent on correlative depths of shade, and permitted light to penetrate his shadows. It was Whistler who first definitely sacrificed the lineal quality of decisive outline to make his truths of form more flexible. Superlative designer, he was quick to see beneath his Venice, the filigree of its mosaic, and with his needle gave its beautiful patterns, evanescent in their subtleties as the reality he evokes. Zorn followed the new problems out into the open and solved many of them brilliantly. He also concerned himself with decorative pattern and discarded continuity of line for the sharp, sabre stroke that remains individual with him. Lepère, moving in close harmony to the spirit of his time, let in a flood of sunlight in his quest for luminous tonality. His difficult experiments appear as a logical progression, implying the traditional interest in mass, and where desired the full latitude of contrasts dependent on the medium's full depths of shade. Mr. MacLaughlan, too, has let in the light, and in the doing, pushes his resources to a new point of departure. Of a succeeding generation he throws off lightly ties which bound the French technician closer by weight of his own perfect achievement along traditional lines. . . .

Among the 253 numbers of this catalogue, he has established a high average of plates of premier rank. More than a score register in their completeness the full realization of his artistic aims. That he gives freely of his minor plates is in itself indicative. His end attained, the creative artist is given to little reflection on his art. Led by undefined and limitless aspirations, he pushes on toward unknown goals which only crystallize as he approaches them. With characteristic indifference to the exactions of the market place, he permits us to follow where he has boldly led, to hesitate where he has hesitated. . . .

(Continued from page 229)

cessfully in these galleries. On this occasion, the catalog will contain a foreword by no less a mortal than Leo Stein. * * * Mr. David Keppel, during his recent visit to Europe, has succeeded in acquiring what is said to be a very exceptional group of the drawings of Forain. These will be placed on exhibition about the 15th of October. * * * The Dudensing Galleries, early in October, will hold an exhibition of paintings by William J. Potter. This is to be followed by a group of the work of the Zubiaurre Brothers, which in turn will be succeeded by the paintings of Victor Charreton.

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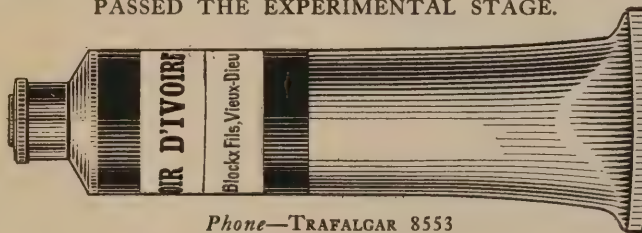
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In the November issue of THE ARTS Lloyd Goodrich gives a many sided account of social and æsthetic ideas which resulted in The Hudson River School.

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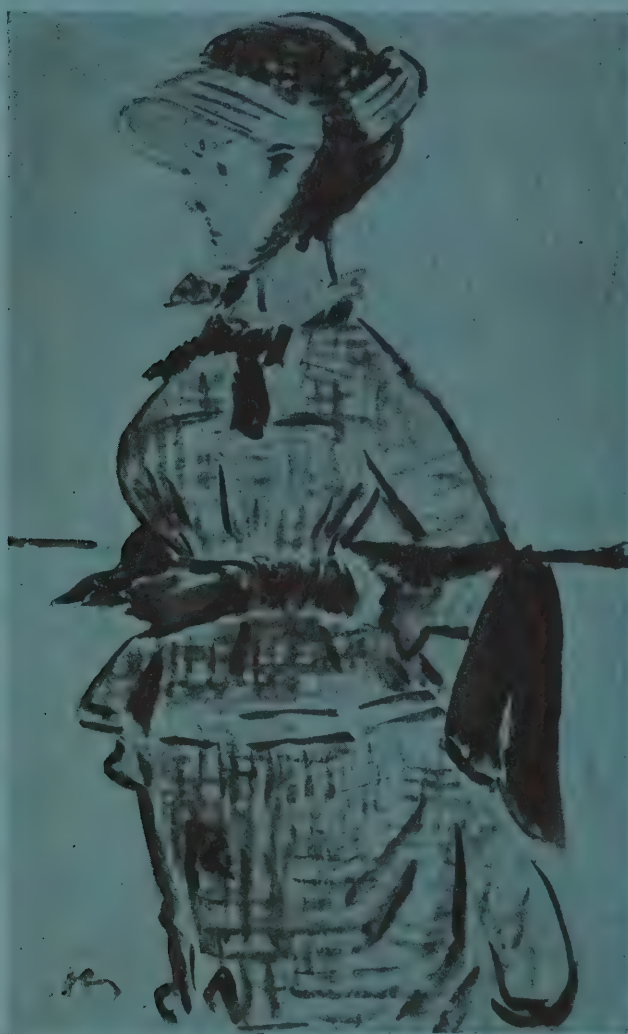
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THE DAUGHTERS OF MRS. HUNTER

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

In the Current Carnegie Institute International Exhibition

THE ARTS

VOLUME VIII

NOVEMBER, 1925

NUMBER 5



STILL LIFE

MAURICE VLAMINCK

Courtesy of Carnegie Institute (see page 267)

APPARENTLY whenever a group of American men and women decides to uplift art, the means can be found to organize a new association or club. Occasionally such clubs, in their desire to be popular and useful, confine their activities to the encouragement of mediocrity. This is not their intention nor is it sufficient reason for discounting a tendency born out of the American's idealistic impulse toward art.

The first problem created by the American passion for organizing, making clubs, forming associations, and assembling for the purpose of "boosting" art, is to eliminate the mediocrities who depend for their support on being loyal organization men. The second problem is to eradicate the confusion between art and uplift that clouds the minds of so many good Americans, thwarting them in their desire to carry out their idealistic plans.

It is easy enough to discourage the idealists and the uplifters when they organize for the benefit of art, by ridicule. What is needed, is to encourage them in the strength of their original impulse; to use the force of their generosity, which is so often counteracted by mediocre management and the incapacity to accept criticism of their activities.

The latest plan by which a body of good citizens proposes to encourage art is set forth in a small pamphlet issued by the Municipal Art League of Chicago, which is in the act of organizing the Chicago Galleries Association. Chicago has long since proved its Americanism by the number of its art associations. It has an Arts Club, which is second to none in the vigor and high quality of its activities. It has the Friends of American Art, an organization which continues generously and with imperfect discrimination to support American art.

The purchases made by the Friends, taken over a period of years, rise very little above the standard set by the Chicago Art Institute in its annual prize awards.

Undoubtedly, had the Chicago Art Institute itself been more discriminating in its selections of American art, the Friends would have followed the lead of the Institute. However, the failure of the Friends to maintain in its purchases of American art a high or courageous standard, should not discourage it in its activities. The remedy lies not in a cooling off process, but in a more intense interest in what is actually being produced in America, an interest which would awaken the officers of the Friends to the futility of merely running after names and stir them up to be less timidly enslaved by the academic standards of the Institute's exhibitions. The Friends are afraid of the very art which they should encourage, namely, young art.

The particular point of interest in the new undertaking rests in the fact that the Chicago Galleries Association proposes to "exhibit and sell the works of art of its artist members, who are to be *selected from the middle west and western states.*" A little later on I shall quote more extensively from the new association's plan, which is like so many similar plans; truly idealistic and at least partially indiscriminating.

It would be particularly fortunate for Chicago if this plan, with some alterations, met with successful support. For the great metropolis on Lake Michigan, in its activities for the cause of art, has shown itself both magnificent and extraordinarily shy.

Generally speaking, for example, the Chicago collector is afraid to purchase a picture in Chicago. Occasionally he makes his selection in New York. He has more confidence and perhaps more pride in his possessions if they come to him directly from Paris. I suppose the most courageous collector who ever lived in Chicago was that erratic purchaser of modern art, Mr. Arthur Jerome Eddy. Many of the paintings which when originally bought by Mr. Eddy were laughed at in Chicago, are by the same artists whom the most conservative Chicago purchasers of French paintings buy with considerable self-satisfaction, now that the reputations of the artists are made.

Mr. Martin Ryerson's collection of French paintings, many of which hang in the Chicago Art Institute, contain a large number of superb examples by the canonized French artists, such as Renoir, Cézanne and the others. And Chicago's most recent collector has purchased the work of Seurat, Matisse, and various other accepted figures of French modern art. I have not heard of his venturing to risk buying anything that Paris had not stamped with its O. K. As for his buying anything by a Chicago painter, the thought is grotesque. Chicago artists are not chic in Chicago, where at one extreme collectors acquire the flippancies of a Marie Laurencin, the decadent affectations of a Hélène Perdriat, and at the other tolerate the pomposities of Lorado Taft. Between these two extremes, lie on the one side the distinguished collections of modern French and ancient European and

Oriental art, and on the other, the continuing zeal for official American art displayed by the Friends and the Institute.

When, years ago, Mr. Eddy used to take down to his offices Cubistic pictures to shock the Chicago business man, it looked as if other venturesome American collectors would spring up in and about the great mid-western city. But expectations in this direction have not been realized. Today there is nothing more conservative in the world than a typical Chicago collector of modern art. He buys only what has been well authenticated, and takes not the slightest risk, so that the young artist, heretofore, has had very little done for him by Chicago collectors. It has remained for the organizations of his city to give to the young a certain amount of uplifting encouragement. Even this has not been extensive.

Roughly, the Chicago collectors occupy two camps. There are those who, like the Friends, think that the honors received by an artist from his academic fellows make him a safe purchase, and who, consequently, timidly venture to buy the paintings of those American artists who are well known as professionals and whose prices are respectably high. On the other side is the group of Chicago collectors who are Franco-maniacs, and who dare not take a step in the selection of their pictures unless Paris says they may.

If the new Chicago Galleries Association succeeds in compelling these two roughly characterized groups of collectors to show a little of the courage exhibited by the late Arthur Jerome Eddy, that accomplishment alone will justify its existence. Unfortunately, patriotic buyers fail in their idealism, because art does not fall into patriotic classifications, while the snobs fail because even the judgment of Paris is not infallible. Both groups, snobs and patriots, miss the true joys of collecting, since these are reserved for the man capable of buying works of art without regard to the reputation of the creators of those works.

If the Chicago Galleries Association can inject more courage into Chicago collecting, no one can prophesy how much may be accomplished. It only remains for the citizens of this immense city to move more boldly toward art to bring about a great creative movement. Time will eventually bring about such a movement in any case. The wealthier citizens of Chicago in recent years have been so frightened by the possibility of being considered crude in their choice of art that they buy only what has been sanctioned outside of Chicago. Despite the debilitating influence of its collectors, despite the wholesale manufacture of mediocrities by the Art Institute School, a genuine art movement in Chicago is beginning to lift up its head.

The Chicago Art Institute with its great school, has often descended to low standards in its appeal for popularity, and yet it has steadily improved the calibre of its officers, and is adding to its collections a great variety of material of first importance. Like all such large organizations, it can be criticized harshly on many points. Such criticism would be merely childish if it did not recognize that this is not only a great institution, but one which is growing more influential every year.

Such, broadly stated, is the atmosphere in which the new association will carry on its activities. It can become a stimulating force in spite of the unnecessary local restriction of its work if it can instill into the purchasers of art in the neighborhood of Chicago the courage to choose for themselves and buy what they themselves want, without being afraid of what outsiders from Paris or New York might think.

Probably we shall never again return to a time when any locality will have the just pride in its art, for example, that Siena once had. But at least we may hope that the time will come when in the eyes of a mid-western town an artist is not considered less merely for being a citizen of that town. A closer, a more natural and less snobbish relation

between the citizens of a town and the local practitioners of art will undoubtedly result in a more virile production. When that time comes perhaps mooning uplift will no longer be permitted to deny the critical faculty.

The Chicago Galleries Association begins its statement with a paragraph in which it says that a survey of various civic organizations already existing "*reveals thousands of homes worthy of the best in beauty and aesthetic influence, and a group of the finest artists in the world.*" Here we have uplift and ignorance holding hands. It is needless to remark that such a statement is not only absurd, but misleading and futile. The Mid-West and the West do not contain a group of the finest artists in the world any more than New York, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, or any other place contains such a group. Here and there in every country a "fine artist," if we wish to call him that, will be found.

Whether the West does or does not contain the "*finest artists in the world*" is not the main point. The main point of such an organization really is to stimulate and animate the creation of genuine art, and the question of whether it is the "finest" art, always a foolish question, can be left to bye and bye. To continue with the statement of the new association's plan, it proposes to organize on lines not unlike those on which the Grand Central Art Galleries in New York were laid out.

"The organization will be made up of artist and lay members, and the lay members will pay \$200 a year to the Galleries over a three year period, and for this \$600 each lay member will receive a painting to be selected as hereinafter described. The plan of distribution of these pictures *assures a good picture to each lay member, which in each instance will be worth more than the money he pays into the Galleries. In other words, our laymen will make this worthy enterprise possible, and each one of them will receive in the shape of a work of art more than full value for the money he pays into the Institution, and in some instances, two or three times more than he pays.*"

Is this plan quite fair to the artist? Why should the layman receive "*two or three times more than he pays*"?

An arrangement has been thought of whereby the artist members would be given certain sums of money in prizes, and it is assumed that with 150 lay members, the Association would give the artists \$7,700 in purchase prizes at each of its annual spring and fall exhibitions. The plan to give prizes involves having a jury, and the jury will be selected as it is selected in a law court. By this device, it is confidently predicted by the authors of the Association's plan that only the best pictures "*will receive prizes and that as the lay members will be able to select their pictures from the prize winners, they will thus be assured of the best pictures.*"

There is something, it seems to me, a little pusillanimous in this toadying to the lay members. Surely in a city of vast wealth like Chicago, the plan to have a proper exhibition gallery wherein local artists can exhibit and have their works brought to the attention of the local public could easily be arranged for without bribing the laymen with the "best pictures" that may be worth two or three times what he pays for them.

The jury system, of course, will fail, unless history has a violent change, since there never was any assurance in the mere existence of a jury, however made up, that its selections would necessarily be "the best." All this scheming to have the layman rewarded with a better picture than he pays for may be necessary to bring the association into existence and to get the money, but I for one, do not believe it.

Any little two cent talent, after it has been developed by enough years of practice in conventional picture manufacturing, will finally succeed in making pictures that will pass juries. Jury pictures, for the most part, are the same the world over, and if the new Chicago

organization proposes to give its lay members jury art, it is a foregone conclusion that all they will get will be provincial academic works.

If, on the other hand, the new organization intends to break away from officialdom and puts itself in the hands of some young artist who has an eye and plenty of convictions and prejudices, instead of filling the homes of their lay members with inferior manufactured pictures, they will offer the opportunity to the citizens of Chicago to buy works which, whatever their shortcomings from the point of view of perfected official painting, will have the inestimable value of genuine feeling. It requires the eye of youth to discover youth.

Chicago has no need of another organization to encourage the sort of thing in American art that is too much encouraged by the Institute and the Friends. And there is no need of extending the corrupting influence of the prize awarding system. If the proposed organization, instead of using methods that have been tried and failed, and instead of looking toward popularity and convention, should raise enough money to be able to assist the young artists by selling their pictures before they are famous, it would be entering upon a far greater work than it can ever accomplish by trying to attract lay members by offers and statements which are neither dignified nor in accordance with the facts brought out by the history of similar organizations.

FORBES WATSON.



RUSTIC VENUS
In the current Salon d'Automne, Paris

LOUIS INDENBAUM



WOODLAND INTERIOR
 ASHER B. DURAND
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

THE HUDSON RIVER SCHOOL

By LLOYD GOODRICH

THERE is a type of large mountain landscape, grandiose and dull, which is usually associated with the name Hudson River school. The canvas is enormous, the frame massive; the subject is panoramic, embracing all the natural features within the range of the eye; the style is rhetorical and stilted; there is a deadly monotony in the color and drawing; and so laborious and minute is the finish that we can see every weed in the foreground. These were the show-pieces of the Hudson River painters, the pictures which they painted for the Academy exhibitions of long ago. If they had produced no other work they would perhaps not be worth remembering. But they did produce other work less pretentious and more personal, of a surprisingly wide range of subject and treatment, and marked

by qualities which have not lost their appeal today.

One hundred years ago, when the Hudson River school had its beginnings, portraiture was by far the most widely practised branch of art in this country. In the larger cities there was a growing market among the merchant class for scenes from daily life, humorous or pathetic, flower pieces, and episodes in the lives of the founders of the nation; and some of the more prominent artists could indulge in "classical" pictures without great damage to their incomes; but of landscape painting there was practically none. A hard-headed generation had no use for it, and the few landscapes that were painted prior to the second quarter of the nineteenth century were the sporadic productions of artists in other fields.

The rise of our first landscape school was particularly associated with the city of New York and its environs. One hundred years ago New York had already taken the lead in this country in size and wealth. Its merchants were energetic and enterprising, and its great harbor, linked up with the interior by the Erie Canal, was white with the sails of hundreds of vessels. Even at this early date the spirit of the city was different from that of other American communities. More commercial and materialistic, it was at the same time more cosmopolitan.

The limited few who had the leisure and the money could find more opportunities for the enjoyment of the graces of life in New York than in any other city in the country. It had the beginnings of a theatre; although surpassed by Boston in literary repute, it could still boast of Irving, Cooper, and Bryant and it was gradually becoming the art center of the country. A new organization, the Academy of Design, had just been formed as a protest against the moribund Academy of Arts, and less formal institutions like the Sketch Club were bringing together the artists, writers, and business men.

And yet it was possible to go only a few miles out of the city and find a wild countryside dotted with Dutch villages, the Hudson winding between mountains peopled with the elves and spectres of Irving's tales, and further north the almost unbroken wilderness.

Hence it was not strange that New York was to see the development of the first native school of landscape. The way of the pioneers, however, was not easy. The most prominent of these was Thomas Doughty, who followed the respectable career of a leather manufacturer until the age of thirty, when "to the surprise and disappointment of his friends" he became an artist—their chagrin being intensified, no doubt, by the fact that he adopted the most hopeless of all branches of painting—landscape. As he had little contact with other painters in his field, his work was naive and clumsy; but it had the attraction of simplicity and an unforced feeling for nature. Its merits, however, were not sufficiently spectacular to attract the public, and the last years of Doughty's life were overshadowed by poverty and despondency.

Doughty, however, was only a forerunner. The honor of being the founder of the



IN THE CATSKILLS
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

THOMAS COLE



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

ALBERT BIERSTADT

American landscape school belongs to an artist who was not native-born. Thomas Cole's youth was spent in England, "in the sweet indulgence of sentiment and fancy," as his pastor and biographer, the Reverend Louis L. Noble, tells us. The only son in a family of seven sisters, Cole was a shy youth, given to reading romantic literature, writing poetry, and playing the flute.

The Cole family came to America when their son was eighteen years old, and settled in Ohio. Here, in the solitude of the virgin wilderness, the most impressionable years of Cole's youth were spent, and it was here that he first tried to put on canvas the sentiments with which nature and his reading inspired him. In the pursuit of his chosen profession he went through the usual experiences of a prospective artist in those days, including a horrible winter in Philadelphia, where he lived in a garret without bed, heat or furniture, supporting himself by painting "scenes of frolic and drinking" for bar-rooms; and it was not until he came to New York in 1825 that he met with any substantial recognition.

Here the ground was prepared for him;

Cooper had just begun his series of novels picturing the solitary grandeur of the forest and the remarkable virtues of the aborigines inhabiting it, and Bryant was writing his solemn nature poems. In Cole's landscapes the literary and artistic world saw American scenery painted for the first time by one who appreciated to the full its romantic possibilities.

In after years Bryant expressed the reactions of his contemporaries to these first landscapes: "I well remember what an enthusiasm was awakened by these early works of his — the delight which was expressed at the opportunity of contemplating pictures which carried the eye over scenes of wild grandeur peculiar to our country, over our aerial mountain-tops with their mighty growth of forest never touched by the axe, along with their mighty streams never deformed by culture, and into the depths of skies bright with the hues of our own climate; skies such as few but Cole could ever paint, and through the transparent abysses of which it seemed that you might send an arrow out of sight."

In these early landscapes, indeed, Cole has

expressed much of the spirit of the American wilderness. They are, of course, intensely romantic, for he had a Byronic imagination. Nature appealed to him only in her grandest and most picturesque aspects. Simple hills are apt to assume Alpine proportions; there is a tendency toward ivy-covered ruins and beetling crags surmounted with castles; and a stormy and melodramatic light is often cast over the face of nature; and yet in his less pretentious pictures there is a genuine feeling for the wild beauty of the untrodden forests, the lonely lakes, the mountains up-rearing themselves in the clear air of this western continent.

But unfortunately for his reputation with posterity, Cole did not confine himself to pure landscape, which to his mind was lacking in the higher moral values. His journal, as published by his biographer, reveals a strongly religious temperament, prone to melancholy reflections on the vicissitudes of human life. These meditations he embodied in several series of paintings, such as the *Departure* and the *Return*, depicting a knight gaily leaving his castle in the morning

and borne home in the evening dead; or the *Voyage of Life*, in which we follow the life of man through Childhood, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age; or the most famous of them all, the *Course of Empire*, which illustrates his melancholy theories of the grandeur and decline of nations. In these edifying moralities there is little of the sentiment that keeps his landscapes fresh even today; but they appealed to the contemporary taste which delighted in graveyards and weeping willows, and were immensely popular both in the original and in the form of engravings.

Although Cole died before the middle of the century, he had lived to see landscape painting practised on a far wider scale than in his youth. This was due in part to his example, but a more substantial cause was the general increase in private wealth. Although there were no great fortunes such as there were thirty years later, a few comparatively wealthy men had appeared who took an interest in the artists, bought their pictures, gave them much solemn advice, and sometimes sent them to Europe to complete their education.



VIEW FROM WEST POINT
Courtesy of the New York Public Library

JOHN F. KENSETT



LANDSCAPE

THOMAS DOUGHTY

Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum

It was a day of far more personal relations between artist and patron than has obtained since. New York was comparatively a small city and all those who were in any way distinguished by birth, talent, or wealth were more or less in touch with each other. Art criticism was an undeveloped science, the art dealer was practically unknown, and the business man had not been trained to be afraid of the artist. Many of the painters had been abroad, which in those days of difficult travel, threw an aura of romance around them and made their company particularly sought after.

This personal relation between artist and patron had its disadvantages, of course. The artist had to put up with a good deal of sound advice and suggestion, and he did not have the freedom in the choice of subjects that he has today.

It is related that a genteel old lady once called on Durand with a bundle of his engravings under her arm, and stated that she wished him to paint a landscape for her. She had always admired his trees, and unrolling the engravings she pointed to different groups of trees in the various compositions which she wished to have combined in one picture. There was to be a river with a lamb on its bank, and a lion was to be rushing from a thicket in one corner of the picture. She had made a tracing of a stump which she greatly admired, and this was to appear somewhere in the foreground. The river, it seems, was to be the Jordan, and John the Baptist and Christ were to be seen standing

in it. On Durand's declining the commission, she expressed her regret, as she had been reflecting on the design for two years.

One of the most potent forces making for the dissemination of a taste for art was the American Art Union. This remarkable institution, founded in 1838, was designed to appeal to the current appetite for games of chance, and was nothing more nor less than a large scale lottery in works of art. For the sum of five dollars a subscriber received an engraving, a ticket of admission to the exhibition of works of art purchased by the Union, and the chance of drawing one of them by lot. Run by energetic merchants, the Union was a success from the start. In its heyday it distributed annually five hundred to one thousand works of art, and its subscriptions amounted to a hundred thousand dollars a year.

One series of pictures alone, Cole's *Voyage of Life*, proved so tempting a prize that it ran the membership up from eight hundred to sixteen thousand. All sorts of persons and organizations subscribed—business firms, literary societies, and even volunteer fire companies. At the moment of its greatest prosperity it was discovered that the scheme violated the law against lotteries, and it was dissolved after a dozen years of existence. But it had accomplished much; it had created new art patrons by appealing to the gambling instinct. During its career the position of the artist in New York had gained much in dignity and importance.

This beneficial change was reflected in the shifting of the emphasis from portraiture to



LANDSCAPE

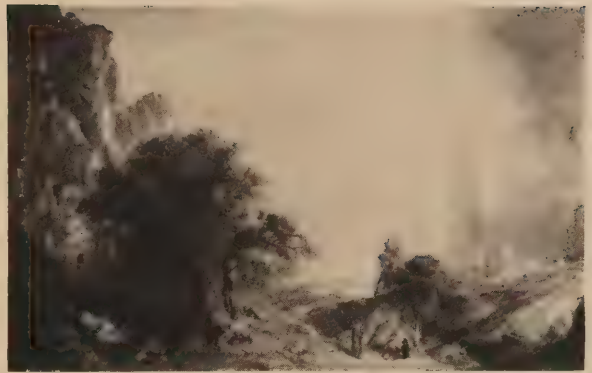
JOSEPH F. CROPSEY

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

what was deemed "a purer taste." Among the first of our artists to take advantage of this new condition was Asher Brown Durand. One of the foremost engravers of his day, a portrait painter of distinction, and an established figure in the art world of New York at the time that Cole had come there, he was inspired by the example of the younger man to devote himself to landscape. The two men were curiously unlike in temperament.

Durand was of French Huguenot descent, with all the industry, sobriety, and commonsense of his stock. He approached nature with little of Cole's romantic and moralizing prepossessions, but rather in the spirit of the Dutch landscapists of the seventeenth century, with a grave affection and a sober desire for truth. He was one of the first painters in this country to work direct from nature, and his painstaking and faithful hand put in every detail as he saw it—the lichened tree-trunks, the vine-covered rocks, the grass and flowers in the foreground. His work has a solidity and strength new in American landscape. At times it is heavy and inert and encumbered with detail, and we feel that he had spent too long a time over the engraver's bench, and had come to landscape painting too full of years and honors, with his keener sensibilities dulled but it has always the virtue of sincerity and the charm of direct communion with nature.

In his larger and more ambitious canvases he is apt to be very dull, like most of his contemporaries; but his woodland interiors with their fallen trees and quiet brooks have a



THE AGEAN SEA

FREDERIC E. CHURCH

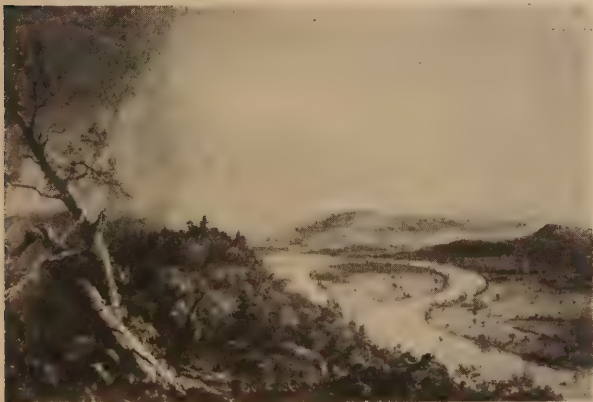
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

sober dignity which the years have not lessened.

Durand gathered about him a group of younger painters, none of whom could actually be called his pupils, but who worked and went on painting and walking trips with him. It is to this group that the name Hudson River school can most accurately be applied, for although they painted all sections of this country and even some of Europe, they were most at home in the neighborhood of New York and particularly in that section whose natural beauty had first attracted Cole, the banks of the Hudson and the Catskill Mountains.

The members of this group all knew each other intimately, and had common enthusiasms and common limitations. They were all tremendously proud of the wildness and unspoiled character of the American continent. To them it was a land of inexhaustible natural beauty. They loved to tramp over its mountains, to breathe its clear air, to wander in its solitary forests. In spite of an almost superstitious veneration for the ruins and immemorial associations of Europe, they were not prepared to yield anything in natural beauty to any foreign country.

Many of them must have thrilled as they read that bumptiously American comparison in one of Cooper's novels in which he says that "a fairer morning never dawned upon the Alleghanies than that which illumined the Alps." Although most of them visited Europe at one time or another, their tastes had already been formed; they looked with disapproval upon contemporary European art, gazed reverently at the masterpieces of



OXBOW

THOMAS COLE

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

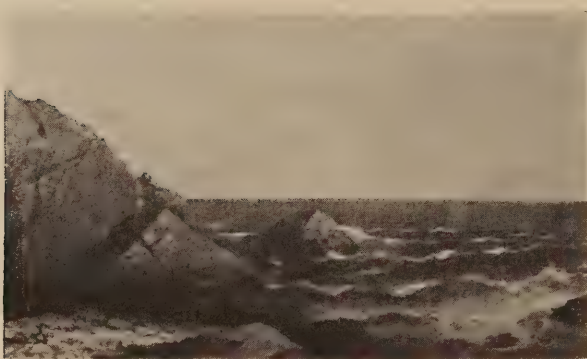


ON THE HUDSON
THOMAS DOUGHTY
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

Claude Lorraine and Salvator Rosa, and returned home to paint the Catskills and the White Mountains much as they had painted them before.

The taste of their day led them to the treatment of grand and picturesque subjects. The example of Cole had convinced them that the nobler the subject was, the nobler the picture would be, and in their canvases they tried to include all the impressive scenery possible. But Durand's influence, a longer and a more wholesome one, taught them to work as much as possible direct from nature and to copy her faithfully and minutely. It is this direct contact with nature that redeems even their worst pictures from total absurdity, and lends the charm of simplicity and sincerity to their best work.

There were no art schools in the modern sense of the term, and most of these men were essentially self-taught. Their pictures were laborious and often crude, highly fin-



MARINE JOHN F. KENSETT
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

ished in detail, but weak in the larger relations. They were inclined to be unpleasantly hot in color, thin in texture, and meager in form. And yet even in the worst of them the intention was to paint solidly and honestly, and if they seem to us today to be painfully limited, we must remember that they have no technical cleverness or superficial brilliancy to hide their defects.

The historian of this group is Henry T. Tuckerman, whose *Book of the Artists*, published in 1867, affords an unparalleled insight into the mid-century mind. Parts of it originally appeared in *Godey's Ladies' Book*, and the grandiloquent style, the noble sentiments, and the fulsome praise bestowed upon even the most insignificant native painters, each one of whom is "a noble interpreter of American scenery," mark it as a prime example of the magazine work of the period. The only discord in the hymn of praise occurs in the remarks upon the arch-heretic of the school, George Inness, whose manner the author feels "sometimes overleaps the modesty of nature" so that "license takes the place of freedom."

The most prominent of this group was John F. Kensett, who began his artistic career like Durand as an engraver. His geographical range was the widest of all of them, for he explored and painted the whole eastern section of the country; and in his choice of subjects also he was the most varied, having painted seashore and mountains, fields and forests, in every variety of light and atmosphere. Of all the Hudson River school Kensett is the most simple and unpretending and the least inclined to "grand" and "noble" subjects.

He will take a lonely rock jutting out into one of the northern lakes and make of it a composition which is unconventional and striking. His sense of form and color was far in advance of most of his contemporaries, but such is the bare simplicity of his style that we are conscious of a sensuous appeal only when the subject demands it. Primarily a realist, he had the truest eye of all the school, and he caught the character of American nature as few painters have done before or since.

Kensett's work was popular and he met with a greater material success than any of his contemporaries, and probably than any

other American landscapist of the nineteenth century. Personally he seems to have been unusually attractive; all who knew him testified to his eventempered and lovable character and his generosity to his less fortunate brethren, and even Tuckerman abandons his usual panegyrics and writes of him with simple and sincere affection.

Few of the followers of Durand, however, were as gifted as Kensett. The painstaking lake views of John W. Casilear, for instance, exhibit the pathetic limitations of a man without adequate training and without sufficient natural talent to supply the deficiency. But the painter who has usually been selected by an irreverent younger generation as the laughing-stock of the school is Jasper F. Cropsey, whose brightly colored autumn scenes adorned the Academy exhibitions until comparatively recent years. This judgment, however, is not quite fair, for Cropsey's color, although verging upon the gaudy, is personal and often enjoyable.

The lives of the Hudson River painters covered a long period, and although some of them continued to paint until well toward the close of the century very much as they had in the beginning, there were others among them who abandoned the simple early faith and evolved more sophisticated styles. Worthington Whittredge in his woodland interiors developed a deep and restrained color scheme and a sense of mood that made his work among the finest produced by the school. Jervis McEntee's autumn scenes might be hung in an Academy exhibition today without seeming out of style. Sanford R. Gifford, with his more brilliant color and his taste for foreign and exotic subjects, departed further from the precepts of Durand. But the tradition of the grand and picturesque which Cole had started reached its culmination in the work of Frederic E. Church and Albert Bierstadt.

In order to appreciate Church and Bierstadt we must visualize some of the changes which had taken place in public taste since the days of Cole. The decade after the Civil War saw an immense material expansion in this country. For the first time the full extent of our natural resources was revealed to the wondering gaze of our people. The opening of the West caught the popular imagination, and the construction of the

Union Pacific was followed in a growing fever of excitement until the climax of the "wedding of the rails" linked the Atlantic and the Pacific. It was this period which saw the rise of the first great fortunes, made in railroads, steamboats, and mines, and the spending of at least part of these fortunes upon big new houses, hideous furniture, and paintings.

The new generation demanded a new type of art, which must satisfy the craving for "the biggest thing on earth." The new pictures must be big in every way—big subject, big canvases, big frames, big prices. The work of Church was a response to this demand. His enormous paintings depict all the natural marvels of the world—South American volcanoes, tropical jungles, the Rocky Mountains, Niagara Falls. In this he was following the tradition of Cole, whose only pupil he had been, but he was at the same time far less sentimental and far more proficient than his master. Natural marvels he pursued with the industry and pertinacity which he had inherited from a New England ancestry. Every corner of the globe has been made to give up its secrets to Church; we find him even among the icebergs of Labrador, accompanied, it is interesting to note, by the Reverend Louis L. Noble, whose *After Icebergs With a Painter* was subsequently published.

An indefatigable worker, Church studied natural phenomena with scientific zeal; as Tuckerman observes, "he has long been attracted by the electrical laws of the atmosphere, and has improved every opportunity to study the Aurora Borealis." The technical skill which went into the picturing of these subjects is astounding; every detail is rendered with photographic brilliancy. The total effect, of course, is that of immense picture postcards; but to the generation which arose to sudden wealth in the 'seventies and 'eighties they were altogether admirable, and enormous prices were paid for them.

If Church lacked the sentiment of the primitives of the Hudson River school, he was still a romantic compared to Albert Bierstadt. Of German birth, Bierstadt first came forcibly to the public attention with what Tuckerman describes as "a grand historical and geographical picture" of the Rocky Mountains, which created a sensation. Bier-

stadt's work is particularly associated with the romantic opening up of the West, but his style is the dull and mechanical perfection of Düsseldorf. The tottering heights of the Rocky Mountains are seen and painted with a cold eye; they appal the mind but leave the emotions untouched. His stupendous canvases—larger even than Church's—with their massive frames, have disappeared from the walls of the houses on lower Fifth Avenue, and few would wish to see them resurrected.

With Church and Bierstadt the Hudson River school ended in a blaze of glory. The social changes which had brought about the culmination of the "grand style" also brought about its end. The first naive expansiveness of the new order was over, and the generation was beginning to learn discretion in artistic matters. In the general increase in sophistication the dealer played a prominent part, introducing the latest imported Salon pictures, in comparison with which even Bierstadt seemed provincial. With the rise of the dealer the old personal relation between artist and patron came largely to an end, and a more formal age was ushered in. The

surviving members of the Hudson River school still worked and exhibited at the Academy as before, but they were no longer a vital force in American art. To the younger painters who were returning in increasing numbers from the French schools their work was an occasion for merriment and little more.

The long life of Durand spanned almost the whole career of the Hudson River school. He had been one of its pioneers, and he lived to see the beginning of its decline. It is related of him that at the age of eighty-three he laid down his palette and brushes forever, saying that "his hand would no longer do what he wanted it to do." This was the day to which his family and friends had looked forward with apprehension, but their fears proved to be groundless. He left his studio without a sign of depression and resumed his rambles on the mountains, apparently content with nature as he had enjoyed it in his boyhood. It was this spirit of simple and unpretending companionship with nature that is the strength of the Hudson River school, and its most enduring title to fame as well as the source of its appeal.



CAMP MEETING
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE



The Painful Art of Tattooing—One of Many Well Composed Groups in "Moana"

MOANA OF THE SOUTH SEAS

By HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

EDITOR'S NOTE: The film, *Moana of the South Seas*, was made by Robert T. Flaherty in collaboration with Frances Hubbard Flaherty. Mr. and Mrs. Flaherty lived for nearly two years at Samoa, and during that time worked together on "*Moana*," an achievement for which each must receive equal credit.

THE motion picture achievement of Robert J. Flaherty is more than exploitation of an unfamiliar scene. His scene is glamorous enough to have lured casuals of the arts since the time of Herman

Melville's *Typee*. Conceive a background of indifferent Pacific Ocean seas pounding on the reefs of a Samoan island and sending up fierce geysers of foaming water through holes in the volcanic rock; palm trees livid against the darks and cloud tumuli of a tropical sky; and leisurely, happy people enacting their daily lives before the searching gaze of a poet; paint your imagined scene with the colors of remoteness, the flavor of eternal afternoon—and still it will pale before so far a land, so strange an accent of poetry as



Both in Outdoor Scenes and in Figures Corrected Color Results in Greater Solidity

is offered through the genius of Mr. Robert T. Flaherty.

His conquest, a voyage into the little known, seems to unclothe new realms for exploration by the motion picture camera. His stage is the stage set by nature, his actors human beings of primitive race. His picture evokes moments of racial existence recalled with the intense power and rhythm of passionate experience.

Before this, there have been travel records, revelations of strange folk ways. But the manner of Mr. Flaherty in treating his subject matter and in handling his material sets him apart. His work employs elements of both of the two main divisions into which motion pictures might be separated: the dramatic, derived from spoken plays or especially composed for pantomimic actors; and the record, derived from observa-

tion of natural scenes rather than from literature.

Mr. Flaherty's work, as it is exemplified in "Moana of the South Seas" is not unrelated to the best of the dramatically constructed motion pictures. It gives evidence of understanding of suggestive shapes and use of movement and textures, which were combined to make the more sophisticated "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" a delight to the eye. "Dr. Caligari" demonstrated that the voyages and discoveries of recent painters, of cubists and other contemporaries had not gone unobserved. In Dr. Caligari shapes took on the aspect of inner sentience; the movement of white lace curtains or a line of rooves against the sky and a man striding over them, were given dramatic intensity of a new and thrilling kind. The narrative had all the imminence and the unreal coherence



Actual Color Is Suggested in "Moana" by Securing True Values

of a dream. For those given to speculation it presented the problem of what it is that constitutes sanity in a distracted world wherein the artist and the dreamer link us with the inexpressible depths of the soul.

Another dramatic motion picture, more literal, less finely imagined and presented than "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," but masterful in the compactness of its pictorial narrative unaided by captions, "Shattered," gave a grim expression to German post-war disillusion. "The Last Laugh," recently shown, marked a further development beyond "Shattered" in that, though sentimental in theme, it was equally free of captions, and adapted something of the sensitiveness to texture displayed in Dr. Caligari, to the narrative technique employed in "Shattered." The genial acting of Emil Jannings and brilliant night photography of rainy streets

glittering through revolving doors, were juxtaposed to contrast a modern city's hurrying indifference with the anguished drama of a human heart. These three European motion pictures, products of cultivation and essential civilization at work upon and through motion picture machinery, embody realities closer to us, finer in their appeal to sensibility and intelligence than much of the current artificially constructed motion picture drama.

In the second large division of motion pictures, evolved from observation of nature rather than from literature, there has been little or nothing, until the advent of Mr. Flaherty, as complete as the European motion picture dramas were in their way. Innumerable bits of observation, it is true, gave delight, including slow motion analysis of athletic and equestrian events, enacted at furious speed and drifting lazily across the



When Color Is Not Corrected, As It Is Here, No Such Variety Is Possible in the Sky

field of vision. These, together with casual moments in out-door motion picture drama, have achieved harmony almost by inadvertence, almost without intention. In one of the most recent of "observation" motion pictures, "Grass," composed from episodes in the forty-eight day annual folk migration of the Bactyari through rivers and over snowy mountains, it is the largeness of theme that imposes upon the imagination rather than any pioneering in the presentation of this theme to the eye through photography. The scenes are not linked in a rhythmic relationship, one to another, nor are any of the individuals composing the moving multitude sharply characterized. "Grass," therefore, seems rather an external narrative of an imposing folk movement than a penetration of individual experience or suffering. It is journalism rather than motion picture art.

One of the pioneer attempts to combine the dramatic significance of individual experience with observation of human beings in nature, occurred in Mr. Flaherty's "Nanook of the North." This record of an Eskimo family played over the snow and wind swept northern scene; it documented characteristic phases of the Eskimo's adaptation to that environment in his effort to survive; it gave an intimate picture of the family unit of the Eskimo race. "Nanook" introduced Mr. Flaherty as a photographer and folk recorder of distinction. Its notation of the movement of dog sleds upon snowy inclines, of the glide of kayaks in icy seas gave rare evidence of an understanding eye.

In "Moana of the South Seas," Mr. Flaherty has developed his art beyond Nanook to the point where one seems less a spectator of the activities of his Samoan friends than a sharer in their experience. Although this motion picture dispenses with story, a main theme directs the lives of the "actors." His actors themselves assume no characters other than their own, those of people Mr. Flaherty lived among, studied, was thrilled to watch. The absence of literary framework, freedom of face and body from the limitations of "make-up" permitted registration of their full expressiveness as human beings. The "acting" of the Samoans was the result of their becoming so used to and well acquainted with Mr. Flaherty that they lost whatever self-consciousness the presence of a stranger

might have imposed; thus being enabled to perform before his camera the duties of daily life, to display the stress of intense emotion, to move simply as individuals or as members of a family group.

Intensifying Mr. Flaherty's sense of their individuality has been his freedom in the use of his medium. Where, in dramatic film-plays, a fine episode of galloping horseman or swinging surf had to be cut short, abbreviated to a mere flash in order not to halt the "action" of the story; in Moana fine movement, lovely bits of observation themselves constitute the action. It is not a filmed story but, literally, a motion picture. Movements of bodies, of fronds, of tides are of its essence. Exploits of Samoans in the surf, hunting giant turtle, playing in their outrigger canoe a perilous game with mountainous breakers, are no more narrative than is the very wavering of human bodies seen flickering in the translucence of brilliant waters, the waters themselves furnishing evanescent patterns; nor is the rhythmic dance of tribal warriors more ceremonial than the movement of exquisitely shaped women's hands forming native cookery, fashioning tapa cloth, anointing bodies with scented palm oil. To have seen these moving shapes as Flaherty saw them, to invest the slightest movement of human figures with such glamor, is to give proof of an antecedent love for human beings in their dignity. It is a man's passion for seeing the thing before him that gives Moana its distinction, a reverence for leaves, waters, movement of tides and men which transports the beholder to the realm of this artist of the motion picture camera.

Mr. Flaherty has known the motion picture to be more than a short cut to telling tales for people too lazy to read. He has found it demanding sensibility equally with any of the arts, susceptible of the exercise of any quantity of intelligence, any degree of intense passion. To pick green from green in subtle monochrome values, to hold entire ranges of color in true relationship by use of color-corrected film, are feats that photographers especially can value. The results are obvious even to the uninitiated. Where "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" gave dramatic value to forms and sophisticated pantomime, "Moana of the South Seas" gives intense value, in its simple and direct regis-



*The Finer Gradations Are Lost in the Average Film—Mr. Flaherty Knows
That Depth Is Impossible Without Them*



Compare This With the Ordinary Film Photograph

tration, to observed shapes and patterns, made brilliant by the technical mastery of the photographer. Much of this achievement is due, doubtless, to the union in Mr. Flaherty's person of director and photographer. For he is a director who thinks in photographic terms. The moments of blurred focus, therefore, of inexpressive forms, are remarkably few, and Mr. Flaherty's understanding of values is proved by his results.

In "Moana of the South Seas," the family has been Mr. Flaherty's nucleus as it was in "Nanook of the North," with this difference, that individuals comprising the family are more penetratingly characterized in the later work. The theme interpreting racial values is traced in the lineaments of each man and woman. That theme is one involving the preservation of the Samoan race. In the absence of such economic struggle as we know, to stiffen and steel the men against the seduction of lavish nature, the Samoans devised for themselves the ordeal of tattooing, three to six weeks of almost constant pain, as the price of initiation to manhood. The ceremony of tattooing provides a narrative thread binding the rhythmic sequences of Mr. Flaherty's motion picture. It represents not only the supreme test of the men of the race; it is reflected in shades of anxiety on a mother's face as she watches her son undergoing the pain of it; it is alternated with scenes of warriors dancing to acclaim the hero's accession to their ranks, while a girl prepares the drink, kava, and the feast is made ready. Recurring elements, of dance, tattooing with its absorbed spectators, cooking, are ordered to build a living illusion,

anthropology made poem, a document untranslatable to any other medium.

This work of Mr. Flaherty, to which Mrs. Flaherty too has given her tact and sensibility, suggests the opportunities for such creative opening of windows upon life nearer home. It will be said with some justice that distance has lent him its enchantment. The nearby world challenges such a serene, intense gaze as the one recorded in terms of primitive existence now all but banished by the impact of white men upon the South Sea Islands. There are the fast vanishing Redmen of the North American continent, with their decorative sense manifest in their ceremonial dances. Perhaps, in time, such resources as Mr. Flaherty has shown himself master of, may be directed toward characteristic scenes of our time, street scenes and city people, the unceasing drama too swiftly changing and too subtle for the crude forms of romance hitherto imposed upon a medium whose essence is moving forms.

Mr. Flaherty's essay upon a remote and primitive people points the way. It has the unfaked directness and truth of observation characteristic of the best memoirs and personal records. *Moana* is itself a personal utterance, more than a traveler's record, more than a notation of South Sea islander life. It is a document of its maker's sensibility, vehicle of an observer's passionate delight. Mr. Flaherty has enhanced his medium not only with his technical skill but with his humanity, and has trodden a way barely imagined, awaiting the true motion picture camera worker.





ARABESQUE EDGAR DEGAS
Courtesy of Ferargil Galleries

THE SCULPTURE OF EDGAR DEGAS

By WILLIAM ZORACH

ARTISTS often approach their work through strange preliminaries; through some simple, unrelated act perhaps; or through the more natural activity of exhaustive preliminary construction, innumerable sketches, or fragments of modelling. In the case of Degas this approach was undoubtedly through the little figures on exhibition in reproduction at the Ferargil Galleries in New York City. They were modelled originally in wax, to serve as a means to a more spirited or a more realistic painting. No doubt Degas enjoyed modelling them; no doubt they served as an important outlet for his feeling for third dimension, something he was evidently striving to realize in his painting. But in the strict use of the word they can hardly be considered seriously as sculpture.

As a painter Degas was, of course, primarily illustrative, conscious of drawing, but not of form in the biggest sense. This, his sculpture shows absolutely. Painters working on a flat surface seldom realize form.

In painting one considers one side and its edges mainly. In sculpture every angle must work in with every other one; the form must appear complete from every point of view. One must create the form itself.

Degas as a painter sought to intensify painting by modelling what he intended to paint. In this way he strengthened his pictures, and gave them a third dimension. But the figures remain modelling, *not* sculpture—often they are formless masses thrown together rapidly on a wire frame. This wire frame, in many cases, has sagged, twisted, pulled; and the wax has cracked and become distorted, so that the figures seem suggestive of a dusty, cluttered studio.

One finds little repose, or dignity, or solemnity of gesture in the design of these figures. They seem restless snatches, mostly of poses difficult for a model to hold. The form, though well understood anatomically, spirited in movement and pose, is fundamentally realistic—often weak and undeveloped.

A free, spontaneous sketch may have virtue, but after all it is only a sketch, even if done by a master. In these the hands and feet are often formless, for the figures, perhaps, were never intended for more than mannikins to be used for the study of light and shade, and the manipulation of draperies. A form in sculpture may often be exaggerated or distorted if the distortion serves an inner need. When the approach is realistic, the result of distortion is weakness of expression.

I suppose in this way, Degas could have his models continually before him, as Cézanne used artificial flowers because they never withered or died. These figures were intended as studies: compared with true sculpture they have no repose, no abstract value in design or form, elements very essential to all real sculpture. As pure joyous realism, an appreciation of the human body in movement, they are well enough, and quite to be expected from a painter to whom spontaneous ease and freedom were vital qualities.

But what is a virtue in painting becomes a weakness in sculpture. Real sculpture is something monumental, something hewn from a solid mass, something with repose, with inner and outer form; with strength and power—not an outer surface modelled on a wire frame. One feels the difference when he thinks of the dignity, the repose, and the sculptural form of the Greek horse at the Metropolitan; of the fine, free feeling, the beautiful modelling, and the lovely gestures and design of the Archaic statuettes. In these there is a life as well as a conventionalism of form, a combination so often lacking in modern sculpture. These Archaic, Ionic and Doric things are art in the highest abstract sense, the fullest realization of the Caucasian race in sculpture. These are sculpture, whereas in the figures of Degas, it is always the model which one feels.

Really great sculpture is always impersonal; one never feels the nude. Making stone or metal speak through itself out of the intensity of the work is sculpture. Hewing something out of a solid mass, always retaining mass and volume of form underneath the surface which interplays and functions as a part of the whole is sculpture. In the figures of Degas there is often a fine alive spirit in

the movement and design. His horses are a marvelously sensitive appreciation of the elegance of the animals in a realistic anatomical sense, but here also the form in the bigger sense is never attained. Fundamentally his figures are modelling, not sculpture—spirited, joyous impressions. One may get much out of them, and feel a great admiration for Degas and his sincerity as an artist.

The greater ones admiration, the greater also is one's regret that a wholesale house-cleaning has brought to light quite so many fragments, and that so much importance has been attached to sketches which existed primarily for Degas' experimentation, and which, undoubtedly, he would regret seeing exhibited. It all seems part of the ridiculous importance which death gives to the slightest expression of a man's genius. It is all too suggestive of speculators and exploitation.

Those who conscientiously and sincerely look at work, appreciate it because they love a thing beautifully conceived and executed. They do not think of it in terms of a worn out critical vocabulary of the critic or as a speculative possibility. To the artist himself, it is simply an unconscious expression of the effect of the thousand and one impacts of the world around him. Not until time has detached it completely from the environment which bred it, can it be considered as art, in the abstract sense of the critics.

A discussion of the figures by Edgar Degas is incomplete without a comment on the casting, which is beautifully done, and contributes much to the importance of the bronzes. Bronze pattined in black and brown is a clever method used to cover weak form and poor construction. The Chinese are merchants and dealers in antiquities know the secret of restoring a piece of bronze or stone so that it becomes enticing to their rich buyers, and one cannot but feel that something of the sort has been done in this case. Bronze foundries have learned this secret. The method is used in almost all bad sculpture.

The surface of bronze, polished and worked by the sculptor himself, lends itself marvelously to the development of pure form. It should, however, be left to time and nature to produce a natural finish. The artificial method employed on these figures makes one question even more their signifi-

cance. I cannot help but feel that Degas himself would have objected strenuously to having many of them exhibited or considered as serious sculpture.

Nevertheless if we do remember the spirit

in which Degas did this work and the purposes for which he did it, and if we consider his sculpture from that point of view, it will give to us a new light on the quality of Degas as a draftsman and a painter.



TORSO

EDGAR DEGAS

Courtesy of Ferargil Galleries



WOMAN SEATED
Courtesy of John F. Quinn Estate

ANDRÉ DERAÏN (*French*)



EX-VOTO

ANTO CARTE (Belgian)

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

By FORBES WATSON

THE 24th international exhibition of paintings which is now on view at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, has been generally accepted as the best exhibition of its kind that the Carnegie Institute has ever held. In the days when the late John Beatty directed these exhibitions, practically no painter who had not attained some success in the eyes of the politic officers of various academic organizations was permitted to hang his pictures at the Carnegie Institute. Mr. Beatty's taste in art was distinctly mild, and his activities in the art world were urbane rather than courageous.

It was not until Homer St. Gaudens became the director of the Carnegie Institute that the exhibitions began to show some signs of independence and courage. The advance in these exhibitions has been uninterrupted. Though the improvement is noticeable, even the friends of Mr. St. Gaudens must admit that to some extent he has remained faithful to the Pittsburgh tradition. He steps gingerly toward the more striking achievements of modern art.

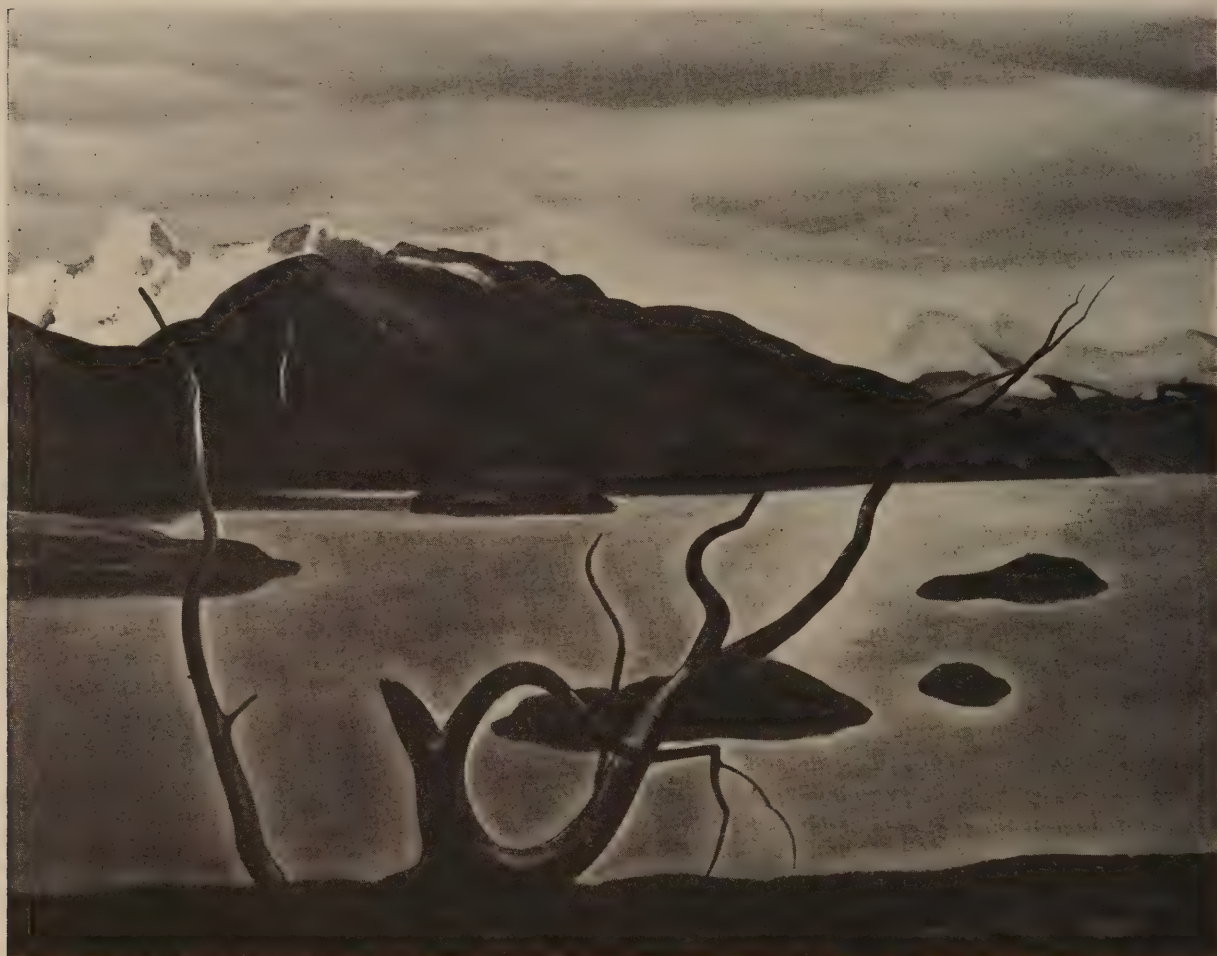
No one who does not live in Pittsburgh can gauge exactly how reckless in his choice of paintings a director might be without los-

ing his job, and since Mr. St. Gaudens has shown ever so much more nerve than his predecessors, it might be argued that it would be a pity if he should suddenly shake the confidence of his trustees, brought up in an academic atmosphere, by presenting for their consideration pictures that might conceivably upset them.

Few directors of American museums can get along with their trustees, without being natural diplomats and knowing how to skate over thin ice. In passing I might as well admit that it is much easier to criticize trustees adversely than it is to be a trustee oneself. Many men, before they are appointed to the boards of museums, promise themselves to bring about great changes. When they are safely elevated to trusteeship, they begin to discover how surprisingly easy it is

in directing a public institution to make a mis-step and how hard to avoid criticism. With the fear always before them of being themselves ridiculous, or of placing the institution which they represent in a ridiculous position, the pressure to play safe and to be conservative becomes overwhelming.

Trustees are appointed, generally speaking, quite as much, and possibly a little more, because of their financial standing in the community than for any special training in art. If the director of the average museum undertook the dangerous plan of trying to promote a large international exhibition without the political co-operation of the established official associations of artists in each country, and without catering to the good opinion of various famous official painters, he would probably find that most of his

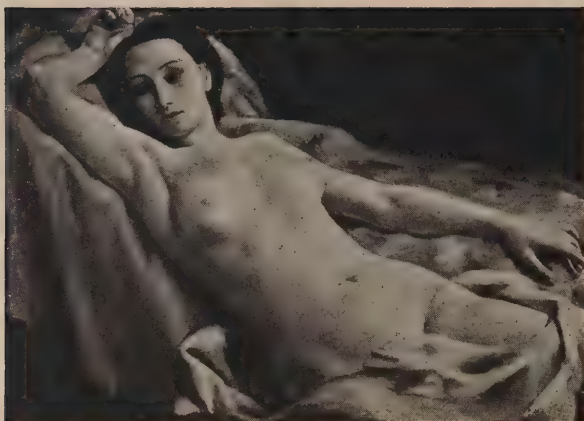


DEAD TREE (*Tierra del Fuego*)

ROCKWELL KENT (*American*)



GIRL WITH PARROT DOD PROCTOR (*English*)



NUDE UBALDO OPPI (Italian)

trustees, "men of property" likely to insist, above all things, upon securing for their institution the sanction of authority, were more obstinate than he knew.

Whether the situation, as described, applies to the case of Mr. St. Gaudens, I doubt. However, that the current international exhibition fails by a long distance to approach the uncompromising vigorous ideal attained by the international exhibition held in New York in 1913, is apparent to any visitor who feels more than a casual interest in these recurrent affairs. The time when the metropolitan American public could be deeply shocked by so-called modern art has long



IN THE SUN
J. VAN DER EECKHOUDT (Belgian)

since passed, but the memory of that time seems to linger and to frighten directors and trustees. They feel that they must play with modern art but they do not wish to be caught considering it seriously.

It has always been my obstinate contention that the Carnegie Institute could greatly increase the public which follows its international exhibitions. It could intensify interest in them throughout America by disregarding the politics of art and investigating the contemporary spirit in art.

Why the juries or prizes? Essentially the jury is nothing more nor less than a means to dodge responsibility. The Institute has, like other similar organizations, an invited list. The pictures that it wants, it gets, or to be more accurate, the names that it wants represented, are represented. I believe there is some regulation to the effect that all of the American pictures pass before the jury. Whereas several of the younger painters of talent who do not happen to have academic influence were rejected this year, the jury accepted such paintings as Childe Hassam's "Spring in a New York Skyscraper." Other paintings, equally meretricious, by famous American painters, might be cited to show that to all intents and purposes, the function of the American jury is to protect the Carnegie Institute from being responsible for rejecting or accepting pictures by unknown painters.

Then there are various committees in foreign countries, upon whom the responsibility of selecting the pictures representing those countries, can be thrown. The democratic habit of putting things up to committees inevitably results in neutrality. A neutral art exhibition, however representative in mere names it may be, is bound to fall short of the mark which through its generous activities the Carnegie Institute might reach.

There are two obvious ways by which to assemble an international exhibition—the democratic and the autocratic. The Carnegie Institute, being financially and in every other way free from the political ruses that undermine such institutions as the National Academy, could be autocratic if it only dared to be. Instead of having so many cooks mixing its annual international broth, that no single chef is responsible for the taste of it, it could choose an individual upon whose selection of

pictures would depend his immortality or his damnation.

When the International Exhibition was organized in New York in 1913, the old democratic methods of making committees responsible were actually if not apparently discarded by a few tyrants who had such definite views, or if you prefer, such strong prejudices about what they wished to accomplish, that the exhibition, when finally assembled, revolutionized the history of American art. This is not an exaggeration. American art and American taste were altered radically by the great "Armory Show."

That exhibition had so much explosive force within it that the organization which made it blew up and has not been heard of since. No such tragedy is desired for the Carnegie Institute, needless to say, and similarly it would be absurd to expect any annual exhibition to repeat the success which New York's International of 1913 enjoyed. The state of mind of the painters and sculptors, the freshly awakened interest of the public, were exactly right for that event.

A few doses of what then used to be called modern art had been given to a small influential public inclined toward propaganda by Alfred Stieglitz at his little gallery at No. 291 Fifth Avenue. These bits of strong meat had created an almost savage appetite for the work of a long list of artists, chiefly European and already famous in Europe. They were known in America through reproduction and through the steadily increasing numbers of American artists returning from Europe as crusaders for contemporary art.

The public is not now in the same state of mind. It can no longer be surprised, infuriated, or shocked, and since geniuses do not grow on every tree, no annual international exhibition can fairly be expected to introduce each year to the American public such inspiring figures as were first presented, to any large extent, by the Armory Exhibition.

Looking back to those days when in one room of the exhibition there were large decorations by Matisse, violently simple in the sharply contrasted backgrounds and rhythmical dancing figures, I have a feeling of anti-climax in discovering at Pittsburgh 12 years later an almost ludicrously innocuous little Matisse still life. Right here I



THE CAPTAIN, THE COOK
AND THE FIRST MATE

CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE (*American*)

think it is fair to say that there is evidence of what can only be described as laughable diplomacy. Matisse is represented, to be sure, but what of it? It is much as if Mr. St. Gaudens' official advisers had said that Pittsburgh could now be shown one of the milder paintings by Matisse without injuring the business of Ménard et Cie.

All that has gone before is intended to lead up to the main argument of this article, which is that democratic committee methods always overlook, by force of politics, what should be the main reason for holding, at such vast expense, an annual international exhibition. For what, after all, is the point



BREAD SELLERS AT RABAT

HENRY BISHOP (*English*)

Awarded Honorable Mention

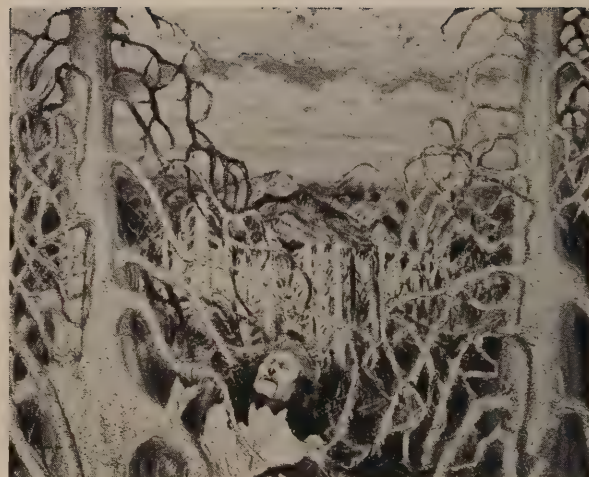


AFTERNOON TEA ERNST
LUDWIG KIRCHNER (German)

of this exhibition if it is not to give to the American public an idea of the relative importance and relative strength of the various



WINDOW ON THE BAY OF
VILLEFRANCHE
H. E. LE SIDANER (French)
Awarded 1st Prize



CARPATHIAN LEGEND
FREDERY K. PAUTSCH (Polish)

contemporary movements in art that are most vital in Europe?

During the twenty-four years in which the Carnegie Institute has spent a great many thousands of dollars transporting the paintings of European artists to this country, how much information and of what quality have they given to the Americans about European art? That, it seems to me, is an important question to ask, and a difficult one to answer.

In attempting to answer it, let us look over the illustrations accompanying this article. They were selected for the purpose of giving the reader an idea of the range of



THE FATHERS OF THE VILLAGE
VALENTIN DE ZUBIAURRE (Spanish)



AN ALGERIAN

JEAN MARCHAND (French)

the current exhibition. Beginning with the American painters, the works of Sargent, Bellows, Kent, Breckenridge, Hawthorne, and Kenneth Hayes Miller are reproduced. Several other American paintings were previously reproduced in *THE ARTS*, such as the self portrait by Henry Lee McFee, the Portrait of a Child by William J. Glackens, and the Nude by Eugene Speicher. In the exhibition these pictures hang with paintings by the regular list of practitioners who appear infallibly in every official exhibition, such as Gardner Symons, Arthur B. Davies, George de Forest Brush, Charles H. Woodbury, Irving R. Wiles, Victor Higgins, Jonas Lie, Gari Melchers, Willard Metcalf, Leon Kroll, W. Elmer Schofield, and so on, and on, and on.

Separated from the over-bearing proportion of mildly efficient academic pictures, the American paintings reproduced herewith stand out more distinctly than they do actually in the exhibition.

Their arrangement in the American gal-

leries, like the arrangement of the other galleries, does succeed in supplying the many visitors to the International with the information that there are many capable painters in America whose work has personality. The information that it fails almost completely to convey, is that a whole series of artists exist and work in America today and produce pictures that radiate a contemporary spirit quite as definite as the majority of those included in this exhibition.

A single painting by Max Weber, another by Samuel Halpert, and still another by Allen Tucker, will be found in the same gallery with a single painting by Ben Foster. Perhaps these names, as well as any others, will serve to illustrate one point that I hope to bring out. Ben Foster has exhibited at the Carnegie Institute probably ever since these exhibitions began. He specializes exclusively in landscape, and his capable and honest pictures vary slightly in mood. Like Ménard, in the French section, or the late Willard Metcalf, in the American, or Gard-



THE LAKE

PAUL NASH (*English*)



SLEEP

KARL STERRER (*Austrian*)



GALICIAN DANCE

FERNANDO ALVAREZ DE SOTOMAYOR (*Spanish*)

ner Symons, or Schofield, a single picture by Foster tells, even to the layman, an almost complete story of his art.

Max Weber, on the other hand, has passed through many phases, and while in his one contribution to the present exhibition it is easy to see how powerfully affected he is by modern French art, a single picture can hardly be said to represent his investigating turn of mind and eclectic understanding.

This leads to an argument that can be too easily rebutted. Of course, it would not be possible in an exhibition of this size to turn it into a series of groups of pictures by a limited list of selected artists, but I cannot help wondering whether a more or less mechanically chosen list of names in the order of their importance in the public eye, particularly when their pictures are hung with great discretion, does not fail essentially in giving to the public any serious idea of

the main streams, the currents and eddies of contemporary art.

One may say that if it is fair to hang Robert Henri's brilliantly painted, well poised and ably characterized portrait of a man of Segovia, by way of exemplifying one phase of American painting, then it is equally fair to hang the hard and business-like portrait by Leopold Seyffert of Dr. William J. Holland. If one hangs June, by Kenneth Hayes Miller, one should also hang something from the factory of Richard E. Miller. If one hangs Across the Harbor, by Hugh H. Breckenridge, then on the other side one should give first honorable mention to Mr. Hawthorne's portrait of three members of a crew. One may say that if everyone is represented, everything will be represented. Yet since childhood we have been taught that figures lie. It is true.

So we travel through the exhibition, and



ADORATION OF THE MAGI

PAUL PLONTKE (*German*)



THE SPHINX KEES VAN DONGEN (Dutch)

we find in every country that something of the same sort of thing has happened. To the French painter, Le Sidaner, the first prize has been given for a picture as pretty as a picture could be, and as sweet to the eye as a bonbon is to the palate, a picture as far removed as possible in aim and character from the still life by Vlaminck. Le Sidaner gets the prize, but Vlaminck is also here. A brown, able and over emphatic half nude by André Derain jostles against the innocuous prettiness of Ernest Joseph Laurent. An honorable mention is given to the English painter, Henry Bishop's crisp illustrative Bread Sellers at Rabat, but the Lake, by Paul Nash, is also hung. Segonzac has for a neighbor, Jean Pierre Laurens. Louis Le-grand hangs not far away from Henry Lerolle. They are all here. What does it prove?

Possibly the worst painter who ever made a reputation in modern times, is the Italian, Mancini. Mancini literally crucifies the medium of oil paint. Nevertheless, he has a name. Therefore, his picture hangs in the International. And since these details have led us as far afield as the Italian section, that might be as good a gallery as any in which to illustrate the premise of this text, which is that exhibitions cannot live on names alone.

There are in Italy some painters who have not sunk in the mire of contemporary official Italian painting, which is in a lower state than in almost any other country. M. Guillaume Lerolle, in an introduction to the foreign departments of the exhibition, speaks of the Italian section as giving us "a summary of all the light and life of their country." He speaks of the "cleverness" and the

"fireworks" of painters like Mancini, Tito, and of other painters, who, to me, are less than second rate manufacturers. But then, M. Guillaume Lerolle refers to Zuloaga, the Spaniard, as "one of the greatest." The Carnegie Institute has spent some thousands on the stagey, hard and purely exhibition work of Zuloaga.

Since there is hardly a single first rate picture in the Italian section, and absolutely nothing to deserve the study of a serious student of painting, what is gained by going to all the expense of bringing over so many atrocities (some of the pictures are nothing less), except to give useless information about second rate official painters? Three or four such paintings would give this information quite as well as half a hundred. Meanwhile, the rest of the walls of the gallery might beneficially be hung with the pictures that represent the leading movements in con-

temporary Italian art. The German section is more knowingly chosen.

Whatever one may think of the modern movement in Italy, it is impossible to go among the more original painters there without discovering how very far removed they are from the Ciardis and the Titos. There has been in Italy, for some years, an almost pathetic effort to escape from under the burden of the past that weighs upon the young Italian artist. Psychologically and spiritually, this movement is appealing and interesting to follow. It was a movement frowned upon by the comfortable officers of the International at Venice, as well as by the Roman art officials. Yet, it has much more vitality and more reality than the sleepy disillusionings that most of the Italian paintings at the Carnegie Institute illustrate.

I do not remember a great many modern Italian pictures that overwhelmed me when



REFLECTION

ROSALIE EMSLIE (*English*)

I last went about with Italian artists in Italy. But I am perfectly sure that such painters as Magnelli, Dieva de Angelis, the Ferrazzi brothers, and others, have much more right in such an exhibition as this than the frumpish painting of Mancini or the bar room decorations of Tito.

By way of showing the difference between exhibitions in which there has been an at-

tempt really to represent the countries to which their names are attached, one has but to compare the small room devoted to German art with the large rooms devoted to American. M. Lerolle, who assembled the German pictures, took me through the room where they were, and discussed what he had tried to do in arranging the German exhibition. It was evident both from his conversa-



THE ROAD TO CRÉCY

ANDRÉ DE SEGONZAC (French)



THE SEAMSTRESS

KARL HOFER (*German*)

tion and from the pictures, that a real effort had been made, in spite of the smallness of the group, to illustrate the dominant tendencies from Liebermann to such younger crude theorists as Ernst Ludwig Kirchner.

Nor did official entanglements affect the small Austrian collection, nor for that matter, the large English collection. Considering the relatively secondary position of Eng-

land in the world of art today, it may be asked why two vast galleries should be devoted to English painting? Nevertheless they have been, and include only a single modernistic work, namely, the confused painting by Paul Nash, called *The Lake*. Mr. Nash has painted better pictures than this in the past. One might ask, where are the works of Duncan Grant, Vanessa Bell, Roger Fry, and



ACROSS THE HARBOR

HUGH H. BRECKENRIDGE (*American*)

the other members of the little rookery, over which Clive Bell enthuses? But unless one wishes to be querulous, the English exhibition, it must be admitted, shows pretty clearly what the spirit of English painting today is.

I will conclude with a reference to the French section. In the last analysis, all that it tells to the Americans is that nothing has

happened in France during the past fifteen years. Are there no young painters in France? Must we forever be asked to admire over-seriously the output of the long accepted brands of modern art? An infinitely more stimulating French section could be made from the Salon des Tuilleries and the Salon d'Automne. Not only are all of the younger men lacking in the French depart-



INTERIOR OF A MOSQUE MARIUS A. J. BAUER (*Dutch*)

ment, but no effort has been made in this day of movements to give the American public any idea of the main directions of contemporary French art.

There has been an effort to have one picture by this man and one picture by that. Practically all of the vital younger French painters are moving away from the old established salons. If this is a fact, the present exhibition fails to give a hint of it.

The Carnegie Institute cannot remain perfectly impartial. It must have some point of view of its own. It must wish to encourage either the manufacturers or the artists, but if to balance the work of every artist, it hangs also, as in the French section, one picture by a salonesque manufacturer, then it may gain the low summit of perfect neutrality. It will never accomplish the ideal exhibition.



DOLLS' MERRY LIFE

LIZZY ANSINGH (Dutch)



JUNE
Courtesy Carnegie Institute

KENNETH HAYES MILLER



NEW YORK
The Autumn Salon

JACQUES MAUNY

THE AUTUMN SALON

The 18th Salon d'Automne opened on September 26th on the majestic Terrasse des Tuileries owing to the fact that the Grand Palais is still occupied by the Exposition des Arts Decoratifs which (we all hope) will definitely close on November 11th. Temporary constructions have a sympathetic atmosphere about them which is most suitable for showing art which seems intended for temporary exhibition only.

Artists are grouped according to their tendencies (which often tell their age) but the Salon is, as always, a terrible mixture. Exhibitors range from the very wealthy chocolate manufacturer whose name is painted on every wall, to the naïve gardener,

Beauchant and the man who sells fried potatoes on the Place du Tertre.

The charming painting by Matisse seems to have been painted with sweet flowers (the bright red ones must be cactuses). Coming back the next day I was surprised not to find them a little withered. This is very lovely but we regret the gorgeous thick patterns of glowing splendor in the period of "*les poissons rouges*."

Next to Matisse, Bonnard's nude woman is floating in her bathtub. Bonnard's refined panels seem to have been painted in sweet grottos. I always wonder what he would do in a dry climate like New York's, where landscapes resemble an en-



THE MODEL
Courtesy of Bernheim Jeune, Paris

HENRI MATISSE
The Autumn Salon



MOVIES

MICHEL DE CHIROKOV

Salon d'Automne

gineer's black and white water color. The art of Bonnard is more free and subtle than any of the other painters I have mentioned.

Fujita's elaborate pale persons appeal very much to the distinguished (society people) and are only revealed by close examination.

Flandrin, Marval, Baignières, Guérin, Laprade, Waroquier, Ottmann, Van Dongen, Valotten are here as usual. But the very young ones, who are they? What are the coming men doing? Well, I think they spend most of their time at the Louvre studying with the greatest attention David and Ingres's brushwork.

"*La peinture lâchée est celle d'un lâche*" Delacroix said and the young painters are weary of easy pochades done in a rush. Their work is neat and carefully done though in many cases cold and formal. A typical case is Jean Viollier a Swiss like M. Theophile Robert. Metzinger benefits from Fernand Leger's experiments and the Caucasian Michel de Chirokov has some suburban scenes as entertaining as Russian toys.

When are cannot be perfect let it be (at any rate) amusing. Montparnasse is represented by Fernande Barrey, Tobeen, Sacharoff, Lagar, Reno Hassenberg and others.

American exhibitors are numerous and include Paul Burlin, who is still under the combined influences of Matisse and Derain, Rattner, who is under the influence of Modigliani, Pierce, Turnbull, Thorndike, Robinson and others.

There is nothing very new about this 18th Salon d'Automne, but a considerable number of Japanese

students have invaded Montparnasse. There seem to be no links between them and they are under the influences of all the great stars of the Parisian artistic firmament.

While these Eastern invaders are only revealed by their signatures, the new Jewish school which has developed tremendously lately is conspicuous by a taste for thick sensual treatments, a bitter feeling and a coarse style of its own. Though most of these Jewish artists were born in Russia or Poland like Chagall or Moise Kissling, the late Modigliani, who was so proud of his Hebrew blood, came from Livorno.

There are few sculptures worth noticing except the heavy woman by Indenbaum, the brass pelican by Pompon, and the "porteuse d'eau," by the Catalan, Pau Gargallo.

The window containing colored glass fishes by the famous glass founder Sala, was perhaps the nicest thing about the exhibition. There are only 1497 numbers in the catalog, it is therefore a "small" show.



WATER CARRIERS

Salon d'Automne

PAU GARGALLO



HEAD OF BUDDHA

Courtesy of Dr. Denman Ross

SIAMESE

(10th to 12th Century)

BOOKS

SCULPTURE IN SIAM. By A. SALMONY. qto, pp. 51 and 70 collotype plates. London: Ernest Benn, 1925.

UNTIL lately the history of Siamese art has been very imperfectly known. With the recent establishment of an Archaeological Survey and the effective organization of the royal library and museum at Bangkok, largely due to the influence of that enlightened scholar, Prince Damrong, we may expect that Siamese archaeology,

which has far more than a merely provincial interest, will rapidly advance. Meanwhile a beginning had been made by Dr. Voretzsch, and now Dr. Salmony's book exhibits in an admirable way the main lines of development. His treatment of the subject makes an important contribution to the general history of art; it is throughout a study of stylistic developments as the product of ethnic environment.

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there is first of all an Indianesque period, in which the Indian Gupta tradition is prepotent; the earliest dateable remains belong to the beginning of the fifth century A.D., and consist mainly of terracottas and a few scattered examples of stone sculpture. The Classical period, roughly from the eighth to the end of the twelfth century, is characterized by the use, rather than the copying, of the Indian formulae, and thus the local type is created and perfected. This development, however, within the boundaries of what we now call Siam, followed two distinct and at the same time nearly related lines, viz., Thai and Khmer. Southern Siam at this time was not Siamese (or Thai, as the Siamese should properly be designated), but a part of Cambodia; the art of Lopburi, Korat, etc., is really Khmer art, and its development belongs to the history of Khmer, rather than of Siamese culture.

Meanwhile the true Thai (Siamese) type had been developing in the north, especially in the great twin capitals Sukhodaya and Sajjanalaya. The Thai type, characterized by curved elevated brows, doubly curved upward sloping eyelids, aquiline or even hook-nosed and delicate lips, and general nervous ensemble is clearly to be distinguished from that of the straight-browed, full-featured and serener formula of classic Khmer art, which it was destined to replace even in the heart of Cambodia.

By the thirteenth century the Thais had driven out the Khmers and occupied the whole delta, setting up a new capital at Ayuthia in 1350 or 1460; soon afterwards they made themselves masters of Cambodia and of the Malay Peninsula down to Singapore. But this Ayuthia period is aesthetically one of decadence: the over-refined and ultimately feelingless type which is abundantly exemplified in so many collections of Siamese art, is far removed from the living creations dating about 1000 A.D. These last, as Dr. Salmony remarks, easily suffice to place the monuments of Siam in the ranks of great art, which could scarcely be said of the ornate and rather mechanical art of the Ayuthia period.

Dr. Salmony makes a good point when he alludes to an old view of European scholars that the defects of Oriental art are due to slavish adherence to rigid hieratic prescriptions. A priori one might have known that this could no more be true than, let us say, a theory which should ascribe the defects of a poor sonnet to the precision of the sonnet form. And, in fact, it is the earlier and finest works that adhere closely to canonical prescription and fixed traditions and the later, more ornate and less felt

types that depart from it. The history of Siamese art is thus like that of all other arts. Within its own cycle there are first of all primitives, then a period of highest achievement, in which inspiration and technical capacity are well balanced, and finally a decadence, exhibited in technical dexterity cultivated for its own sake an overloading of the form with ornament, and ultimately a loss of all vitality in the modelling, the features being indicated by outlines rather than by forms.

The illustrations in this work are numerous and well reproduced, and judiciously employed in elucidating the theme of the text. But their range is almost entirely limited to pieces available in Hamburg, and though these include a number of very important sculptures, the book as a whole would have been far better documented had other Siamese, European and American collections also been utilized. The Samson collection, however, includes some very fine pieces and we are glad to have them made available for study. Very strange is Dr. Salmony's use of the term "Upper India." He means, throughout, the mainland of India proper, as distinguished from Further India and Indonesia; but in English usage, the phrase "Upper India" means the Panjab, and in any case it is not much used. The book is provided with an Index, Bibliography and map.

A. K. COOMARASWAMY.

BELLOWS AND HIS CRITICS

People differ strangely in their opinions of the art of George Bellows. On the one hand there are those avowed moderns who habitually called Bellows "the Sargent of the East Side" and at the opposite extreme of current opinion we find the undaunted champion of Bellows' art and distinguished editor of *Vanity Fair*, Mr. Frank Crowninshield, placing Bellows with Homer and Whitman far up on the heights beyond the reach of mere mortals. Between these extremes of opinion sounds the vast chorus of "ohs," and "ahs" and "ifs" and "buts." For everyone has an opinion of Bellows. To consider a few of the elements which contribute to his fame may help to explain why his work continues to excite such contradictory comments.

No members of the National Academy has been so much talked about in recent years. Much of Bellows' early fame came to him when he first began to be "the bad boy of the Academy." Formerly he contributed regularly to the Academy exhibitions. And of late years he has always been

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"starred" in the large jury exhibitions throughout the country that the National Academy continues to dominate. Simultaneous he was a member of those groups which opposed the Academy so he was at the same time an active Academician and an active independent. Fame came to him from both camps, the "outs" and the "ins," and as Bellows once said, with a touch of boyish pride: "There's been an awful lot written about me."

Bellows placed the accent on the amount written rather than on its quality. In his eyes, as in the eyes of so many artists, the chief function of the critic was to advertise the painter and the critic who was not also a "booster," was considered a worthless thrower of monkey-wrenches. In this point of view, of course, Mr. Bellows was not unique.

The tremendous amount written about Bellows was only one reason for his fame. More important was the fact that nothing that he produced was innocuous. He believed frankly in giving the exhibition quality to his pictures. He knew how to make them tell in a "miscellaneous" group, how to make them carry in the large exhibition. He was an adherent of the "wallop" in painting. Moreover, his paintings, like his lithographs and drawings had, in the legitimate sense of the word, the illustrative quality.

Not alone was the fame of Bellows advanced by the character of his work and the choice of subjects and by the miles of writing of the critics, for most of whom Bellows had a good-natured contempt; it was also advanced by the fidelity of his immediate friends and followers who applauded him unceasingly. Many other of the leading members of his profession were dazzled by his uncanny facility and even his portraits were sufficiently "subjects" to arouse the interest of the general public.

Bellows' energies found a further outlet in his inveterate and fearless support of American art. He helped his friends as eagerly and ardently as they helped him and in addition more than one struggling young painter owes his first success in the large exhibitions or his first acceptance by a dealer to the outspoken support of Bellows who was neither a Franco-maniac nor a snob.

A successful illustrator, a brilliant lithographer, a dramatic painter with infinite confidence and the daring to attack more difficult and complicated subjects than any other American painter of his day, how could Bellows possibly escape fame. From prize-fights to crucifixions he ran the gamut of possible subjects with a gusto that knew no obstacles. What he may have thought of the creative vigor

which can find satisfaction in a meticulously perfect bit of still-life I do not dare to imagine. If one of Charles Demuth's water colors of flowers were placed beside Bellows' Crucifixion, the juxtaposition would start a train of thought that would annihilate one or both, but as our old nurse often repeated: "There is a time and a place for everything."

With this explanation of a few of the facts which contribute to Bellows' fame it becomes evident that such a vigorous personality, with gifts for success second only to Sargent's, would necessarily inspire conflicting opinions. That such is the case can easily be proved by a few quotations from the recent reviews of the Bellows Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum.

Royal Cortissoz, in the New York *Herald-Tribune* of October 11th, wrote: ". . . The untimeliness of his death comes home to us with renewed poignancy as we brood over these pictures. There never was an exhibition of a young modern painter's work more significant of a great gift enthusiastically feeling its way toward great things. The drawings and lithographs which have one of the print rooms to themselves repeat the impression left by the paintings, an impression of absorption in living types and issues, of a quick intelligence and of a stirring imagination. The designs which a reading of one of the books of H. G. Wells inspired him to make show how he could contrive a strange, mysterious world and people it with romantic figures. In Mr. Crowninshield's introduction to the catalog it is stated that Bellows had in mind a series of heroic mural decorations. We may be sure that it would have had a serious, challenging character. For it would have sprung from a genuine movement of the painter's mind and heart; he would have given it a vivid reality. Also, it would have been painted. That is, first and last, the clew to this artist's distinction. That it is that accounts for the place that he made for himself in the art of today. He knew his craft. He was an honest workman. He could draw and use a brush, and did so with undeviating respect for the rectitude of art."

Forbes Watson, in the *World* for October 11th, writes: ". . . George Bellows was known from the Atlantic to the Pacific as a truly American artist. He came from Ohio. With Presidents McKinley and Harding, between whose masked countenances and Bellows' approximate portrait of men and women there is some family resemblance, he was one of the most famous sons of his native State. He too was sufficiently a "man among men"

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to have become a Senator had his activities ranged in that direction. And like the late Presidents from Ohio, Bellows was uncontaminated by European culture except indirectly through Henri's introduction of him to the art of Manet, Goya, Hals and Daumier. . . .

"Purely native Americans are given to approximations and generalizations. These approximations are frequently made with brilliancy, as they sometimes are in the art of George Bellows. The glorious optimistic energy of the truly native American, with which Bellows was amply supplied, produces rhetorical effectiveness in painting and in words. The habit of flying upon the wings of generalization and of happy theorizing, which Bellows had, did not tend to develop in him the exactitudes of a Thomas Eakins, the absorbed study of nature which laid the foundation of Winslow Homer's art, or that fineness of drawing and truthfulness of color so necessary if the artist is to achieve not only the typical and native but also the deeper individual truths of characterization.

"Bellows from youth loved to exhibit his pictures. He saw his work in the exhibition room so often that its effectiveness there became for him a perfectly understood quality. Looking at 'The Cross-Eyed Boy,' painted before Bellows became so expert, one may wonder, a trifle sadly, whither the art of George Bellows would have gone if he had made a more studied and intimate, a less publicly effective and approximate statement of his courage, energy, good temper, humor, boldness and brilliancy."

Henry McBride wrote in the New York *Sun* of October 17th: ". . . To be skeptical about the quality of bang in the memorial tribute to the late George Bellows is not to be skeptical about the quality of his art, for though 'bang' was almost his middle name, it produces but a momentary effect and serves but to call attention to a given point. To enchain the mind something else is necessary. The principal benefit of the present exhibition is just that, that it will enable many people to decide for themselves whether or no George Bellows had this important 'something else,' for of course, thanks to the bang that accompanied his every display, they will have seen all his works previously.

"In his private life, it is quite certain that Mr. Bellows was an admirable person and a typical American, loving dynamics above all things, as most Americans of the moment do. He might not have admitted this himself, probably though he was after quite different things, but the smash and fury of

the state of mind into which he worked himself as he painted, are evident in his canvases, particularly his early ones, and won him many tributes from the young people who, it is to be feared, prefer smashing methods to sober thinking.

"Sharing in the widespread American love for action, it might follow that this artist's expression of this enthusiasm would be thoroughly native—to the manner born. But is it? That is the crucial point upon which the future reputation of the painter must depend. He had the misfortune—or at least I hold it to be a misfortune—to arrive upon the stage in a period when it was thought necessary to learn one's art in another country. It is beginning to seem ridiculous to many of us that American artists should be compelled to express American ideals in the painting language of the French, and when our great period in art arrives, you may be sure it will not be so. Mr. Bellows did not carry the fetish so far as some do, to study years and years in the French Beaux Arts—in fact, I'm not sure he ever went abroad—but he worshiped so assiduously at the shrines of Manet and Goya, that their very mannerisms became incorporated with his own. Theoretically Mr. Bellows ought to be 100 per cent, but with so large an admixture of Manet and Goya in his style, it is hard to rate him so."

Frank Crowninshield, in the introduction to the Bellows catalog, wrote that the art of Bellows with "the poetry of Whitman and the marines of Homer" ranked as the most "inspiriting, the most native and the most deeply flavored performances in American art."

These quotations illustrate the great variety of opinion in which is held the art of the most energetic and successful N. A. of our day.

PARIS NOTES

New Yorkers will again be given a chance of seeing specimens of Fernand Leger's work soon. He sent some very large canvases. One of them, "The disks," is a most dynamic painting. One day some Americans paying a visit to Leger's studio saw it and all together immediately began to dance. Red haired Leger has a considerable influence in Norway, Sweden and Austria. He composed the scenery and costumes for Skating Rink of the Swedish Ballets of M. Rolf de Maré. His father was a very plain Norman farmer, who never had dreamt his son would be one of the leaders of the advanced art movement.

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* * *

"L'ESPRIT NOUVEAU" has a very interesting concrete pavilion at the Exposition. There are two panoramic landscapes showing what Paris would look like if big skyscrapers with landing stages for airplanes, office buildings and a grand Central Station were erected in the center of the city. Undoubtedly Paris has to study a great urban plan if she wants to cope with modern activity. Art students, lovers of the past and old fashioned poets need not be alarmed; the bold scheme of Messrs. Ozenfant et Janneret has carefully respected the dear old monuments they love to see on postal cards.

* * *

Painters of the last century used to discover cheap little resorts near the seaside or amidst beautiful scenery. They used to launch "petits trous pas chers" where snobs, hotel and casino keepers would come after them. Modern artists have entirely given up Brittany Gauguin was fond of. Picasso, Picabia, and the advanced crowd spent the summer at Antibes or in the neighborhood. Most of them were to be found between Toulon and Nice where Henri Matisse is working most of the time. The typical landscape painted today represents a fortified village composed of cubic houses with red tile roofs which crowns a conical hill. Hundreds of these are to be found in every exhibition.

* * *

In the canyon known as Rue La Boetie which is to painting what Wall Street is to finance and banking, four new galleries have been opened recently. An extraordinary amount of money is being invested here in modern art in spite of the threat of a coming taxation on "les biens oisifs," which will hit jewels, art collections and libraries. It will be a most unfortunate taxation although it will, of course, show us what the modern state considers important. Apparently it considers everything more important than art.

J. M.



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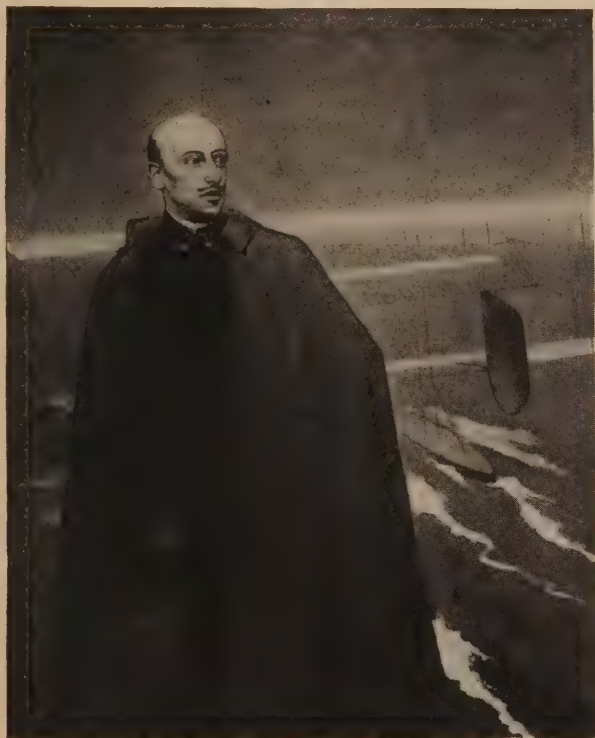
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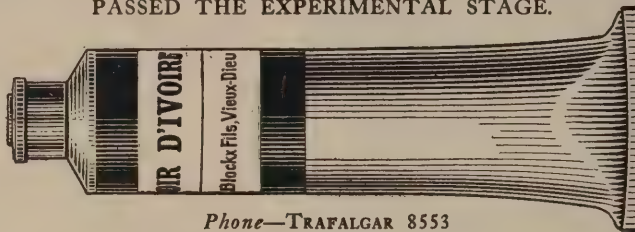
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STATE OF NEW YORK, } ss.:
COUNTY OF NEW YORK,

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William A. Robb, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE ARTS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

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Editor—Forbes Watson, 19 East 59th Street, New York City.

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Business Manager—William A. Robb, 19 East 59th Street, New York City.

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YOUNG GIRL WITH FLUTE  
*Courtesy of U. Knoedler & Co.*

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# THE ARTS

VOLUME VIII

DECEMBER, 1925

NUMBER 6



DRAWING

*Courtesy of Marie Sterner*

PHILIP DE KONINCK

IN an earlier issue of THE ARTS (volume 7, Number 6, June, 1925, pages 299 to 302) Mr. Duncan Phillips, the distinguished collector, after deploring "the well laid plans of the Academy to control public opinion through nation wide propaganda," urged the more progressive painters to support the travelling exhibitions of the American Federation of Arts. "Although," wrote Mr. Phillips, "the exhibition committee of the Federation of Arts is now under the control of a typical official painter instead of a disinterested and open-minded critic, yet I feel that we progressives have only ourselves to blame for allowing the Academy to seize this opportunity to increase its power. . . . All we need to do then to show progressive art throughout the country as well as in Washington is to indicate our willingness to cooperate with the Federation instead of depreciating its important work."

Apparently inspired by what Mr. Phillips wrote, the American Federation of Arts now proposes to organize a "modern" exhibition of paintings. But after all these years of exclusive devotion to the National Academy, the Federation will probably not find it as easy to secure modern pictures for its travelling exhibition as it would have if its policy in the past had been more liberal.

I wish I might agree with Mr. Phillips when he states that the Federation "is doing splendid educational work with its travelling exhibitions." But to judge by the Federation's exhibitions that I have seen I believe that this organization not only has not done splendid educational work, but that its work in this field has been seriously anti-educational. To



THE GUIDE (Water Color)

WINSLOW HOMER

*John T. Spaulding Collection—See page 321*

send year after year to many parts of the country mediocre paintings by more or less well known artists may possibly be educational. Perhaps mediocre pictures have been a starting point for many people, but I should think that the result of constantly seeing bad pictures would be a lowering of taste and a confusion of values.

Several of the artists that Mr. Phillips describes as progressive, tell me that they have refused the invitation of the Federation, and probably if the Federation wants to have an exhibition of the character that its plans suggest, it will have to go elsewhere than to the artists' studios to secure his pictures. It is very doubtful in my mind whether a semi-official organization like the Federation will ever cease to be reactionary. Not only has its own history proved that its real interests are to help the National Academy, but the history of all such organizations has been the same always. The academic politicians control the destiny of such organizations. And this is the real reason why so many artists will hold back and wait before accepting the Federation's invitations until they see whether the promised reform is merely a political manoeuvre to escape from the blighting accusation of being called reactionary.

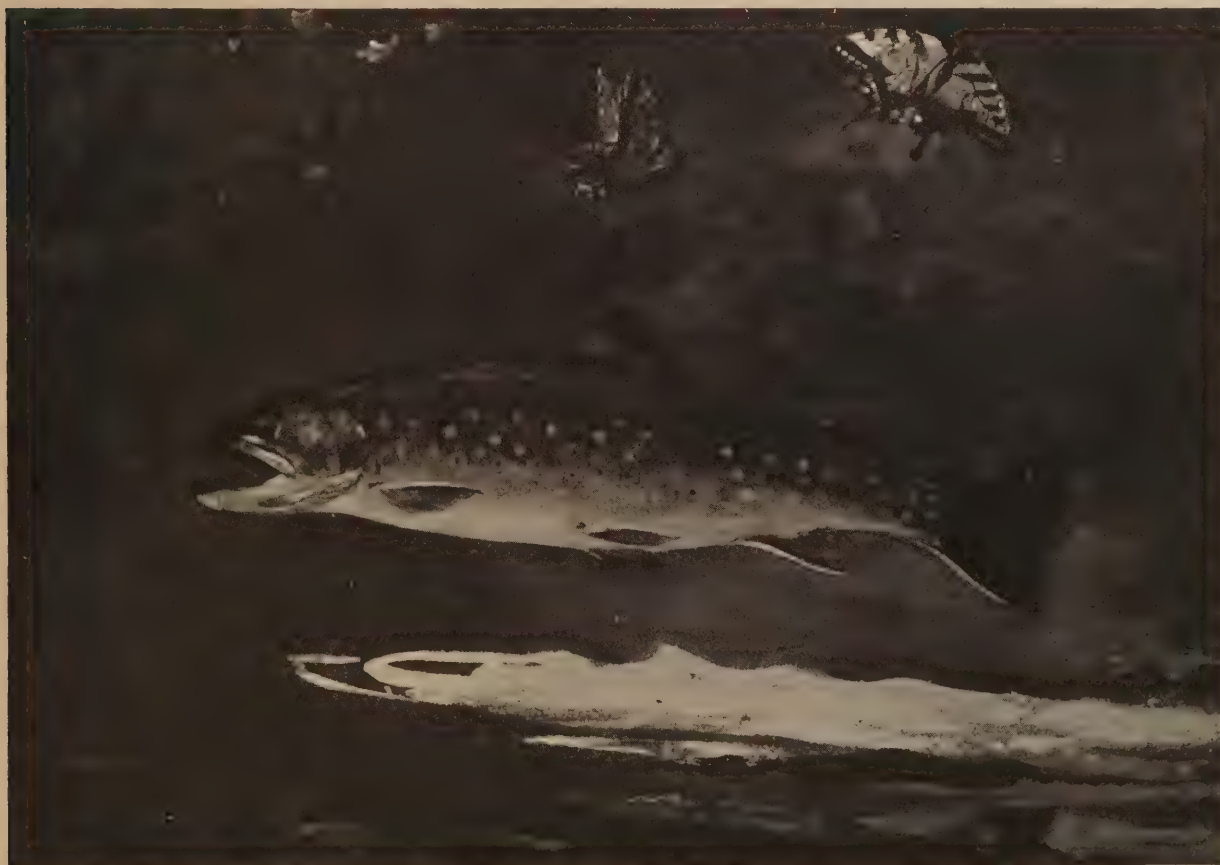
After all, the modern artists are the really powerful and successful artists of today. They have won their success without yoking themselves with the burden of a semi-official organization, and they have never received any assistance from this organization until they were already successful. In the eyes of such artists the manoeuvres of the American Federation of Arts to win popular support are extremely suspicious. On the other hand, how can



the artists continue to rail against the Federation if the Federation shows a real intention to release itself from the political domination of the National Academy, and to raise the standard of its exhibitions, which hitherto have won for this organization the well deserved title of being our greatest mother of mediocrity?

There is considerable doubt whether the exhibition system of the Federation of Arts is not fundamentally unsound. Could any single organization with the best will in the world, even if it could free itself from political politics, escape from having a certain sameness in its exhibitions, and is it a good thing for one organization to control a travelling exhibition system? If the Federation wishes to prove that it wants to be liberal minded, and to stop being a sort of travelling salesman for the National Academy, why could it not throw open its exhibition system to other organizations, allowing any reputable group of artists of any tendency whatsoever, academic or non-academic, to send out exhibitions which would be supported by the Federation? Would the Federation, for example, be willing to send through the country an independent group? If it has, as Mr. Duncan Phillips says, "efficient machinery for this purpose," and wishes to prove the sincerity of its reform, it could easily do so by allowing artists of standing and of whatever persuasion to pick their own shows without being at all influenced in their choice of pictures by the officers of the Federation, who with few exceptions, notably Mr. Duncan Phillips, are of a purely academic persuasion.

These suggestions are made not especially for this particular Federation, since they



TROUT BREAKING (Water Color)

WINSLOW HOMER

*John T. Spaulding Collection—See page 321*

apply to all such organizations, but I am quite sure that there will never come a time when a semi-official organization will be able to direct from Washington a national exhibition system without falling back into academic control, unless the selection of their exhibitions is made successfully by different individual artists or groups of artists without a jury of selection. How much point there is in any of these suggestions will soon be seen after the Federation sends out its first modern exhibition. Although a full generation late in making up its mind to reform, possibly the American Federation of Arts may have reformed. If so, it must be through the efforts of such men as Mr. Duncan Phillips and the few others who have tried to wrest the Federation from the firm grip of the National Academy politicians.



FLOWERS IN A VASE

AUGUSTE RENOIR

*John T. Spaulding Collection—See page 321*



# A NOTE ON AESTHETIC THEORY

By W. M. IVINS, JR.

*The following pages are part of an informal, conversational lecture delivered at The Art Center in New York, at the opening of an exhibition of prints selected and arranged so as to emphasize some of the differences between "conservative" and "modernist" art.*

TO get at the real questions raised by this exhibition we have to tackle seriously the problems of art and beauty—to try to define those things in such a way that they can be handled in discussion, or else to get rid of them.

What does one mean by the word art or the word beauty?

There is no agreement among the doctors about it—because when everything has been said one only knows about objects by one's reactions to them—one never knows objects as such (if one did one would be in a position to solve the question of reality), but only by their appearance; and as the appearance of an object is in us and not in the object,—is not an objective thing but wholly a subjective relative thing—we are brought back immediately from the study of objects to the study of ourselves.

Now there is one thing about ourselves that we rarely think about except in anger or melancholy, and that is the almost utter impossibility of making ourselves understood definitely and precisely by any one else. One can come very close to doing this with a matter that is a pure abstraction—as a mathematical problem, for instance,—or a matter of counting or measuring for time, distance, size or weight (though here again if one wants to be really scientifically accurate one finds enough difficulty to cause him very serious worry—the modern theory of relativity that is associated with the name of Einstein and is famous for its extreme difficulty of comprehension, being only the last and as yet the most comprehensive of the theories that have been advanced towards a more accurate knowledge of time, space and gravitation, as time, distance, size and weight are called by the scientists). In everything that has to do with qualities, such as texture and colour, or the fact of being gold and not lead, the only way we can express anything about them is to go at it through artificial measurements—which so far from telling us

anything about the colours or textures merely give us a kind of thermometer reading and gets us not one whit nearer the thing we really desire to know or express. And when it comes to things like pleasure or pain which are matters not of extent or quantity but solely of intensity, there is no way on earth of measuring them. What it comes down to is that to a certain limited extent, and by taking refuge all the time in abstractions, we can arrive at quantitative measurements, but that we are utterly incapable of making qualitative measurements, or measurements of psychological intensities.

Now the object that is a work of art is an external positive thing (against which you can bump yourself if you are careless), just like anything else in the world—and that being so we have the same difficulties with it that we have with the other things in the world—and among the most difficult of these difficulties is the impossibility of making a qualitative measurement. And one result of this is that until we can find out something about objects of any kind from the qualitative point of view it isn't necessary for us to define or differentiate the objects of art from the rest. And this to a certain extent simplifies our task, because if we find that we can't talk analytically about the qualities of anything, why then we are in a position to know just so much the more definitely the real value of analytic qualitative talk about art.

To say that it is impossible to make a qualitative measure is very different from saying that there are no such things as qualities,—it is only another way of saying that when it comes to qualities each of us is incurably tongue tied, or that it is very doubtful whether qualities are not among the irrational things with which thought, at least analytic thought, is unable to cope.

These things being so it would seem that all we can do is to be honest, and when we talk about the qualities of art, its goodness or its badness, and whether or not beauty is present in an object, always to preface our remarks by "I think" or "I feel," and never to try to say or think that there are such

objective, external things as either art or beauty which are capable of intelligent discussion on general principles. This again needs a warning, for it does not mean that a large number of people will not or cannot agree that one work of art is finer than another, since all that that comes down to is a kind of statistics, and has no more relevancy to the question of the rightness or wrongness of the opinion of any one individual in the matter, than has the fact that more than half the men in town wear derbies upon whether or not a dip is becoming to any particular individual. Thus, and for this reason, the man or woman who talks "eternal verities" about art talks of necessity through his or her hat—for the verities that any one can tell you about qualities in art are only valid for himself and as eternal as himself.

It has been argued that there must be certain qualities that are common to all works of art—that because John's reaction is said by him to be the same in front of the Winged Victory and in front of the Sacred and Profane Love there must be some common factor in those two things, and that it is the task of the student of art, and of the æsthetician to ferret out that common factor. There are several slight difficulties about this delightful argument. In the first place it is rather a big assumption that John's reaction is the same in front of that statue and in front of that painting, and we have nothing but his word for it. There is no way on earth that we can check this up, we simply can't climb inside John's body and mind and find out about his reactions at first hand in a definitely controllable way. But even if we could do that we would know only about John's reactions and nothing about Jim's—which are just as pertinent, and probably quite different from John's. Also one may be permitted to suggest that if John were at all adept at introspection, at the studying out of the workings of his mind, he would be quite unable to be so positive about the identity of his reaction to the two things. However, important as this impossibility of proving the accuracy of John's evidence is, it is not necessary to follow it up, because of another slight difficulty that inheres in the argument—the taking it for granted that things which produce similar results must

have some common quality. That is like saying that a tragedy and an onion and an eyelash have of necessity certain qualities in common because under proper circumstances each will produce tears. The reason that the results are the same (if they are the same) is because the person is the same, not that the causes are the same. And thus again, you see, we are brought back to ourselves and away from the work of art. I believe, moreover, that the same thing will be found true under all circumstances, if only the matter be analyzed out carefully enough—that the unity is in us and not in the various objects we look at and call art. I have searched and read for many years and I have yet to find anything that goes to prove that there is a common factor in the multitude of things we call art.

But to return and consider another aspect of the statistical method of trying to find out about works of art. There is tendency when an appreciable number of people like a work of art very much and proclaim their liking for it hard and long, for the community to accept the worthwhileness of that work of art as a matter of course, and without thinking about it—to take the other fellow's word for it, and then to erect it into a kind of standard. It is because of this that there is so much talk of standards of art—and for the same reason it becomes necessary to examine into what is meant by a standard.

A standard, as I comprehend it, is something that has been agreed upon as a measure—e. g., the standard foot, the Imperial gallon, the pound avoirdupois, the various gradings for cotton and wool, the minimum legal fat content of milk, etc., etc.—so that we can measure things and then tell other people whether they are like the standard or not, or how big they are in terms of the standard. Standards give people a means of checking up a merchant's representations about his wares, and scientists a means of reducing particularities to generalities, of turning unworkable concrete things into amenable abstractions. The essence of the idea of the standard is contained in the axiom of geometry that two things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.

Now, how does this kind of thing work out in connection with art? How are we going to get at a standard here? And, im-



mediately, if we really face the problem and don't side step or get lost in ambiguities, we find ourselves in very great difficulty, because a standard implies the idea that one thing can be the same as another thing; that there are things which are without difference to such an extent that for practical purposes they are interchangeable, that within their group we can treat them quantitatively and not qualitatively. In other words, a standard is only a means of dodging the thorny question of quality and getting ourselves into positions where we can deal comfortably (in bills of lading and cooking recipes and chemical formulae) with the good old comfortable abstractions of quantity. But in art we are always told that quantity, except possibly from the dollars and cents point of view, is a peculiarly foolish and non-important consideration. In art we are always assured the only thing that counts is quality, and quality, mind you, not of the definite measurable sort that we think of in connection with a mixture of cotton and wool, but quality which we can only know or recognize by our psychological reactions to it—and psychological reactions are things that the scientists have never yet succeeded in measuring, because they can only observe or measure the physical actions that may accompany them. A nervous person may display great physical activity in response to a stimulus that causes little or no movement on the part of a phlegmatic person or one whose nerves are under better control—and yet the only way we have of measuring the strength of the stimulus is the amount of movement it brings about. Here then we reach an absolute impasse, however much we may know about our own reactions we can never equate them with another person's.

There is another curious aspect of the idea of sameness that is inherent in the concept of standards, and that is that it flies in the face of the well known fact that works of art are really fine and memorable very largely to the extent that they are unique, that they are unlike anything else. The thing that makes the Winged Victory so extraordinary, or the Parthenon, or Rembrandt's Christ at Emmaus, or Mantegna's Risen Christ, is the fact that it has some quality which we can find in nothing else. The application of standards to unique things is

farcical because it starts out with the assumption that they are not unique, that is with a denial of the very thing for which we are most interested in them.

Thus all things considered, when we discuss art we must either discard the idea of standards or give the idea a new twist and a new definition. In ordinary life anything that is standard is just the same as something else, and therefore just as good—in art, I submit, we must reverse the scheme and say that anything which is standard is the thing which is unlike anything else, and that anything which is just the same as something else, anything which is just as good, so far from being good is of necessity more or less of a nullity. On the one hand the standard is something that other things must be like, on the other the standard is something they mustn't be like. There is thus a complete upsetting of the common sense idea—a thing, by the way, that happens with marvelous regularity once one begins to think about art, because, however it may be in other fields of endeavour, here the attempt to apply common sense to uncommon things is merely one more way to court disaster. Common sense is only for common things, and when it gets outside that realm its effect is merely blasting.

Now, in view of all this, where are we at?

Personally I am convinced that there is no such thing as an objective, and therefore measurable, beauty, and that being so I am inclined to doubt whether there is such a thing as beauty at all, or, if there is, whether it is not utterly incapable of definition or discussion except in terms of the first person singular. When we are told that many people find a thing beautiful all we have is a statistical resumé, which may be of interest to the historian of taste or to a student of the mathematical theory of probability. In either case, whether the statement that a thing is beautiful is made by one man or by many, all that we have is a statement about men, and not in any way a statement about an object. What it means is, in the most literal sense, that the object that is thought beautiful has become a sort of measuring stick of men—not that we know a single additional thing about it, or are in a position to measure it.

I have been told that such a set of beliefs as those that I have so briefly outlined can

result only in a complete pessimism, that those theories are destructive and not constructive.

As for the "destructive not constructive" criticism, that is the response of the hustling go-getter to the fellow who sits him in a chair and says to him sit still for three hours and think. And it really doesn't need answer, for it is obvious that if we want firm foundations for our beliefs even as for our houses it is better to start construction on a clean, empty shelf of irreducible rock than upon the warmest and richest and most glowing of rubbish piles.

As for the charge of pessimism — that again is amusing if you stop to think of it for a moment, because it is levelled against a theory which says that each man and each woman is a unique personality, is a living, independent, sentient being, has his or her very real importance, and should carry him or herself with a very considerable degree of self-confidence and assurance — certainly, should feel under no obligation of humility in matters of opinion about undemonstrable, immeasurable things. So far from being pessimistic this theory more than any other emphasizes personal value. It denies the herd or crowd and tells a man that merely because he honestly holds an opinion that opinion is worth more to him than the opinions of all the hundred million other people in the land. Anyway, if this be pessimism, this self-confidence and self-respect, then all I can say is that I heartily wish there were more pessimists in the world.

All that the theory does is to admit frankly the impossibility of measurement or communication of physical phenomena, to say that the perception and valuation of qualities is an essentially personal thing. It does not in the least interfere with archaeology, with statistical compilations, or with historical research into the development of any form of what we call art. It has nothing to do with anything but the individual's own personal reactions and their importance to himself, but it does strongly emphasize those things. Of course there are people who find their greatest happiness in being as nearly as possible like other people, and this theory tells them that if they are of that kind they make a mistake to try to be individualists — just as it tells the individualist that he makes

a mistake if he submits his judgment to that of other people — in either case it merely says, Be honest with yourself, for if you are not honest with yourself you are not honest with the only person you really know anything about, the only person you have ever been lucky enough to get under the skin of. What is more, it offers a rational explanation for the great changes in general group taste that come with time and helps us to understand why it is that although the various objects (buildings, paintings, statues, etc.) have not changed yet their aesthetic valuation has always been in a state of flux—a thing that is impossible to reconcile with any theory of objective beauty just as it is with any theory of expression of the artist, and which is yet forced upon our attention at every turn.

Now—to come from all this general theorizing and analyzing down to the immediate problem which is posed for us by this exhibition: The rightness and wrongness, or goodness and badness, of old fashions in art as against new fashions in art.

For a long while there was and still is an æsthetic, the academic æsthetic, which took as its basis a theory that there was such a thing as an objective external beauty, and that it had its canons and, by means of standards which had been set up, was measurable. This is still the generally prevailing æsthetic—but it will hardly stand logical examination because it is made up and completed of the various impossibilities and non-existent things which we have just been discussing.

Of recent years there has been another æsthetic system that has gained many adherents, and which may be called the æsthetic of expression. According to this a work of art is good or bad to the extent to which it is a true expression of the man who made it. Like the other, academic, æsthetic it was created in the studios—but where that was created as a set of rules and regulations for the old-fashioned art teachers' union, this was created as a justification for the work of the scab artists. The union had union rules for producing beauty; the scabs said there are no rules for beauty except the painter's honesty to himself. The union by its rules imposed a group discipline, the scabs by their theory did away with all but a personal discipline. And the adherents of the two ideas have had



a merry Donnybrook Fair of it for many years, clouting each other with any and every missile they could lay hands upon.

As I said, both these theories were elaborated in the studios by the artists and their friends, and as usually happens under such circumstances they represent only a very partial aspect of the problem—they both make one great and crucial omission—they have forgotten you and me, who are not artists, and do not make pictures. In art as elsewhere there is an equation composed of the maker of an object, the object itself, and the fellow who likes the object well enough to own it or to study it. And this fellow is the most important of the three, and the only one whose theories or likes or dislikes are of any real importance, because unless he can be found the object isn't art at all, it is merely something that a man has made. Now this third person, the magician who turns an object into art, likes that object for any one of a hundred million reasons—of which the union rules are only one, and the artist's expression of himself is only one—he may like it because it is Greek or Egyptian or Chinese, or because it was made in a certain place, or at a certain time, or because it has a certain shape or colour, or tells a certain kind of story, or represents a certain kind of thing, or for its pattern, or its brush work, or the fact that it belonged to somebody, or that it makes him think of something, or gives him a funny feeling of some kind. Of course, some one who has sat down and studied the history of taste can tell as a statistical matter (just as the actuaries in an insurance company do) that certain groups of objects have a certain probability of life—but it is only a probability, and a group probability at that, and tells us nothing whatever about any individual item in the group, whether or not it is going to live or for how long. That can only be determined by the event. We must wait and see.

Thus the thing that really counts the most is not the rules of the union, or the expression of the artist, but the impression upon the beholder—and here we are again where we started, right back at oneself without any help from outside—what the impression upon the beholder is only he knows and he can't tell anyone else very much about. If he wants, he can say it is the colour—but does he see

colour as we do? does it, can it, stir up in us the same memories or harmonies it does in him? Or he can tell us it is the composition, and analyze it out for us by all the rules of New Haven and Cambridge and square roots of two—but another picture of identically the same composition might bore him stiff. Or he can talk about tactile values, or movement, or any one or all of the various things the doctors have pointed out and played up—but where does it land us? All those things are concepts, ideas, what you will, they are not and cannot be the real qualitative thing to which we actually, physically and mentally, respond. They are the result of analysis, and thus are abstractions, figments of thought, and taken separately bear no relation to the actual complex physical fact of the object, or the actual physical psychical fact of our reaction to it.

It may be that this can more easily be understood by comparison of the work of art with some chemical substance, such for example as water. An analysis of water shows it to be made up of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen, each possessing very distinctive qualities. Except by trying it out with the real things there is no way of knowing that oxygen and hydrogen when combined will constitute a thing like water, which has not only such physical qualities as surface tension, but such psychological qualities as wetness, which obviously are associated with neither of the two gases. In the same way there is no foretelling, save as the result of trying it, that chlorine and sodium, one a gas and the other a metal, when combined will form salt. We can analyze out either or both the gas or the metal and study it or them to our heart's content, but when we are all through with our analysis we shan't know a bit more about the taste of salt than we did before we began. And in the same way while we can after a fashion analyze out composition or color or draughtsmanship or movement or tactile values or any one of any number of other things from a picture, after we have done it we are no further along towards understanding of why we like the picture, — because those things, not only can have no separate existence as the gases and the metal have, but have separately no more predictable or rational relevancy to the whole complex of the picture than has either oxygen or hydro-

gen to wetness or surface tension, or chlorine or sodium to the taste of salt.

Thus what we come down to eventually is that a work of art is made by an individual in some unpredictable way peculiar to himself, and is seen by another individual in some way that is equally unpredictable and private to himself. Which in turn means that in art, so far as the individual is concerned, there are only private rights and wrongs, or goods and bads, and that the individual must exercise his faculties as best he can in his own private way without indulging himself in the fallacious and egoistic belief that his private way is by any chance the private way of a single other living being. It is all summed up in two stories—one the old joke in *Punch*, in which two people stand in front of a picture, and one says, "But it is not Cimabue," and the second says, "How do you know?" and the first says, "Because I am always speechless in front of a Cimabue"—and, the other, the story of the French contractor who having the contract to supply shoes for an army found out the average size of the men's feet, and having made all his shoes that size, was surprised to learn that as not a single man in the army could wear a pair of them, they were no good either to the individual men or to the army.

The only way out therefore is to keep as broad a tolerance as you can for the other fellow's point of view, always to admit that he is as right for himself as you are for yourself, and never to mix up the individual, personal, question with the statistical averages. The history of art is one long and oft repeated story of the ugly duckling—were 't otherwise it wouldn't in the least be interesting or exciting.

Now to come down still closer to the particular matter of our exhibition: There is a feeling abroad that the academic artist has in the course of time become an imitator of nature, that he has sacrificed other things of more importance in one way or another to his desire for accuracy in his rendering of forms and colours, and that in his devotion to imitation he has become an imitator and not a creator. Far be it from me to say how much truth or falsehood there is in the accusation or the attitude from which it comes. It is sufficient for our purposes to be aware of

the fact that this accusation is made repeatedly.

There is also a feeling abroad that a lot of new artists (or modern artists as some of them like to be called, and as their opponents like to call them) are throwing nature away and refusing to be bound by it, that they have sacrificed all the long and hard won knowledge of nature in their desire to create more easily, and that because of this they are neither imitators nor true creators, because the things they make are not like the things one sees with one's eyes as one goes through life. And again I refuse to take any part in the discussion or to do more than admit that I know it is going on.

The discussions that arise from these two points of view are principally devoted to the matter of representation. They are very interesting and doubtless offer great relief to those who take part in them—but like so many other discussions they get us nowhere, because the parties to them are always talking at cross purposes, and have never agreed upon definitions of the words they are using. Even more, very few of the disputants have ever sat back and done any thinking at all about the fundamental questions that lie in the background of the discussions.

Representation is, in the pictorial arts, so nearly a *sine qua non*, that it may as well be admitted frankly to be a thing that most people expect to find in anything they call art. But representation has its very grave philosophical and psychological as well as its artistic difficulties, because it seems to predicate that things have definite ascertainable shapes and colours. The very simple, but only with difficulty to be comprehended, fact is, however, that no one person, and no aggregate of persons can ever determine the size or shape or colour of anything except by reference back to arbitrary or logical constructions such as foot rules or colour charts or mesh systems. As an example take a cube that is painted white. We know abstractly by measurement and test that each of its edges is of the same length and that it has been covered over with zinc white—but as we look at it and feel it and walk about it, if we are honest with ourselves, we know not only that its colour is constantly changing but that there is no possible position in which we can place it, so that any three of its sides are visually



of the same size, or any three of its edges. No one has ever been able to see a cube as a cube—the fact that it is a cube is something that he has only been able to ascertain by measurements, that is, by taking refuge in references to artificial constructions. The real shape of anything is thus merely an abstraction, a mental concept—and is something that no one by any possible chance can ever realize in the world of sensuous reality. The size of anything varies as we get closer or further away from it. Its shape, unless it is a perfect globe, varies as we walk about it or turn it over in our hands. Its colour depends upon the light that falls upon it and also upon our eyes—and if the lights are turned out it ceases to have colour, a fact that must be admitted.

In view of this what becomes of all the charges and counter charges of imitation or distortion of nature that the several kinds of artists bring against each other? It would seem in either case that all the artist can make in the way of representation is an abstraction, as in any case what he makes is only a measurement or reading of the thing he represents—anything more is impossible for him.

The obvious result is that the object which is a work of art must, in so far as its representational aspect is concerned, be looked upon as an artificial construction, separate and distinct from the thing it represents. And the charming part of it is that it is not more or less of an abstraction, more or less “true to nature,” but a thing actually existing to be seen and judged by itself, of itself, *out* of us. We like it or dislike it very little for its photographic resemblance, for its abstract qualities, but because in its appearance we are interested by certain qualities which are unpredictable from any knowledge of its constituents—like the wetness of water or the salt of salt. And its appearance is in us and not in it—thus again bringing us back to the holder, to the first person singular of the man who looks at it. The only thing we can ask ourselves is whether or not we like it—and the reasons for our liking or disliking lie locked up in us in such a way that they can’t be analyzed or disentangled or rationalized, or made sensually obvious to other men. It is a prime case of what Mr. Henry James is reported

to have called the immitigability of the human predicament.

Of course, if a lot of people who are trustworthy explorers of their own reactions, who have been trained in introspection, can be induced to set down their reactions upon paper in such a way that their results can be correlated and expressed in a graph or a series of graphs, it would be possible to get some kind of a statistical average of the way people react to a given object. But this statistical average while abstractly valid for the group would have no possible actual validity for either the group or any one individual in it—remember the army contractor and the shoes.

Thus it stands to reason that if we are going to get anywhere at all in the questions of art and beauty, except as a matter of irrational personal experience, we must do it not through æsthetic systems, not through theorizing about art or beauty in the abstract, but by a frank about face and a deep delving in psychology. We have got to stop talking about art or beauty and turn our searchlights upon ourselves, and the ways and whys and wherefores of our own minds and bodies. But unfortunately while men for thousands of years have been thinking about the unreachable unknowable things outside, it is only within the last few years that men have really begun delving into themselves. Psychology is still the infant of the sciences, its results are as variously discussed and fought over as are questions of art, and it has yet to arrive at any conclusions that can stand the destructive criticism of their opponents. It may well be that it never will—that at best all it can do is to give us another set of actuaries’ tables, things abstractly true of groups but lacking any pretense of validity in individual cases.

I doubt very much if I overstate the case when I say that the problem of appearance and reality which has disturbed the thought of philosophers for thousands of years, in no place, short of the fundamental mysteries of life and death, comes so closely home to the average person as in this question which, unlike those mysteries, he is always wrestling with—why he likes or dislikes what he calls a work of art, or what he means when he uses the word beauty. In ordinary life this is the only place where he is con-

stantly up against that most fundamental of metaphysical problems—and his floundering when called upon to account for his actions, or give reasons for them, are due more largely than anything else to the fact that he has never realized the existence of those problems, that the hypotheses on which he proceeds are tacit and unconscious, and to just that extent dangerous and slippery.

So what it all comes down to is that a picture no matter by whom made, is only a thing to which you and I react in our dumb illogical irrational unanalytical ways. If any one of us likes it for him it is a good picture, if any one of us dislikes it for him it is a bad picture, and further than that I don't see how it is possible at the present time to go, except at the cost of endeavoring to give up our personalities, our individualities, the things, that is, which make each of us unique, and, if I may dare to say so, precious.

This, of course, remains to be said, that as each of us has more experience, has become familiar with more and more works of art, he learns for himself that things which he once liked he no longer finds in-

teresting, that things which once excited him now bore him. Not that the objects have changed, for they haven't, but that he himself has changed. And in the course of time, as many people have seen things, there has come to be a sort of consensus of opinion that certain things are greater or more important than other things, and this condition of opinion is entitled to very great weight in the process of any individual's making up of his own mind, if for no other reason than that it frequently serves to call his attention to works of art acquaintance with which he would otherwise never make. There are other ways in which the consensus of opinion is important—but neither any one nor all of them together have any effect upon the essential, unavoidable, lonesomeness and incommunicability of the individual in regard to qualities. No one has ever yet told and no one ever will be able to tell another person what salt tastes like, except by saying that it tastes like salt. William James used to say that the typical æsthetic judgment was "lemon juice goes well with oysters." All anyone can do is to go try for himself.



FLOWERS                      PRENDERGAST  
*John T. Spaulding Collection*





PEN DRAWING

*Courtesy of Editions des Quatre Chemins*

HENRI MATISSE

## A TRANSATLANTIC CHRONICLE — II.

By VIRGIL BARKER

**B**Y the time of the re-opening of Parliament, Mr. Epstein's memorial to W. H. Hudson, reproduced in *The Arts* for October (p. 222) may have been long enough in place to be secure against any further effort to dislodge it; or the work may remain unmolested through Parliament's all-too-likely enforced preoccupation with affairs which are more legitimately its own than is that of recording middle-class hostility to vitality in art.

Several return visits to Hyde Park before leaving London confirmed my original impression of this monument's artistic worth. The emotional motive is very appropriately taken from Hudson's imaginative creation of

the bird-woman in "Green Mansions." Every curve and angle of the deeply cut surface reinforces the feeling of flight; within the rigid lines of his self-imposed rectangle the sculptor has concentrated a true wildness. The design is firmly set on and attached to its base, as that of a monument should be; yet the soaring movement triumphs over mass and material and carries the whole up and out to freedom. The entire work was carved directly in the stone by the sculptor himself, and the mere material will with age and weathering increase in beauty. Of all the contemporary memorials, mostly of the war, with which London is being infested—as if its inheritance from the immediate past

were not enough—this one to Hudson is the only one of the first rank that has yet appeared.

#### *Aftermath of England*

The English have a strange way of exposing their inmost selves in the Personal Columns of the *Times*. Perhaps they feel safe in the anonymousness of the method, so far as meets the general eye; but one wonders if they are safe from the merely curious. Do the English never pry into affairs that do not directly concern them? Confronted by such enticing leads as appear on the *Times'* first page, Americans, who are generally more inclined to practice curiosity for its own sake, would be apt to succumb.

And even into this unlikely place the English contrive to drag what passes with a good many of them for art—as instanced by the following selections:

*"Artist, member of a Royal society, wishes to Paint Portrait of a woman of character; gaunt, bony face preferred, for forthcoming Exhibition; no obligation to purchase.—Write Box O. 878, The Times, E. C. 4."*

Not every seeker after a sitter is so frank; the majority want little girls or the usual pretty young woman. Perhaps the "woman of character" is only a new device in the portrait business.

Fine portraits can be secured "from life or posthumous," in oil, pastel, or miniature, very cheaply, with "likeness guaranteed." Occasionally a "master pastellist" solicits work in his own medium, but as a rule the advertiser works in all mediums equally well—or equally ill.

The most genteel way of creating an impression may be illustrated by this one:

*"Peeress highly recommends the offer by eminent artist showing very beautiful portraits in London, and introduced successfully in more than ten counties and Scotland, to paint excellent portrait of lady for 10 guineas.—Write Box O. 910, The Times, E. C. 4."*

One can always make wonderful purchases—masonic paintings, portraits of beautiful women and famous men, genuine Old Masters being sacrificed by "lady going abroad,"

or an original painting by John Martin, "Sodak Seeking the Waters of Oblivion." But what type of person would be taken in by such dodges? And what should such a person have to do with art?

However, one gets nearer to the real thing in the advertisements that frankly own to pressing poverty and ask outright for money. One individual even printed this:

*"Artist would appreciate gentleman's discarded clothes; chest 36 in.—Artist, 6, Elm Road, H. W. 3."*

And over in Chelsea, just as in Greenwich Village or Brooklyn, can be heard tales of dire hunger and tightened belts. When the artist is a genius, such things, short of actual killing, will not greatly matter in the long run; even at the time he will have hours of the joy of exploration and creation that outweigh the bitterness and the suffering. But what of him who endures such privations and who yet can never do the great things for which he strives? How often that happens is not suspected by the world. And when it does, what compensation can there be?

#### *A Change of Scene*

Paris at last! In the exhilaration of a return after years too many and too long, an exclamation point will intrude into the soberest prose; and even heady asterisks would be but inadequate symbols of the inexhaustible effervescence that pervades existence here. For this city is still the one among all cities for the good life, insofar as that can nowadays be lived at all.

Of course, in some ways Paris is different from what it was. The populace in general seem to be living at a greater nervous tension, to have become less scrupulous about intruding upon the visitor's contemplativeness—and consequently themselves to have lost in dignity. And somehow there appears to be a much smaller proportion of good looks among both sexes, the obviously young no longer dominating the visual tone of the streets and the cafes. That they ever did so, indeed, may be only the delusion of a sentimentalising memory; but certainly the obviously young are nowhere about the present scene, which is dominated rather by the obviously old.



What constitutes the obviousness of the oldness is that it shows itself where it should not. Even on faces that do not aspire to the reverend and scholastic beards which are so prominent on Paris streets experience has bitten lines and pinched in the contours. Accordingly one sees very little real gayety anywhere, though in certain cafes there is plenty of irresponsibility—an irresponsibility of a hard and unlovely sort.

Most important change of all, perhaps, Paris offers no longer the seeming-sure footing in intellectual and artistic paths that once it did. Little bands of dogmatic painters and theorizing musicians and assertively naturalistic writers—these last are chiefly not French—have mined and countermined the terrain of art, so that one must walk warily to avoid not only the yawning holes left by exploded movements, but also fresh explosions as they continually occur. In the life of art in Paris today it is not only possible, but actually necessary, to “live dangerously”! and that is only another way of saying that the life of art in Paris today is tremendously worth living.

*An Epitaph for An Event*

The *Exposition des Arts Décoratifs* is

almost over. True, there has been some talk of re-opening it in the spring; but nothing seems to have come of it so far, and the workmen are being marshalled for the work of destruction. To have come upon it so late proved to be a decided advantage in obtaining a harmonious general impression; for everything is really finished and the whole stands there as a single effect for judgment.

A commentary on specific beauties and defects of what is so soon to vanish would be pointless, but it is worth noting how conclusively the *Exposition* shows the continued pre-eminence of the French in matters artistic. If this were not a fact, it would not have been possible in the first place to limit the exhibition to work which is definitely contemporary in inspiration; no other nation could have successfully carried through so difficult a conception. And the visible result proves not only that the French are the most daring in the search after an art expression definitely of this age but also that they are at the same time the best balanced.

There is plenty of freakishness in some of the sections filled by individual firms, but in any comparison on the basis of national groups the French work maintains a long lead in the qualities of restraint and sanity.



THE RED HOUSE

*Courtesy of the Galerie Marseille, Paris*

ROBERT LOTIRON

It is nations farther removed from the center of culture—and more especially the smaller nations farther to the East—who indulge themselves in forms and colors too extreme to be continuously borne by human nerves.

The phrase "center of culture" is not here intended as exclusively a geographical expression; Great Britain, on this occasion, seems as remote as Japan. It is not primarily that Paris happens to be the particular spot on the earth where the best modern work is being done; it is, first of all, that the French people, or those of them who concern themselves with art, are nearer the center of a complete and well-balanced life whence only emerges the art which will live on as of classic quality.

#### *One Cry of Pain*

The exhibition season may be said to have had an official commencement with the opening of the *Salon d'Automne*. The seemingly endless series of rooms along the river-bank of the Tuileries Gardens are filled with approximately fifteen hundred items, of which at least one thousand must be paintings. Yet the critics comment on the smallness of this year's exhibition! Any attempt on the part of a foreigner, to whom most of the exhibitors are unknown, to digest such an immense quantity during the first week of its showing can result only in acute artistic indigestion; but even a single afternoon spent with it yielded one very definite reaction.

An amiable spirit of not expecting too much and patting almost everybody on the back may be well enough in journalism, but such amiability is a very inadequate equipment for criticism. True criticism consists in part of refusing to run with the hounds of contemporary popularity; and since such a refusal always involves a deliberate exercise of judgment in the face of superior pressure, it comes about that a thing apparently negative takes on something of the nature of a positive act.

This is an explanation—in one way too elaborate and in another not elaborate enough—of a statement which, completely isolated, might appear unreasonably severe: In all this assemblage of current art production there is only one object, one of Matisse's two paintings, which really deserves preservation for after times. To say this is to

confess to importing into the domain of an ephemeral exhibition the standards implanted by "the art of the museums"—a neutral-sounding phrase which acquired a very definite connotation through its simple utterance by Cézanne.

It is only too true that to do this with every exhibition which happens along is inevitably to decline into the futility of a very minor Jeremiah. But here is an immense exhibition, showing what is presumably the best recent work of hundreds of people who have taken it upon themselves to paint pictures.

In this particular age of the world, which has not only preserved too many pictures from the past but also seems to be finding its most authentic expression in other and at present non-artistic mediums, to do nothing but paint pictures—or write about them—is an act of amazing cheek. But if the pictures must be painted and must be looked at, then shall they not be regarded as things of greater permanence than newspaper headlines or theatrical posters? Yet all too many of the paintings in the present *Salon d'Automne* have behind them no motive stronger than calculation as to such ephemeral effectiveness.

This sort of thing, of course, is going on in every city where painters congregate; but a first sight of it happening on such an immense scale extorts one cry of pain.

#### *Compensations*

However, painting is not all of Paris; there is so much else here for the good life that if all contemporary pictures and their painters were wiped off the local map, Paris would still be the most important city in the world for those who have intellectual interests.

Moreover, to be quite fair, there are compensations even within the *Salon* itself. Scattered about through the noise-making canvases there are sincere works, which have to be searched for to some extent. And sincerity is an admirable thing, even though it cannot by itself produce works of the first rank. The trouble is that the sincere things, being at the same time modest—in this company the Matisse, a very characteristic one, appears almost to shrink from notice—are



not sufficient to determine the tone of the whole.

*Henri Rousseau*

In the sphere of painting there are further compensations apart from the *Salon*, chief among which just now is the group of twenty pictures by Henri Rousseau at the *Maison de Blanc*, one of the city's principal department stores. This artist is by now sufficiently assured of a definite place in history to make such an occasion as this an event of importance. The principal danger at present is that there will be recorded an estimate of him which misplaces the emphasis and accounts him important for the wrong things. Strictly speaking, he is not important at all in the history of painting; if he gains entrance therein at all it is as a being completely apart from the stream of development. The fact that he has exerted a wide influence does not affect the question; no matter how numerous his followers are or may become, he and they together will always

be tangential and eccentric. But in that wider history of culture of which painting is but one manifestation Henri Rousseau must occupy a place of greater significance in that he stands for an unusually definite and increasingly influential attitude towards the world in general.

*Hermine David*

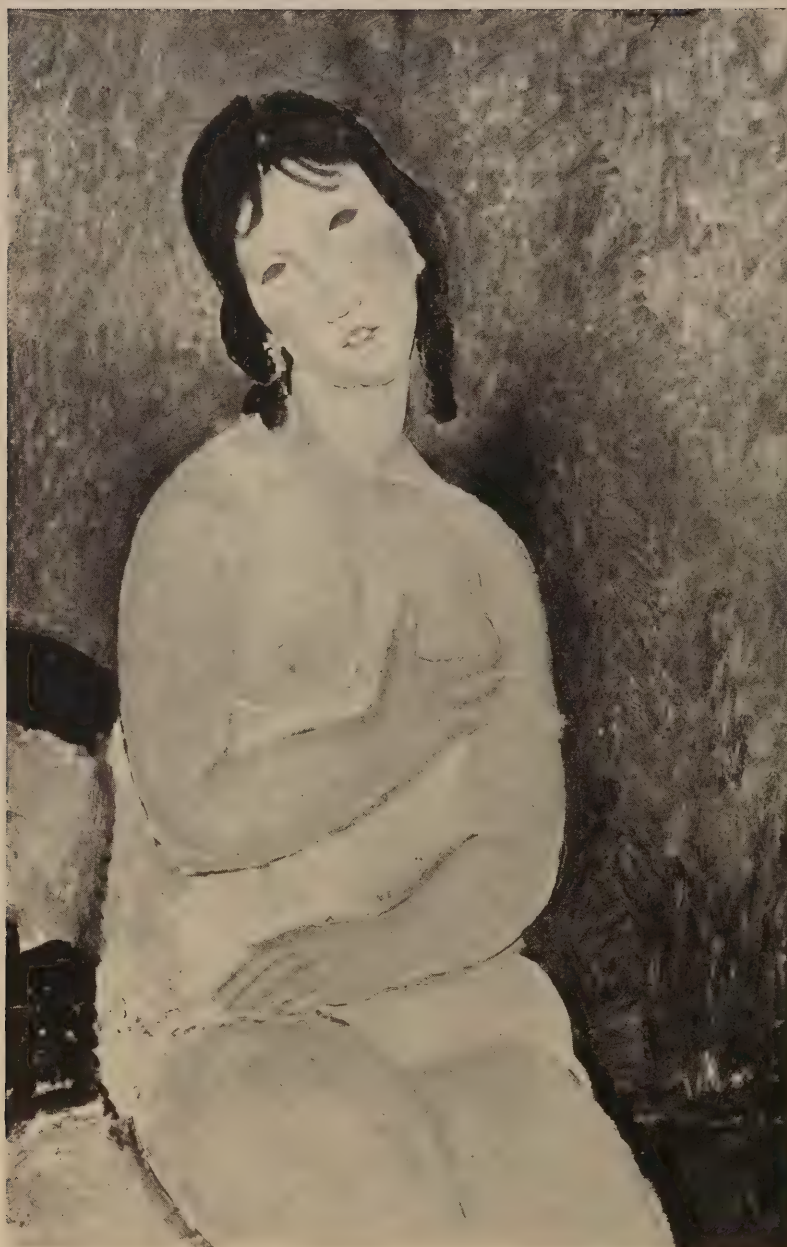
At the *Galérie E. Druet* Hermine David, whose work has already received appreciation in *The Arts*, has been showing oils and water-colors and drawings to the number of almost sixty.

Seen in so many examples together, there is some monotony of effect, as if the painter, having worked out for herself a certain pictorial idiom, were becoming accustomed to seeing only what can easily be translated into it. But there is more to the world than what can be recorded in any set of technical habits in painting; rather must the latter undergo continual development and transformation to catch fresh aspects of the world.



RECLINING NUDE  
*Collection of Bing and Co., Paris*

MODIGLIANI



NUDE  
*Courtesy of Bing and Co., Paris*

MODIGLIANI



# A TRANS - ATLANTIC CHRONICLE—III

By VIRGIL BARKER

THE most important exhibition of works by any individual up to the fifteenth of November in Paris has been the *Exposition retrospective*, devoted to Modigliani at the *Galérie Bing*. This young Italian whose personal living, judged by the standards of immediate worldly success, was so tragic is now having a full measure of that life beyond death which shrewd Samuel Butler called the most genuine life of all. It is an old story, nor will this prove to be last repetition of it.

Almost forty examples of his art served well to show its character both in its limitations and in its positive qualities. In any attempt after finality of critical treatment, the former would naturally be duly noted; but an ephemeral chronicle may neglect them when the latter are so pronounced as in the case of Modigliani.

The people in these pictures exist for the most part only in two dimensions, but—they exist. And that is the most important fact about them. They live mainly by means of the lines that, weaving an open network of spacious design, demarcate them so surely and so sensitively. The surprising variety of personality is traceable mainly to the eyes which often seem at first glance to be blank and unseeing, and which yet with familiarity become so alive and individual. One pair is all regret, another all desire; one boy's eyes wonder with a sad simplicity, and those of one clumsy woman have in them the sub-animal stupidity which can occur only in a face that ought to be human. In the portraits the bodies are trunks; the necks, so often painfully elongated, are stems to support the flower-heads; and these, more often than not, droop with a nervous languor which confesses the tedium of existence. For some reason there is a lesser degree of actual distortion in the nudes; this and their more uniformly successful amplitude of design render them capable of retaining one's attention longer than the portraits can.

## *German Artists in Paris*

In the interests of a Europe gradually returning to a normal degree of intercourse,

it is a pleasure to note that the *Galeries Flechtheim* in Berlin have been holding an exhibition of contemporary French painting, and that a reciprocal courtesy has been extended by Paris to two Germans—Paul Klee (*Galérie Vivian-Raspail*) and Marc Chagall (*Galérie Quatre-Chemins*).

But being gratified at this step towards cultural interchange does not carry with it the obligation to accept the specific works involved. These two artists, of whom Chagall is much the more forceful, have in common a degree of disorganization which is beyond that attained even by those who appear to be deliberately in search of just that. The disorganization in question is not a purely pictorial matter, for often their patterns are very interesting in themselves; it goes much deeper than that and becomes a matter of the basic personality itself.

It is noteworthy that the most vociferous appreciation of these two Germans in Paris is among the adherents of the latest "movement," which is termed *surréalisme*. The literary wing of this group have been very liberal with manifestos and programmes and descriptions of their way of working. This consists essentially in removing all conscious control of the processes of art and allowing the unconscious to dictate everything. The works of both Klee and Chagall seem to be the pictorial equivalent of the literary works so produced.

To more commonplace mortals, of course, this is simply the abandonment of method; in its most productive periods it works through a species of self-hypnotism. It is a more than verbal fallacy to claim that the subconscious can become the superconscious, whether realistic or anything else, without being moulded by the conscious. When one indulges in such tinkering with one's physical and psychological apparatus, the likeliest result is a short-circuit of inspiration and a blow-out of the personality. The works that result from eruptions of the subliminal can only accidentally possess æsthetic worth in a mental world where values are imposed by consciousness. For a certain type of mind they may possess the power of initiation into what is not un-

fairly to be described as a trance; but that kind of value lies outside the sphere of art. The thing that passes for a work of art is transferred into the sphere of mysticism, black or white, and becomes simply another form of talisman, sorting with glass balls and the omphalos.

*More Foreigners*

Other nationalistics have also been represented in recent exhibitions: Brangwyn

from England; a group of Japanese; Grigorieff and Bakst from Russia; Zak from Poland, and Bosshard from Switzerland.

As for Bakst, it is impossible even now to admit him to the roster of painters. At the *Galérie Charpentier* were about twenty-five examples which laid claim to be considered as the work of a serious painter, and which fully established his failure to become such. There were three hundred other examples, all framed, which fully established his right



SEATED GIRL  
*Courtesy of the Galérie Pierre, Paris*

JULES PASCIN



to be considered a finished draughtsman in the academic sense, a portraitist in black and white of some ability, a designer of colorful stage decorations, a skillful translator of the most varied historical styles into modernized dress—anything except a thorough and personal artist-painter.

The art of Brangwyn and that of Grigorieff have both a certain degree of individuality; they may not reach very deep, but as far as they go they constitute personal utterances. Moreover, they both have other qualities which are best termed racial; Brangwyn is grandiloquently colorful in a way that comes natural to an Englishman, as Grigorieff is in a way genuinely Russian. And this is to be counted to them as a merit; it will help to keep their names in the histories of painting, although they will both subside into places far less important than their present partisans believe.

The *Cercle japonais* revealed a group who, forsaking ancestral ways, paint like the best Frenchmen of the day, manifesting a technical ease of assimilation which is its own undoing. As M. Andre Warnod, in the newspaper *Comoedia*, remarked, "They take the letter for the spirit. . . . Art is international, to be sure, but the means of expression are not."

That sounds convincing—at least, it disposes of the group concerning which it was written. But what becomes of it before the work of Bosshard and Zak? Though he lives and works in the Switzerland of his birth, the former seems to be as definitely French as Ferdinand Hodler was German; nor is the latter less Parisian for all that he is from Poland. Bosshard's exhibition at the *Galérie Marcel Bernheim*, and Zak's at the *Galérie Devambez*, each revealed a very personal lyricism quite limited in range, but also quite genuine. Bosshard's lyricism is about as unadulterated as it is possible to be, but Zak's is frequently complicated by an admixture of acidity; each one is intensively cultivating a distinctive vision at a very decided remove from the world of every day. The chief defect with them is a characteristic which is not peculiar to them, but which they share with a great number of their contemporaries. The manner of painting which they so sedulously emphasize will not permit them to say enough to give more than a

limited pleasure; more fundamentally, they have not yet found in themselves enough to say for them to work their way through stylization to a style.

*Robert Lotiron*

It is the fact that he seems headed in the direction of style, using the word in its highest sense, that makes the work of Robert Lotiron so interesting. Not that he has attained to it yet—it is not even necessary to claim that he will ever attain to it. The road there is long and difficult, and comparatively few that set out upon it reach the goal.

One way of describing the road is to term it the road of inclusion; whereas the by-paths of stylization are the ways of exclusion. The by-path wanderers sacrifice most of the many things possible to the medium of painting for the sake of emphasizing only one or two that suit their personal idiosyncrasies—a thing which they have a perfect right to do and which often opens up for the rest of us pleasant prospects. Those who elect to toil along the highway that leads to style have more difficult going, and have to overcome a lot of impediments which need not concern the others.

Lotiron has so far apparently elected to remain on the highway, and has gone far enough along it to merit serious consideration. The pleasure his painting gives may not be as intense as that given by certain others, but at the same time it has in it a greater measure of self-completeness. It is very quiet work, not showy; it attacks no big motives, but is content to attempt the realization of simple scenes—a stretch of woods, a dockside, a group of people in a park. This painter is headed in the right direction; one hopes that he will have the wisdom—and the courage—to stick to the more difficult road.

*Another Art*

The "movies"—or cinematography, as the French more elegantly name them—have been elevated to the rank of an art without any trumpet-blowing over here. Films meet with extended consideration in all the periodicals devoted to cultural interests. To one freshly come upon the Parisian scene it appears as if it had always been this way, as if the potentially artistic nature of this medium

of expression had been from the first taken for granted. For the criticisms to be read almost daily in every sort of paper have about them no slightest taint of that condescension which mark so much writing on the moving-pictures in the United States. This branch of criticism over here is not a vehicle for the propaganda of highbrows in search of cultural salvation by becoming aggressively lowbrow.

And more, without any blare of debate over the dignity of art and such slush, a course in cinematography is being given by seven professors and three administrative officers at the *Ecole Nationale d'Arts et Metiers*, under the patronage of the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts. Twenty-three weekly meetings will be followed by

examinations and the award of medals and diplomas.

At the same time the French are openly concerned over the threatened and in part accomplished American monopoly of the film industry. Some of them argue very reasonably that it is the most formidable element in the Americanization—that is to say, from their point of view, the mechanization—of Europe. Then, it offers too great a means of infecting other nations with what seems to them the American cowardliness of mind, its refusal to face the actualities of life, its fear of what it calls morbidity (which is generally only a greater measure of honesty), its insistence upon the “happy ending,” its willful obscuration of the world by the smoke-screen of genteel optimism.



PEN DRAWING

Courtesy of Editions des Quatre Chemins

HENRI MATISSE





STILL LIFE

PAUL CÉZANNE

## AMERICAN COLLECTIONS

### No. 2—THE JOHN T. SPAULDING COLLECTION

By FORBES WATSON

After making, in company with his brother, what some competent authorities have called the greatest collection of Japanese prints in the world, Mr. John T. Spaulding turned his attention to collecting European and American paintings. Many Americans, after they have been caught by the poetic mystery, the symbolism and literature, so much a part of all oriental art, begin to lose any appreciation that formerly they may have felt for the occidental. The quest for oriental art leads them to literature and religion, to distant countries where the flavor

of civilization is enhanced by their incapacity to fathom it. They become, as it were, intoxicated and hypnotized by a kind of aesthetic incense and attribute to oriental art, Japanese, Chinese, Persian, Indian or whatever country the particular art that they collect may represent, all of the wonder which they themselves feel when travelling in these countries in quest of additions to their collections.

Occidental art, representing a civilization to which our commonplace every-day life belongs, becomes for them an unabashed dis-



HEAD OF A MAN . . .

EDGAR DEGAS



play of individualistic expressions, which is devoid of the glamour of the orient. So often, too, these collectors of orientalia remove themselves in spirit so far from the life and thought of their own countries, that a kind of aesthetic anemia sets in, so that nothing which they could understand appeals to them. Unless for them, art is surrounded by an intangible haze; unless the acquisition of a work of art carries with it a visit to an undreamed of garden or to a strange temple, or leads them somehow into a social atmosphere of oriental subtleties, compared with which the mere white man is a barbarian; unless, in other words, they are carried into dreamland by a kind of mental inhalation of æsthetic opium, art for them is crude and rough and brazen.

At least one of the protégés of Doctor Denman Ross, who found refuge from the barbarianisms of his middle western home in the cultivation of the oriental, became so anemic that the mere thought of a common modern European painting made him feel

that he was being overcome by vulgarity. He was an extreme example, a dreadful warning for those who are not yet entirely overcome by the pernicious sickness that so often overtakes the emotional and mental life of the American specialists in orientalia.

Mr. John T. Spaulding may be placed as a collector of Japanese art at the exactly opposite pole. He appears to have been able to assemble the remarkable collection, which eventually will go to the Boston Museum of Art, without suffering in the least from the dread disease that has overtaken both American and English orientalists. None of the affected preciosity, which in its mildest form touched even such strong men as the late Mr. Freer, has blighted the perfect freshness of his genuine sense of art quality. This may be one reason why it is such a pleasure to see Mr. Spaulding's collection in the company of its owner. Every habitual visitor to collections knows the painful degree to which some collectors have developed their avarice for praise. Even to suggest that one of their



GRAPES AND NUTS

ALFRED SISLEY



BASKET OF FRUIT AND FRESH FIGS

EDOUARD MANET

paintings is not the best example of the particular artist's work, is to be set down as an unappreciative oaf and the thought that perhaps here are other collections in the world as good as or even better than theirs, is one which must be carefully hidden, or the luncheon between sessions will be a most unhappy event.

Not so with Mr. Spaulding. Paintings in oil and water color which make up his collection were very obviously brought together as a pleasure or amusement. This collector is not trying to reform the public by buying pictures, nor is he indulging in the vanity of bringing together a list of sonorous labels. Perhaps the term, amusement, is a little too light in its connotations to describe the mo-

tive power behind this delightful gathering of paintings. In any case, it is necessary, if we are to get at the spirit of this collection, to remove, once and for all, the high hat.

Renoir told Geyre that if it didn't amuse him to paint, he would not paint, and he also remarked that after someone had nicknamed one of his pictures, *Thought*, he could never bear the sight of the painting. On another occasion he said that people under-rate the work of the artist who laughs and is gay, and that nearly always they over-rate the work of the artist who is always very serious and always wears his red ribbon. The same, perhaps, is true about collectors. We are inclined to over-rate the collections of those heavy, pompous gentlemen who pro-



claim their capacity to discover and who discuss the works of the masters as if they were quite secondary to the work which the collector is doing when he buys them and condescends to permit the stupid public to see them.

So, on secondary thought, I will stick to the word amuse. The collection of Mr. Spaulding is an amusing collection, one which has amused him, and one which amuses the fortunate visitor who sees it. And since a reference has already been made to Renoir,

he would be a good man with whom to begin by way of illustrating this thesis.

Take, for example, the *Flowers In a Vase* (painted 1872, reproduced on page 302). Could anyone, who was not amused by flowers, delighted and really happy in their presence, have painted this portrait of a full colored and, happily, not too preciously arranged, mixed group of flowers? In the fifty years that have passed since this picture was painted, time has thrown over it a mellowness that has given to its handsome varie-



L'AVOCAT TRIOMPHANT HONORÉ DAUMIER



EMMA IN BLACK PRINT

GEORGE BELLWS





MERVEILLEUSE

AUGUSTE RENOIR



FLOWERS AND FRUIT

PAUL GAUGUIN

gated color a more reposeful unity. The picture has taken its mellowness so wonderfully because Renoir enjoyed the flowers too much to be content merely to use them as an excuse for a pattern. They have a fullness of form rare in our day of many flower paintings.

Look also at the *Head of a Child* (painted 1883, page 320). Did Renoir scowl soberly at this charming infant, or was he amused by the fresh skin, by the extraordinary subtle gradations necessary to render the young forms, by the light, fine texture of hair, and the large frankly absorbed eyes? Here in Mr. Spaulding's house where he keeps his pictures hospitably, like old and cherished friends and not coldly or perfectly as in an official gallery, one finds also the quite delicious *Children at Guernesey* (painted 1881, page 340). Could anything be gayer, more appreciative of young girlhood than is found in the figures of the two older children? I think that the academicians might find it a

little difficult to make the proportions of all of the four children fit the same scale. But who cares, when a painter can give us that central figure or the gesture of the figure on the right?

Still more in the pastel of the woman in a marvelous hat (painted 1890, page 327). What a hat! It is to laugh aloud with joy. Renoir's fancy in this hat is at its most playful and delightful. Mr. Spaulding has also a rare landscape done near Menton (painted 1883, reproduced page 338). Light and air and color sweep through every inch of the canvas. Nowhere is there the blemish of a dead spot. All is glowing, flowing, alive. This surely is the work of one who did not scowl earnestly at the intricate forms which age-old trees develop throughout their trunks and branches.

If we can, once and for all, dismiss the idea that laughter, gaiety, happiness and amusement are not forbidden to the artist, then it becomes clear that amusement does



not connote a lack of emotional depth. Indeed, only the sterile are incapable of laughing at the witticisms of nature's forms and of enjoying the rapture of an old tree's young foliage, of a luscious woman's grandiloquent hat, of a young girl's slender underdevelopments, and of a child's unmitigated regard.

These pictures, as I have said before, are housed in the private rooms of a private house. They have a background that Renoir himself would have loved as a background; which reminds me of the famous saying, the author of which unfortunately I have forgotten, that the ultimate ugliness is never attained, except by those who say to themselves, now I shall make a work which has in it only

beauty. How Renoir would have been sickened by those interiors by which an imitative army of half-educated decorators are desecrating the American homes of those men and women who, being too tired to think, are afraid to decide what they want in their own houses. Such interiors are made with the idea that they will contain only that which is beautiful, and they attain the true ugliness of all interiors in which there is no personality or no real reflection of the taste of those who inhabit them.

The interior in which we find these pictures is one which has a background, one upon which the inhuman dumbness of the decorator has not been allowed to lay a



SHARON HILLS

ALDRO T. HIBBARD



CHILD'S HEAD

AUGUSTE RENOIR





BALLET GIRL

EDGAR DEGAS

deadly hand. In other words, it is a lived-in interior, where one can breathe and behave like a human being. This is the kind of interior that Renoir wanted for his pictures, and as we progress from room to room, we shall find that the same unity of spirit which exists between the Renoir pictures and their surroundings here, exists in the case of all the other pictures, even those which I, for one, would not have acquired.

As the list of the latter is exceedingly short, it might as well be put down here and then dispensed with. It includes *The Hermit*, a study by Gari Melchers; *The Yellow Room*, a pleasant Frederick Frieseke; *The Little White Bonnet*, typical of Maurice

Fromkes; the *Head of a Woman*, by Ignacio Zuloaga and *The Artist and a Model*, by the dexterous Englishman William Orpen. And even in the case of these pictures, the true eye of Mr. Spaulding seems to me to show itself, because they are unusually good specimens of these artists' works. It happens to be my personal idiosyncrasy to feel that none of these artists is quite up to the spirit of this collection. But there is always an additional flavor in the collections that combine with pictures of universal appeal a certain proportion that have their own special appeal to the individual collector.

To return to the French paintings, there are several pre-eminent specimens by Renoir's



MONHEGAN

ROCKWELL KENT





TEA

ALBERT ANDRÉ

contemporaries. An early portrait head by Degas (painted 1870, page 322) is one of the real gems of the collection. To the student of Degas, who would know how he came by that amazing fluency which permitted him to put down for posterity the unexpected moment, "the unseen" gestures of the contemporary figures of his time, this particular head is invaluable illuminating. Low in key, it was painted before those experiments in luminosity, which eventually on the part of some of the experimenters, declined into the limitations of impressionism, had been made. An extraordinary study portrait, it insists upon the personal peculiarities of the subject's head without breaking into the larger

general forms. For the student of the work of Degas, its peculiar attraction lies in the determined study and in that suggestion which it has of sound practice, to which Degas devoted himself so intensively before he undertook those brilliant and difficult problems that demanded a flashing and fluent draftsmanship.

In the schools we hear so much about the necessity of building up a foundation of careful realism, but in the schools it is mostly talk, and the realism that they preach about is a misnomer for a niggling naturalism.

One of the remarkable characteristics of this collection is the way in which the various pictures by different artists, where there are



one, two, three, or four by the same man, supplement each other and extend our knowledge of the man. The other remarkable quality is that in the cases where an artist is only represented by one work, it is almost unfailingly a true example of his talent at its best. One other Degas is a drawing of Ballet Girls (page 341), in those natural and unexpected poses which Degas introduced with such finality that ever since the artist who chose the ballet girl for a subject has seemed to be but a feeble imitation of Degas, and there is an informal sketch of a ballet girl belonging to the period when Degas had graduated from the arduous apprenticeship which he served to the old masters.

A small but very rare still life by Cézanne (1885, page 321) tells with convincing clarity why this unhappy man has come to be considered the greatest master of still

life that ever lived. With such masterpieces as this small still life, we find also, equally well illustrating the genius of the man who made them, the stirring small Daumier called *L'Avocat Triomphant*—what a sardonic summing up of all the latent antipathy that the layman, unwilling to recognize the legalities when they interfere with his own desires, feels toward the lawyer, and with what mastery that flight of official steps is seen. This picture, like the little still life by Cézanne, is the very quintessence of its author's art.

One could not speak quite so sweepingly about the still lifes by Manet (1880, reproduced page 324) or that by Berthe Morisot (page 336). That is to say, these pictures do not give anything like as full an account of the distinctive quality of their makers. Yet as far as they go, they are illuminating. I could not resist reproducing them, although



THE BRIDGE

ARMAND GUILLAUMIN





BUDDHA

SAMUEL HALPERT

in black and white these pictures lose more than any of the others, particularly the Morisot, which gives us a delightful hint, in its incomplete state, of this distinguished lady's truly feminine art. Manet also shows the true Manet in an informal moment.

More completely carried out is the still life by Alfred Sisley (painted 1876, page 323) called *Grapes and Nuts*. Reproductions of this little picture should be hung on the walls of a number of the most polite Boston painters, those painters who period-

ically display their work at the Guild and in the Gallery of the St. Botolph. All it contains is a dish with grapes, five walnuts, a knife and a nut cracker placed quite simply on the edge of a table, as if put there for someone to eat. No oriental draperies are draped over the edge of the table; no cute little porcelain figures have been set up, and apparently no arrangement has been made. There is no smell of the studio in this picture, which neither is nor pretends to be great. And therefore, instead of being an acid vul-



STILL LIFE

BERTHE MORISOT

garly shining piece of prearranged confusion, such as Mr. Paxton or his followers might niggle into dead and uninspired literalism, we have the pleasant realization that Sisley could, in looking upon a plate of grapes, forget the self-consciousness of art.

There are other Frenchmen here whose names are not so familiar in American collections. Guillaumin is represented by *The Bridge* (page 334). Often this artist is hot in color. Often he seems less cultivated than Manet, Renoir, Degas and the others, the lack of cultivation showing in the occasional false note of over-forcing. But for all that, he was the true artist and will, eventually, have a greater reputation than he now enjoys. In Mr. Spaulding's landscape showing a bridge over a small stream in a ravine, there

is fine rich color and an imaginative sense of the character of the country.

Another of the less famous French painters represented in Mr. Spaulding's collection is Albert André (*Le Thé*, page 333), who, though sometimes dry, never fails in the appeal of complete and unpretentious sincerity. And the list of French artists is augmented by Gauguin, whose still life of flowers and fruit (painted 1893, page 328) is an unexpected and unusual work; by an early Pissarro showing a street at Argenteuil in winter, and painted in 1873 (page 344); by Victor Charreton's agreeable winter landscape *Chateau de Murolo*; and finally by Claude Monet's effect of snow at Giverny, painted in 1893. Each of these French pictures has the quality referred to already, of





THE IRISH GIRL

ROBERT HENRI

being a distinctive example. Each is intrinsically personal in statement.

Coming to the American side of Mr. Spaulding's collection, we discover that like all of the more cultivated present day collectors, he has ignored entirely the manufacturers of the National Academy, although there are members of that organization of salesmanship which are duly represented. Even in reproductions, the selections made by the collector show that he has his eyes open and can see the exceptional quality which makes one work by an artist more interesting than another.

At first I did not recognize the painting here by the late Alden Weir entitled *The Open Book*. It is Weir in a romantic mood, and looking at it, it is not hard to understand how the constant search for close relationships, in tone, finally brought Weir

to a gray tonality. In his early days he was indirectly responsible for the acquisition by the Metropolitan Museum of some of the finest Manets, but as he grew older, and attained a safe official position, his eye became constantly milder and his judgments of the works of other artists less and less certain.

The other academicians whose paintings are here include Ernest Lawson, well represented by his characteristic landscape entitled *Westchester Hills*; Eugene Speicher, whose portrait of Katherine Rosen (page 339) and whose beautiful small still life are capital examples of this painter's scholarly craftsmanship. Full of gaiety and delight is the inimitable flower painting by Maurice Prendergast (page 310), and George Luks, in a skillful sketch of a street urchin, though haphazard and incomplete, is essentially himself.



LANDSCAPE NEAR MENTONE

AUGUSTE RENOIR





KATHERINE ROSEN

EUGENE SPEICHER



CHILDREN AT GUERNESEY . AUGUSTE RENOIR



Rockwell Kent (page 332) is seen here as a painter at his very best when he was at Monhegan, and his winter landscape is invested with a clear and decisive and very originally seen pattern.

Mr. Spaulding's firmness of point of view, which leads him to be interested not only in those painters whose work here and abroad has won for them the reputation of being the most vital artists of today, but to seek out for himself the works of individuals not yet so

widely known, is exemplified in such paintings as Aldro Hibbard's Sharon Hills, an ambitious and, on the whole, successful winter landscape (page 329), as well as in the painting by Samuel Halpern (page 335), and in his acquisition of the art of such men as Preston Dickinson, Ernest Fiene and others.

To represent the art of George Bellows and of Robert Henri, this collector has acquired, respectively, a portrait of Emma, and the Irish Girl by Robert Henri (page 337),



BALLET GIRLS  
(Drawing)

EDGAR DEGAS



PORTRAIT OF MR. FAIRLIE    SIR HENRY RAEBURN





PORTRAIT OF A MONK

RUBENS

and it is enough to say that these works will be found by the many admirers of these artists to be eminently just reminders of their gifts.

In some of the other rooms will be found very stimulating groups of water colors by Winslow Homer, Dodge MacKnight, Charles Pepper and others. Two of the most remarkable specimens of Homer, both from widely separate periods of his work, are reproduced (pages 300 and 301).

The collection is not entirely devoted to

paintings of our own day, for in two of the main rooms, looking down upon the many individualistic creations of the artists of our period, will be found a remarkably good specimen of the sturdy and honest portraiture of Raeburn (page 342) and a portrait of a monk by Rubens. That these two paintings appear to find themselves so much at home in such company, is but another evidence of the fact that the art of every period, if truly art, can live on happy terms with the art of every other period.



STREET AT ARGENTEUIL IN WINTER

CAMILLE PISSARRO





THE TANDEM PARADE IN CENTRAL PARK, 1850 JOSEPH PHYSIOC  
*From the Tercentenary Pictorial Pageant of New York* *Arranged at Wanamaker's, New York*

## NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS

By LLOYD GOODRICH

AN unusual opportunity was afforded last month to compare two outstanding American artists of the last generation, one of them acclaimed by many during his lifetime as the foremost American painter, the other just now beginning to come into his own. We refer, of course, to the Sargent exhibition at Knoedler's and the Eakins exhibition at the Brummer galleries.

Both Sargent and Eakins have been called realists, but how different their realism was! With Sargent it was the catching of a characteristic expression of the sitter, the dexterous rendering of the play of light on clothes and furniture, the skilful painting of sunlight and shadow—in other words, the brilliant statement of surface facts. With Eakins it was the realization on canvas of the essential truth of the subject—its character, its form, its weight, its reality. Between the realism of the two men there is all the difference between the superficial, easily satisfied version and the intense, searching vision—the vision of Frans Hals and the vision of Rembrandt.

Sargent's attraction for most painters lies in his technique, that marvellous manual dexterity of which he was the supreme exponent. The enjoyment which it gives is an entirely legitimate one, akin to the emotion excited by capable juggling; but who would not turn with a sense of relief to the somewhat clumsy but entirely adequate technique of Eakins? With him technique takes its proper place, as a means to an end.

There has been much talk of Sargent's psychological penetration, of his ability to see through the silks and the furs to the person beneath, but when we compare him with Eakins in this respect we see how far short he falls. Sargent's subjects are seen as by a keen and somewhat cynical observer who has the knack of "sizing people up in a few minutes"; their obvious characteristics are stated broadly and brilliantly. But in Eakins' portraits we see people whom the painter seems to have known from day to day, in all their meagreness, their limitations, their humanness. A portrait like that of Miss Fenton is a human document such as few artists could have produced.

In the more purely æsthetic qualities there is scarcely any basis for comparison between the two men. Eakins was no colorist in the accepted use of the term, but his color always has dignity and depth and holds its place in relation to the form, whereas Sargent's excursions into the field of color, as in his outdoor paintings and watercolors, are inclined toward garishness. But it is in the formal side of painting that Eakins' great superiority lies. No other American painter of his day painted so solidly, with such a sense of weight and mass, or with so sculpturesque a feeling for form.

Any comparison on the basis of the two exhibitions in question, however, would scarcely be fair, for the Sargent exhibition did not contain any of his best work. Consisting as it did of part of the pictures left in his studio at the time of his death, it included some unfinished work and some which



SENORA GOMEZ D'ARTZA  
*Courtesy of Joseph Brummer Galleries*

THOMAS EAKINS



could only be described as odds and ends. In the Eakins exhibition, on the other hand, there were several pieces of first class quality, particularly a group of notable portraits. One interesting feature was a series of life drawings in charcoal made while he was a student in France, remarkable for the way in which the essential strength and solidity of his draughtsmanship broke through the academic style. The collection as a whole made an impressive showing, more impressive even than the one exhibited in the same galleries a few years ago.

#### *Utrillo and Vlaminck*

There is a type of solemn personage connected with artistic matters who loves to employ the word "important." This portentous adjective has been used in connection with the names of two French landscapists, Maurice Utrillo and Maurice de Vlaminck, whose paintings were on exhibition at the Reinhardt galleries in November; and it was something of a relief to find that their work, although less "important" than advance rumors would have us believe, had individuality and charm.

Utrillo, whose one-man exhibition created a sensation in Paris last spring, is the more original of the two. Not that he is a radical—in fact, there is much of Pissarro and Sisley in him—but that his viewpoint is fresh and piquant. He is essentially an urban painter, his favorite subjects being long narrow streets lined with shops, which he paints in a precise, naïve style, sometimes approaching deliberate quaintness but usually giving the impression of unforced gaiety. His color sense is particularly attractive, although not over-subtle.

Vlaminck, although somewhat overshadowed by his companion, is a painter of more serious pretensions, whose Flemish ancestry shows itself in the recurring moody note of his pictures. He paints broadly, with a flowing brush, and although his textures and forms are apt to be monotonously alike, there is always a strong emotional appeal in his dark landscapes. Like many of his contemporaries in France—and elsewhere—he is prone to make use of Cézanne's mannerisms without his more fundamental qualities.

#### *Bourdelle*

Most of the pieces in the Bourdelle exhibition at the Grand Central galleries are familiar to readers of the October ARTS, and any extended comment on his work is unnecessary here. Visitors will perhaps be disappointed to find that none of his original works in stone are included, the collection consist-



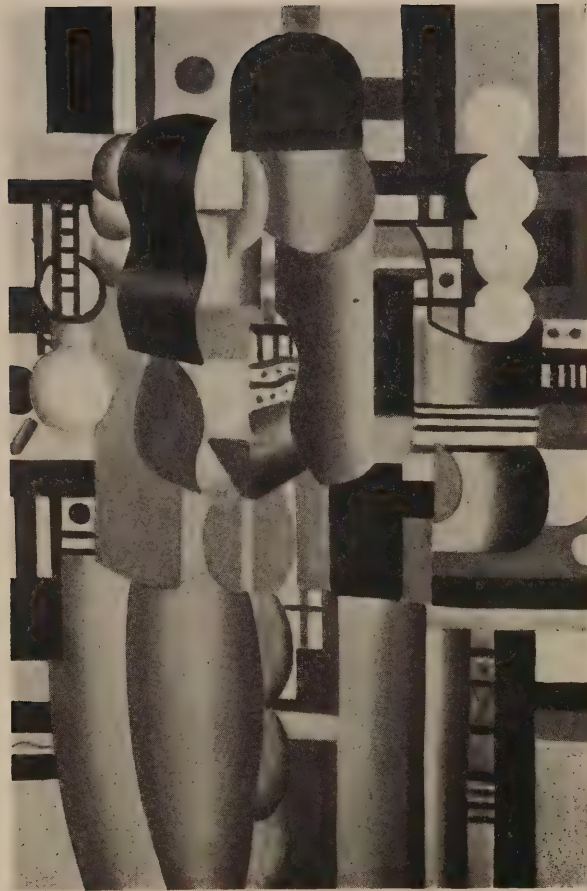
THE BLACK FAN

THOMAS EAKINS

*Courtesy of Joseph Brummer Galleries*

ing entirely of bronze and plaster casts. But even with this handicap, there can be no question of his force and effectiveness.

There are so many elements that enter into the artistic personality of Bourdelle that one's reaction to his work is apt to be far from simple. There is Bourdelle the dramatist, who can be quite magnificent when he is successful, as in his bust of Ingres, but who can also degenerate into the-



TWO WOMEN FERNAND LÉGER  
*Courtesy Société Anonyme*

atricity and bombast. There is also Bourdelle the eclectic, extraordinarily skilful in reproducing the styles of the past, but inclined to overload his work with archeological detail. Both of these phases tend to smother Bourdelle the artist, whose real sensitiveness and strength appear in his simpler pieces, particularly his portraits.

Incidentally, the foreword to the exhibition catalogue begins with a rather rash statement to the effect that "since the death of Rodin Bourdelle has been the unquestioned master of French sculpture." This can scarcely be said when Maillol is living, and even lesser men than Maillol.

#### *George Luks*

George Luks has made a trip to Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and the pictures he has brought back with him, which were on exhibition at the Rehn galleries in November, deal with the all-important question at the present time—coal. There are portraits of miners in all stages of sootiness, intimate glimpses

of their families and homes, and pictures of the mining towns in which they live. These subjects are painted in the style that Mr. Luks has been following the last few years—broad soft brushwork, vague outlines, and an occasional tendency toward emptiness. This is less noticeable in the large landscape, "Mahanoy City," which is appropriately stark and forbidding, and some of the figure pieces have all of Luk's richness and raciness, but in others the handling is so inadequate that their real humor and human feeling are all but lost. This is a pity, for when Luks succeeds his work has an individual quality difficult to analyze but easily felt.

#### *The Whitney Studio Club*

The Whitney Studio Club group exhibitions are always refreshingly different from most of their kind in the fact that they are arranged with an eye both to the individuality of the various artists and to the effect of the group as a whole. The opening exhibition this year had the additional advantage of



being held in their new quarters, which proved to be exceedingly attractive in arrangement and lighting.

The first impression which one gained of the group of seven artists represented was that of gaiety of color. This was partly due to the landscapes of Max Kuehne, which were full of spirit and life, particularly the "Summer Morning," one of the most invigorating canvases which he has shown recently. Allen Tucker's work, also invigorating, is more consciously decorative. Nan Watson's flower and fruit pieces were notable for the variegated beauty of their color and the delicate precision of their handling. Eugene Spiecher also exhibited a fine flower piece and some interesting landscapes.

The paintings contributed by H. E. Schnakenberg showed a considerable advance in power over anything that he has previously exhibited, the still-lives being particularly solidly painted, with a deep and sober range of color. In his landscapes he has added to these qualities a warmer and more personal feeling. Blendon Campbell's view of the elevated railroad was a straightforward piece of work, free from the somewhat saccharine romanticism of his other pictures. Boardman Robinson's paintings were something of a disappointment, for

they seemed to be lacking altogether in the vitality of his graphic work. One gets the impression that he does not let himself go in the more elaborate medium.

### *Fernand Léger*

Any visitor to the Fernand Léger exhibition at the Anderson galleries, who was not used to Cubism, would have been wise to begin with the "Composition" painted in 1911 and exhibited, if my memory serves me, at the famous Armory show in 1914. How delicate, how wistful it now appeared beside the work of 1925! For Léger's talent as it has finally come to maturity is, to put it mildly, a masculine one, delighting in large canvases, in powerful, intense color, in hard, clearcut form. He has always been one of the ablest and most consistent followers of the Cubist faith, and his progress as contrasted with the brilliant divagations of Picasso has been steady and uncompromising. In the catalogue to the present exhibition he gives a sort of æsthetic creed, and it is evident that he has lived up to the letter of it. In this we can see his Norman blood, as well as in the hard, barbaric vigor of his work. It is not ingratiating or subtle, but it has a distinct tonic value, a quality not to be ignored.

## ACTIVITIES IN BOSTON

SO far the art season in Boston—from a bird's eye or an aviator's—has revealed a smooth adamantine surface. \* \* \* The Gods nod! the volcano, if not extinct, slumbers. \* \* \* However Boston is Boston; only savages howl. \* \* \* The Sargent murals were decorously unveiled. All Boston was there, by invitation, those who had been painted by the great American and those who had only been drawn. The eulogy to Sargent, the man, read by the President of the Museum was listened to with profound respect. The trumpets sounded and with impressive sweep vast curtains were drawn from newly installed murals and retrospective works. Those who did not suffer serious injury in the polite crush were in danger of having their necks dislocated in looking at the decorations. Sargent, unlike Michelangelo, did not get into uncomfortable positions when making his ceiling paintings—he left that for others to do. \* \* \* There was some complaint about the portraits, that they had not been properly cared for. Perhaps it was the light gray walls of Tapestry Hall, suited only for modern works, which made familiar

canvases look not quite the same as of old to Boston eyes. \* \* \* Perhaps Boston eyes are changing. \* \* \* The real problem among Society people has been, who, Oh, who shall be court painter in extraordinary now? Fortunately all this was solved by the opportune arrival of the great commercial success, de Lazlo, who heretofore had never been known to paint a head which had not been crowned. \* \* \* Grateful citizens showered upon the on-galloping Sheridan of the dilemma, commissions which ran up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. The list, though closely guarded of those already limned, oiled, and preserved for posterity is said to be a prodigious one. \* \* \* New problem: who will save menaced posterity? \* \* \* Local exhibitors have not been without distinction. \* \* \* A general, Russian of course, winner of 137 out of 138 battles, has painted pictures, unfortunately, intellectual and not emotional reactions. If he had tended to his fighting he would have won the 138th fight and kept his job. \* \* \* Drawings by Her Grace, the Duchess of Rutland—or were they by Maurice

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Guest—I forget which—brought forth a murmur—  
“she will, she will, she **WILL** paint just humans like  
me, only fancy.” \* \* \* Psychologists, note the infer-  
iority complex. \* \* \* Great disappointment has at-  
tended the combined exhibition at the Boston Art  
Club of paintings by artists of Woodstock and Prov-  
incetown with a few local painters thrown in. Some  
people liked the show. Some grew excited and said  
it was amusing. \* \* \* Last season Woodstock’s  
solo performance was called “poisonous and loath-  
some,” and the remark was made that “even com-  
monplace and mediocre material was better manure  
for a good crop.” All this anent Fiene, Mattson,  
Caroline Speare, Rohland, Dasburgh and McFee.  
\* \* \* This year Webster, Moffett, Knaths, Wein-  
rich, Kaeselau, and others from the Cape have  
brought color or drama and, in the case of Lazelle  
and Lucy L’Engle, cubistic abstraction. Perhaps,  
it’s true that much poison is less deadly than small  
doses. \* \* \* The French Moderns, Picasso, Ma-  
tisse, Vlaminck, Segonzac, Derain, et al, will be rep-  
resented at the Art Club during December. The  
collection is the Frederick Clay Bartlett. There  
will be the finest of Seurat’s “*Un Dimanche a la  
Grande Jatte*” with ladies in a park wearing bustles  
and umbrellas all put in according to theory for  
obtaining luminosity. \* \* \* The usual run of  
Guild of Boston Artists’ shows is on, Miss Hazel-  
ton, Troccoli, and Frank Benson, starting the regu-  
lar two week events. \* \* \* Local craftsmen and  
craftswomen are beating, hammering, dyeing, and  
weaving, working expertly to contribute to the  
Christmas joy. \* \* \* In the meantime the collect-  
ing of antiques goes steadily on. \* \* \*

HARLEY PERKINS

**BOOKS**

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA. By PAUL WESTHEIM.  
135 Illustrations. Berlin: Paul Cassirer Verlag.  
1925.

Each age chooses from those gone before that  
which best fits itself. The Prince Augustus of Bres-  
den collected late Italian and the magnificent col-  
lection is weighted a little by his academic taste and  
by a strained and artificial atmosphere that sur-  
rounds the Sistine Madonna, for which Prince  
Augustus is not to blame. There is a relief and a  
stimulant therefor to be found in a small gallery  
devoted to the work of modern artists, partly be-  
cause the pushing crowds never reach it, and partly  
because it is contemporary.



There are two paintings by Oskar Kokoschka. A generation cultivated in the academic could have had little in common with this Austrian painter, but in the tide of changing taste may come those who search out the primitive in each age, and that still powerful period that follows the primitive. The work of Kokoschka appeals more to such searchers than to the academically inclined.

It is vain to prophesy the standing of so young a painter, but there is a great temptation to place Kokoschka among those painters who are too sophisticated to be called primitive, but have retained, in the midst of sophistication, a primal strength.

Oskar Kokoschka was born in 1886 on the Danube. In his youth he wanted to be a chemist, not for his own sake, says Paul Westheim in his book on Kokoschka, but for the sense of power that solving the mysteries of science would give him. Mr. Westheim does not make it very clear why this aim should have led to the art school. Kokoschka apparently had unusual technical facility. To quote Mr. Westheim:

"How did he get to painting? He gained a scholarship at the Viennese *Kunstgewerbeschule*, but took it merely as an opportunity towards what he really thought was his work, chemistry. He did not attain this end; at the very beginning he attracted attention. That means, in Vienna, that he was attacked."

Unfortunately or fortunately, his work was so distinctive that it aroused the disapproval of the authorities. A small teaching position was taken from him. Through this failure, explains Mr. Westheim, he was forced to paint, not as a means to the work of his choice, but to justify the work he had already done which had so outraged the school. It was a huge fresco made for an exhibition, since lost and probably destroyed.

All artists have some distinguishing manner, a chirography, to use an inadequate word. In the work of Kokoschka the chirographic quality of his art is particularly personal. Every line he draws, every brush stroke or scratch of the needle, the work of fifteen years ago as clearly as the most recent painting, bears the same handwriting. Coming unexpectedly on a painting affords something of the pleasure of recognizing the handwriting of a friend. Without consciously analyzing one knows instinctively many of the characteristics that the familiar hand implies. Kokoschka has his fluent days, and days when he is clumsy. They change with mood and time. Yet his work is always Kokoschka. His biographer says that because of his ignorance of all



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technique he was forced to discover the means of his credit for himself. That may account in part for the unmistakable individuality of an ardent electric hand.

Modern psychology, as I have written elsewhere, was born in Vienna, and no Austrian modern seems able to escape its teaching, even though a philosophy hinders rather than helps the natural unself-conscious growth of esthetic expression. The Austrian artist feels forced to find physical means to say, in an artist's terms, what the philosopher has put into scientific words. It is in this ability that Kokoschka outstrips all his colleagues, not because he is the most thoughtful philosopher, but because he is the most sensitive artist. His genius has discovered forms that with the least possible formality say most about that part of his subject that has no form.

No conscious reasoning could have given his created shapes meaning. His composition grows as naturally as a tree or a wild flower, and falls into place with as little apparent concern. The ground plan of his art is the result of his national inheritance. Its structure moves at a faster tempo, with greater life and more vigor, but with the same involved turns and counter turns as the Baroque architecture of his beautiful city. Vienna is a little tired, Kokoschka is tireless.

There were two paintings by him in the Dresden Gallery. One, a double portrait as he calls it, is of a man and a woman facing each other with hands barely touching. The whole picture grows from the caress of touching hands. Emotionally and structurally, the composition is knit by the contact of sensitive fingers. Line starts at that point and swells into the arms, carries up towards the head and flows back again to the hands like some magic circulatory system that has made two bodies one. The man is grand and solemn, the woman a little mocking, but her scorn in no way interrupts the mysterious stream that holds them.

These are not literary fancies, but structural facts built on some law of form that with its illusive transparency evades form. Whenever Kokoschka combines two or more figures he floats them in an ether far more mysterious than the chemical elements he once longed to control. Because the elements are his own, the control is more secure.

Kokoschka's picture, called "*Die Freunde*," is in Berlin. Five friends are held captive by an atmospheric condition as binding as iron chains. They all but breathe at a given tempo directed by the artist. *Die Auslander* was painted about the same time, 1917. In this three wanderers dream of some



distant goal, and the concentration on that haven makes a unit of the composition. Line seems to project *out* instead of *in*. Third dimension is not distance left behind, but some promised land of the future.

His "*Windsbraut*" is a little earlier. Instead of a mysterious ether there is a tangible wind. Two figures caught by a great swirl of wind are protected by it, are imprisoned, but allowed to be at peace in its center. No doubt for the young Kokoschka of that period this is full of many youthful symbols. One is not oppressed by the symbolism, but greatly stirred by the splendid movement that gradually lessens and comes to rest. This a sheltering mother of a wind.

Every portrait he paints, no matter how close an intrinsic likeness, becomes subtly self portraiture. It is his dominating self that makes a structural whole of the contradictory personalities that he combines.

His portrait of a boy is both a painter's memory of his own boyhood and a likeness of Professor Reichel's son. In Mr. Westheim's book it is followed by a portrait of Professor Forel. These were both done early in 1908. In each the hands are awkward, the boys eager and tight, the old man's deliberately tightened to steady an old man's tremor. The boy's body is small and lithe, the old man's larger contour is indicated rather than painted. Head and hands are all important, and in the head the eyes that look out as do the eyes of the wanderers. They are accented by furrowed upright curves that meet above the eyes. The boy's forehead is broad and lengthened by the straight line of the brow. The boy's only vision is of himself as a hero.

Kokoschka knows no economy. He works too hard and too nervously, filling the page with struggling lines and lights. In the end, he succeeds, the confusion rights itself. Another painter might work much more simply, but few have generalized either youth or age as potently and at the same time preserved those distinctive qualities that give a sense of likeness. Professor Forel's is a magnificent old age of a dignity that has conquered its decay. There is no sentimental denying of a physical wearing down, no idealizing of old bones. The shrewd artist has in some intangible fashion given shape to learning, knowledge, experience and suffering, and shaped them so that they become the experience and suffering of this man and no other.

You may say again, that these are not æsthetic considerations. You may say they are sentimental,

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literary, metaphysical, Germanic—what you will. They become æsthetic when formulated by an artist. Art can tell no lies. No other history is as reliable. From the portrait of Professor Forel future generations will learn that Austria in the first part of the Twentieth Century probed to reveal the individual and made of the knowledge it acquired a comment on mankind.

Kokoschka's most recent work is landscape painting, done in the south of France and in Spain. Going the way of all painters, it is narrower in conception and less spontaneous. He may be passing through a transition stage, less fearless and less unconscious. Apparently he has acquired knowledge and studied form. Perhaps it is only a confession of one's own limitations that finds this later period less haunting and less powerful, if at the same time more knowing. It is more difficult to re-visualize a bosom friend than to forget an early Kokoschka portrait. Kokoschka is sufficiently profound to withstand the weakening effects of sophistication. He will develop eventually more fully than before, overcome the very weaknesses of this strength.

He has also struggled with words. His four dramas are beyond the understanding of any man who has read them, as far as I can find out. Mr. Westheim quotes from them occasionally in the course of his book. Every one who loves Kokoschka, however, boasts of the four dramas in his library.

This notice started as a review of Paul Westheim's book on Kokoschka. Then the temptation of saying something on my own was too great to resist. The book was written with Kokoschka at Mr. Westheim's elbow. Between the two, they built a fascinating personality. Both were intoxicated with drawing a character that may or may not be Kokoschka.

We are not likely to think clearly about ourselves. We invent romantic fairy tales about our youth. Still, they are fairy tales of our own imaginings and desires, and to that extent they are ourselves. The book is full of pertinent phrases readable for their own sake:

"Conquered nature by giving it form—"

"Naïvely did Kokoschka, from turning point to turning point in his life, create in himself the means he needed to enlarge his sphere."

"He damned resistance in order to heighten energy."

"He wants to reproduce wholly the sensual character, and yet he wants to rid it of its material character."



"Symbolic rather than material color."

One quarrels with an occasional phrase such as that. The real meaning of fresco is a laying down of a symbolism that holds a great world in its grasp and that acknowledges life. In its real meaning does fresco differ from any other less difficult medium? Kokoschka is an artist that everyone will want to discover for himself. Each, no doubt, will be dissatisfied with the word of anyone else. With its splendid reproductions, Paul Westheim's book gives the opportunity. At the present his book is practically the only means of seeing the art of Oskar Kokoschka in America. Whatever may be its quality, its awkward unevenness, its literary, over-sentimental and often theatrical sides, its many unnecessary handicaps the single fact remains that Kokoschka has somehow managed to wrestle a meaning of his own out of the visible world, and to convey his meaning with true feeling, a feeling to which we respond and which we appreciate at times, it seems, in spite of his painting.

RUTH GREEN HARRIS.

## PARIS POSTSCRIPTS

The *Musée Condé* at Chantilly has a new Conservator in the person of Marshal Petain, "the glorious conqueror of Abd el Krim". He was nominated for this post by that division of the Institute which is called the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, which thus for the first time exercises its right to name one member of the board of three that controls the *Musée Condé*. In the course of the voting one of the Immortals sweetly remarked that perhaps the Marshal was not the best qualified person in France to determine the policy and conduct of so important a museum; and another, with less diffidence, deplored a precedent which sanctified the rule of incompetence. \* \* \* Next spring, twenty years after his death, Cézanne will have a monument dedicated to him in his native town of Aix-en-Provence. It will not be the statue on which Maillol has been working for so long and which is known by reproduction to the readers of *The Arts*; lack of funds has put a stop to that project. But out of his private purse, M. Ambroise Vollard is giving another, after a model made by the painter Georges Rouault. It will have on it a medallion after a Judgment of Paris by Renoir and also, to make identification easier, another medallion of Cézanne himself. \* \* \* The opening at the *Galérie Vavin-Raspail* of the exhibition of works by Klee, mentioned in this month's *Chronicle*, brought out a demonstration by the

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police. Somebody must have anticipated trouble which did not occur. The police, in uniform and in plain clothes, as reported in *Comoedia*, promenaded the street with an air of detachment; some were in the gallery itself and looked at the pictures "without appearing too embarrassed". And everything was very quiet and friendly. \* \* \* To make just one round of the seventy or more picture galleries of Paris, is to obtain a pretty conception of what is being done here today in painting. And seeing it in this way, bit by bit, so to speak, instead of in one overwhelming mass like the *Salon d'Automne*, it is much livelier and more interesting. One very striking fact is that paintings by certain painters lie in wait for one on every street. The slightest scrawl by Picasso and Matisse is put on view as a choice treasure; but there are not so many by these men to be seen, as the demand is quite strong. Just now while one gallery is having an important Modigliani exhibition, every other gallery put every available scrap by him in prominent positions. Pascin, Rouault, Dufy, Foujita are names quite often met with; but, leading all the rest, come the names of Vlaminck and Utrillo. Utrillos are literally everywhere. \* \* \* The French find some consolation for the present low estate of the franc in affirming that they can still make the reputation of an artist in any art, but particularly in music and in painting. They say that a musician or a painter bearing the approval of Paris is certain of success in New York. The fact is, however, that the mass of journalistic criticism (so-called) in Paris now is excessively amiable; its polite and elegant compliments are not to be trusted, since in French they do not mean all they seem to mean when they are translated into English. That is one thing to make one wonder whether Parisian approval is or at least will much longer be a surety of New York success; and another is that the French themselves find it necessary to affirm that it is. \* \* \* On a Saturday and Sunday not long ago an open-air picture market was held in the Dome-Rotunde neighborhood. Immense numbers of people pushed through to see an immense array of pictures, but it is not recorded that any masterpieces were discovered. \* \* \* At the *Galérie Pierre* a group of *surréalistes* held their *vernissage* at midnight on November 13th last. A visit to this gallery before this event discovered a lovely Pascin herewith reproduced. \* \* \* The *Editions des Quatre Chêmins* are issuing, towards the end of November, a set of sixty-four reproductions of unpublished drawings by Henri Matisse, preceded by an essay by Waldeman George.

M.



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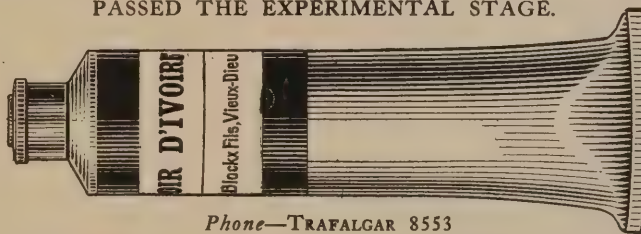
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